



Random Recollections

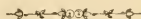
— OF A —

— LONG LIFE —

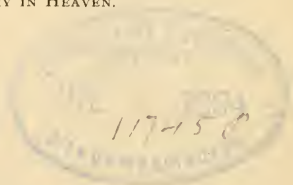
1806 TO 1876.

✓
BY EDWIN J. SCOTT.

“Still o’er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,—
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.”
BURNS “TO MARY IN HEAVEN.”



COLUMBIA, S. C.
CHARLES A. CALVO, JR., PRINTER.
1884.



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ERRATA.

Page 36, line 14, for "from" read "for."

Page 44, line 28, for "Thomas" read "Charles."

Page 46, line 3, for "Harvey" read "Henry."

Page 67, line 2, insert *negro* between "India" and "barber."

Page 67, at the end of the Chapter add the following, which was accidentally omitted by the author:

The Baptist Church was of brick, and fronted on Sumter street, near its intersection with Plain.

The Methodist Church, a long, low wooden building, stood at the corner of Washington and Bull streets, the site of the present church. It was succeeded by a brick structure, with galleries on the sides and rear, which was burnt by Sherman's vandals in 1865.

On the removal of the County seat from Granby the old court house was bought by the Presbyterian congregation, who had it taken down, removed and rebuilt, and converted into a church, in which they worshiped till their present church was about to be erected, when it became the property of Major Niernsee, who altered it into the dwelling now owned by Mr. J. H. Kinard on Lady street, opposite to its former location. Thus, after serving for the administration of the law and the propagation of the Gospel, it was changed into a private residence.

The Episcopal Church was at its present location, and the Catholics and Lutherans had no church in Columbia at that time.

Page 110, between lines 13 and 14, insert: The chief income in this section was from lumber sawed at their mills and rafted down Edisto River to the coast.

Page 17, line 15, for "1815" read "1816."

Page 206, line 24, for "Isaac A." read "James A."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884,

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

— OF A —

LONG LIFE.

“Old people tell of what they have seen and done, children of what they are doing, and fools of what they intend to do.”

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

AIM AND SCOPE OF THE WORK.

However humble or obscure one's life may be, he can hardly attain the age of eighty without witnessing and participating in some exciting and interesting scenes and becoming acquainted with many remarkable and distinguished persons. And when too old and infirm to serve his family or the community in any other way, he may, if blest with an ordinary memory, amuse or instruct them somewhat by recalling and recording some of the circumstances and transactions that have occurred in his time, together with the changes made thereby. This I propose to do. And whereas any statement of facts may be strengthened and confirmed by a knowledge of the manner in which they became known, my own experience shall be given whenever requisite to verify or simplify the narrative about to be related.

The present century has witnessed many startling and important events, producing a greater revolution in all the phases

of human society than has occurred in the same length of time at any previous period of the world's history. Who can enumerate, for instance, the many improvements made in the arts and sciences, in government and education, in law and literature, in medicine and surgery, in agriculture and its implements, in mechanical inventions and chemical discoveries, all tending to promote the comforts and conveniences, supply the needs, advance the interests, and contribute to the welfare of the race? Without attempting at present to particularize or estimate the effects of these improvements on the character and condition of our people, which shall be done to some extent hereafter, a brief review of the most prominent public matters shall first be traced, and then a sketch of private affairs, with the great alterations in our business habits and domestic manners and customs, interspersed with local incidents and anecdotes, will form the subject of the following series.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORICAL EVENTS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH—CHARLES THE TENTH—
REVOLUTION OF 1830—LOUIS PHILIPPE—REVOLUTION AND REPUBLIC
IN 1848—LOUIS NAPOLEON—THE GERMAN EMPIRE—ITS CONQUEST OF
AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.

We will first glance at the principal historical events, beginning with France.

The wonderful career of Napoleon Bonaparte, perhaps, exceeds in novelty and interest that recorded of any other character in history or fiction. His rise from a private station to supreme power without the aid of wealth or influential family connections; his creation (for it can be called

no less) of peace and order out of the chaos of conflicting and fermenting elements left by the great French Revolution; his successive conquest of all the kingdoms of Continental Europe, until his fatal and insane invasion of Russia, with the horrors and sufferings of the retreat from Moscow; his waning fortunes at Dresden and Leipsic; his desperate but futile struggle to protect Paris; his defeat, abdication and exile to Elba; his sudden and unexpected return, causing the flight of Louis the Eighteenth; his busy and brilliant reign of the Hundred Days; his final overthrow at Waterloo; his vain attempt to escape to America; his banishment and death at St. Helena, whence after many years his remains were removed to Paris and received with great pomp by Louis Philippe, and where, in accordance with his last will and prayer, they "repose on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he had loved so well." Surely no more stirring and romantic life is found in the annals of our race. Such were his power and influence that his history was that of Europe for nearly twenty years; and Allison, the historian, his bitter and prejudiced enemy, declared that all Europe would fly to arms at the display of his old grey coat.

I distinctly recollect reading the account of the battle of Waterloo in the Camden newspaper at the time; and if the old Cornwallis mansion still remained, in which I went to school, and which was burnt by Sherman's troops in 1865, I could go to within three feet of the spot where I read the paper—one whole broadside being filled with the list of killed and wounded general officers.

After the fall of Napoleon, Louis the Eighteenth was restored to the kingdom by the Allied Powers, and was succeeded at his death by the Comte D'Artois, under the title of Charles the Tenth. Him the people dethroned and drove out by the Revolution of 1830, under the lead of Guizot, Thiers and others. This was in the same week that witnessed

the commencement of a still greater revolution—though of a different kind—in the opening of the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, and the successful application of steam power to locomotion by land; Mr. Huskisson, the great British statesman, being unfortunately run over and killed on the trial trip.

Louis Philippe, then elected King of the French, was a son of the dissolute and unprincipled L'Egalite, Philip Duke of Orleans, who completed his infamy by voting in the National Convention for the conviction and execution of his kinsman, Louis the Sixteenth, and ended his life not long after under the guillotine, by authority of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

By the Revolution of 1848, Louis Philippe, the citizen King, was forced to vacate the throne and flee to England for safety. Then followed the stormy and short-lived Republic under Lamartine, Ledra Rollin and their associates; the escape of Louis Napoleon from the fortress at Ham; his flight to England; his subsequent return and election to the Chamber of Deputies; his overthrow of the Republic and his assumption of the Empire with the title of Napoleon the Third.

The Revolution of 1848 extended over the Continent, "with fear of change perplexing monarchs," who quieted their subjects for the time by promises of reform, which, however, were soon falsified. The subsequent course of events, resulting in the consolidation of the German Empire by annexing to the Kingdom of Prussia the petty principalities formerly represented in the Diet; by its conquest in succession of Austria and France, with the defeat, capture and death of Louis Napoleon, are too well known to deserve further notice. Thus the French ship of state, resembling "a stormy land, a stormy sea before her," was tossed and buffeted by the restless and tumultuous currents of foreign war and domestic factions.

CHAPTER III.

GREAT BRITAIN.

GEORGE THE THIRD—POETS, NOVELISTS, ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS—
GEORGE THE FOURTH—TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE—WILLIAM THE
FOURTH—REFORM BILL—QUEEN VICTORIA.

Meantime England, having seen and paid dearly for the folly of intermeddling in the affairs of her neighbors, was steadily, if not rapidly, growing in wealth and power—undisturbed, save by an occasional gust from the coast of Ireland, whose people she had shamefully misgoverned and oppressed—increasing her population and territory, extending her commerce and manufactures, and utilizing and profiting by all the agencies and appliances that characterize and enrich an industrious and a prosperous community. My memory goes back to the close of the reign of George the Third, under the Prince Regent, an era distinguished by the remarkable and splendid galaxy of writers in poetry, fiction and criticism—Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Shelley and Keats, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Christopher North, (John Wilson,) and Charles Lamb—who illuminated the whole horizon of polite literature, and, after the lapse of so many years, still shine with the brightness of morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and, in their influence on taste and sentiment, more powerful than an army with banners. They actually created new tastes and erected different standards of merit from those previously existing, while charming and surprising their own and succeeding generations by the beauty, variety and abundance of their productions. Many of these I devoured with avidity and delight at their first appearance, once sitting up a whole night with one of Scott's novels.

To fully appreciate our indebtedness to them, we must remember that from Burns to Scott and Byron—a period of

some twenty years—no poetry deserving the name had appeared, whilst the next twenty were enriched by the list of authors given above; that the fashionable novels were mostly a mere mass of indecency, stupidity and sickly sentimentality, until the publication of Scott's, which at once secured a popularity that has never ceased and scarcely diminished, notwithstanding the host of competitors that has since entered the lists; and that in criticism the staid and correct, but hard and dry, utterances of Blair and Lord Kames were superseded by the wit and wisdom, the common sense and audacity, of Blackwood and the Edinburgh Review.

At the death of George the Third, George the Fourth ascended the throne. He created intense excitement throughout the Kingdom by refusing to allow the coronation of his consort, Queen Caroline, and, as an excuse or justification for such refusal, by instigating her scandalous prosecution and public trial on a charge of adultery. Her counsel—Brougham and Denman—in a spirit of manliness and independence that was above all praise, in defiance of the monarch's personal wishes, and of the influence of his power and patronage, faithfully and successfully defended their client, whilst fearlessly exposing his conduct and character.

After him came William the Fourth, and then Queen Victoria, whose reign continues to the present date. In the meantime the matters of most interest were the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, regulating and extending the suffrage; the repeal of the Corn Laws; the Irish agitation under Daniel O'Connell; the Crimean War; the Sepoy Rebellion, and others too recent and unimportant for further remark.

CHAPTER IV.

SUMTER, 1806 TO 1811.

BLACK RIVER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—INDIGO—COTTON—SPECIE CURRENCY—WELLS—MANCHESTER—ITS SCHOOL HOUSE—BALL BATTERY—DRINKING AND GAMBLING—AFRICAN NEGROES—YANKEE PEDDLERS—CATAWBA INDIANS.

At home, my first recollections found me at Sumterville, where my father kept a tavern in 1806, when I was about three years old. To get me out of the way at Court time, when the house was full of guests, I was sent to the home of my grandfather, Wm. Anderson, some ten miles East of the village, beyond Black River, between it and the Brick Church, (Presbyterian,) which then stood nearly, if not exactly, on the beautiful spot occupied by the present Salem Presbyterian Brick Church, Black River. The river swamp where we crossed it was half a mile wide, crowded with large trees, and had a high bridge over the main current of the stream, which was reached by a causewayed road through the black and sluggish water on either side, so narrow and crooked that a passenger could see but a few yards ahead; always looking gloomy and threatening, often hazardous and sometimes impassable. Now it has a broad embankment, above the highest freshets, through which the river flows under three or four substantial bridges, with strong hand-rails that give a sense of perfect security to the traveler. This valuable improvement is due to the skill and energy of my deceased friend Matthew E. Muldrow, formerly Commissioner of Roads.

Indigo was then raised in all that region for sale and for domestic use. It grew wild in the woods, attained the height of one and a half to two feet, and had bluish green leaves. At the proper season the plants were cut off near the ground and immersed in water to extract the coloring matter, which sank by its own weight to the bottom of the vat, when the

water was drawn off, the sediment left to dry and harden, and then cut into squares, forming the finest blue dye known to the world. To make a first rate article the water was sometimes drawn from one vat to another, stirred and boiled. When broken, the cleavage in good indigo was smooth and showed a copper-colored tinge. A knowing old lady, in telling another how to judge its quality, said : "Take a clean new cedar or cypress piggin, fill it three-thirds full with clear spring water, put into it a lump of indigo as big as an egg, and, if good, it will either sink or swim, I have really forgotten which." I have seen the vats or tanks when in use, and the remains of some of them still stand in the neighborhood.

There being no cotton gins at the time, the cultivation of that staple was quite limited. Families in the country usually spent the long Winter evenings in social converse, while picking cotton from the seed with their fingers, and seated around a big log fire, in which a plenty of pindars and sweet potatoes were roasting. The growth of cane in all low places, together with other plants, afforded a capital range for stock, and planters raised large numbers of beeves and hogs for the Charleston market, whither they were driven every winter. They also sold their indigo in the city, bringing home the proceeds in Spanish silver coin, which composed almost the entire currency before the Bank of the State came into existence in December, 1812. This was a very clumsy and inconvenient medium of exchange, especially for large amounts and for merchants in North Carolina and other distant points who dealt in Charleston and were forced to carry their money in boxes fitting under the seats of the sulkeys in which they traveled, so as to be taken out at night and put back in the morning. Goods, except upon the rivers, were hauled by wagons, and freight on heavy articles like iron and salt was enormously high. Mr. Robert Latta laid

the foundation of his immense fortune by wagoning goods from Philadelphia to Yorkville, where he did business during the war. Wagons, for safety and company, went together in large numbers, and it was not unusual to see a dozen or more in a gang, the jingling of the bells on their horses' heads making "music in the sinners' ears."

The wells in this section and most of the low country were quite a curiosity to strangers. The pond cypress, unlike that of the swamps, has the peculiarity of being hollow nearly its entire length, thus forming a tube, sometimes two or three feet in diameter, surrounded by a rim of wood two to four inches thick. These are cut into sections, cleaned, cleared out and converted into well curbs, bee gums, ash stands, &c. The knees—so called—when inverted and fitted with handles, make the best of buckets, which never leak nor shrink, and hardly ever decay or wear out; so that the boy was not far wrong who said that cypress timber lasted always, for his father had tried it twice. I know of one such curb that after being in daily use upwards of fifty years is as sound as it was at first. In that low, flat country, some of the wells during a wet season require banking around the curb to keep the water from flowing out on the surface, yet when freshly drawn it is cool, pleasant and healthful.

I was too young to take much notice of fashions in dress, but young ladies at balls wore sharp-toed morocco slippers of all the colors of the rainbow, and gentlemen looked particularly neat and genteel in fair-topped boots, worn with knee breeches, and having a band of smooth yellow leather four or five inches wide at top. They also wore white powder in their hair on public occasions.

From Sumter we removed to Manchester on the main road from Camden to Charleston. This village was settled, for the sake of health and society, by the Moores, Ramseys, Ballards and other rich planters who owned lands on the

Wateree River. Besides their residences, it had a tavern, kept by my father, a shoe shop, tailor shop, blacksmith shop, a school house and two or three stores—the principal one owned by Duke Goodman, who soon after went to Charleston, where he became a leading cotton factor and Methodist exhorter. He was said to have once confounded the two professions and shown which was uppermost in his mind, by giving out a hymn as short staple, instead of short metre. But this might have been a mere piece of fun or slander; for slander and fun were as much relished then as now.

The school house, built of logs, had a stand at the Eastern end, that served for a pulpit whenever a stray Methodist preacher happened to call and hold divine service, which was done by at least one of them in my time, who declared that he was not ashamed to be called "old bawling Jenkins." He was widely known as a zealous Christian, had been a faithful soldier in the Revolutionary War, and bore an excellent character in every respect, which together caused him to be elected doorkeeper of the Senate in his extreme old age. In that building I first went to school, my teacher being a Mr. Rivers from the low country. Many years afterwards, when visiting my friends in Salem, I was delayed several hours at the Manchester station on the Wilmington Railroad, about a mile below the old village, and walked up to it, where I found but two houses remaining—that formerly occupied by my father, and the old school house, looking both inside and out exactly as I had left it half a century previously—the pulpit, seats and benches all in their places, and so it may be to this day. A short distance South of the village was a ball battery and alley, where the young men played fives, sometimes at match games with those from other places, as is now practised in base ball, with the addition of considerable sums being occasionally staked on the result. Stephen D. Miller, afterwards Governor, was one of the best players in the State.

The battery was a smooth wooden wall, perhaps forty feet long by thirty in height, with the alley of corresponding length and breadth, carefully leveled, tightly packed, and swept clean. Some of the villagers and neighbors met *every day* at a store, where the card table was brought out into the piazza soon after breakfast, and gambling went on till night, winding up, now and then, with a supper and ball, to which the young ladies were invited, and that lasted to a late hour. This, with drinking freely, was their regular habit week after week, varied by quarter races, feats of strength and activity, and an occasional fist fight. The natural consequence followed: in a few years they were bankrupt in health, fortune and morals.

The slave trade was then in operation and many Africans were brought into the District by the planters. I saw quite a number of them, bright-looking, smooth-faced, and slender in form, but clean-limbed and very active. So fond of whisky were they, that for a dram one would stand with his back against a post or wall and let a strong man strike him in the forehead with his fist.

The occasional, and always welcome, advent of a Yankee peddler, driving a good horse in a covered wagon, supplied families with tin ware and other light goods. And a few Catawba Indians visited us every winter, with bows and arrows, moccasins, and earthenware pots and pans of their own manufacture, some very neatly made and prettily colored; the women carrying infants wrapped in blankets on their backs, so that the little ones could peep out over their mothers' shoulders. To complete my reminiscences of Manchester, it may be stated that we had a bright comet and several severe earthquakes; that shad were so abundant as to sell by the hundred at $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents each; that for health's sake my brothers and myself were given a small quantity of whisky before breakfast every morning, and that I had learned

to play cards before I could read. It would seem that nothing but a special providence or a lucky chance saved me from becoming both a drunkard and a gambler, for certainly no one ever had a fairer start in that direction. But my task is to relate facts, not to moralize on them.

CHAPTER V.

CAMDEN, 1811 TO 1817.

REV. GEORGE REID'S ACADEMY—WAR OF 1812—COLONEL WILLIAM MCWILLIE AND HIS SON—CHAPMAN LEVY—GENERAL BLAIR—HENRY G. NIXON—BOYS' ARTILLERY COMPANY—INSURRECTION OF NEGROES—CRUELTY OF CRIMINAL LAWS—BARON DEKALB—CHURCHES, PREACHERS AND LEADING CITIZENS.

In 1811 my father removed to Camden, where I was sent for six years to an Academy for girls and boys, kept by Rev. George Reid, a portly, pock-marked Presbyterian clergyman, of much experience and very superior attainments as a classical teacher, a rigid disciplinarian, who used the rod and the ruler unsparingly and impartially whenever he thought it necessary. His favorite method of inflicting punishment was to lay the delinquent across his lap, face downwards, and then paddle him with a broad, flat ruler, leaving marks, in some cases, that were visible for weeks.

Public opinion, in these latter days, seems to condemn corporal punishment and the mingling of the sexes in our schools. But, while disclaiming any competency to decide on these questions, I confidently affirm that neither the spirit of the one sex nor the modesty and purity of the other was unfavorably affected by these practices as then enforced, and that, so far as my knowledge and belief extend, no undue familiarity between them ever was reported or suspected.

Under Mr. Reid, I took his regular course in Latin, viz., Ruddiman's Grammar, Corderii, Æsop's Fables, Erasmus, Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Virgil and Horace, and was a year or so in the *Creek*, as my old friend, John Summer, said of his son Adam. He had, as assistant in the English department, C. J. Shannon, subsequently a leading merchant and father of the lamented William M. Shannon; and later, in the classics, William K. Clowney, of Union, who afterwards was a tutor in the South Carolina College and represented his District in Congress. My classmates were Isaac H. Smith, David Evander Reid, son of the teacher, William O. Nixon, Henry I. Abbott, William Trent, and part of the time — — Brevard and — — Adamson. I have not seen or heard of any of them for many years, and, as all were older than myself, probably not one survives.

During this period the war of 1812 was declared, and I well recollect the rejoicings, illuminations, torch-light processions and parading around the liberty pole that stood on Main street, a little South of Havis's tavern, at the news of every victory over the British, and particularly at the proclamation of peace.

An affecting scene was presented at the separation from their families and friends of the volunteer regiment on its departure for the coast under command of old Colonel William McWillie, of Lancaster, with his son William, my schoolmate, as Adjutant. The latter, some years later, was President of the Branch Bank of Camden, and after his removal to Mississippi became Governor of that State. He was said to have been the father of twenty children by one wife.

Camden contributed two companies to this regiment—the Rifles, Captain Chapman Levy, and the Artillery, Captain James Blair—not the giant General and member of Congress, of the same name, who shot Tom Evans in a duel, nearly killed Duff Green with a cudgel, and finally blew out his own

brains at Washington. Evans's excuse for missing so fair a mark was that the muzzle of Blair's pistol looked as big as a barrel. General Blair was the second of Hopkins in his duel with my former school-fellow, the eloquent and talented Henry G. Nixon, at Augusta, where the latter was shot through the heart at the first fire, his second being Governor John Lide Wilson, author of the "Code of Honor," who had himself stood fire in a similar rencontre with a cigar in his mouth.

At a brigade encampment, in Camden, Blair's enormous size attracted the rapt attention of all the idle boys, who watched his movements and hung upon his words with wonder and admiration. He showed forbearance and consideration on that occasion by declining to compete with a conceited and contentious young officer, whose vanity induced him to make an exhibition of his strength and endurance, on the ground that it might mortify the young man or lead to a quarrel. In a very different spirit he provoked a challenge from James H. Hammond, (afterwards Governor,) in a newspaper discussion. On the arrival of the principals and their seconds at the appointed place in North Carolina, Blair invited the other party to visit him at his lodgings on the morning of the day when the fight was to come off, and when they came asked all to take a drink, which was done. In a few minutes he proposed to repeat the dose—in his words to "black the other eye,"—but when Hammond rose to comply, his second, Colonel P. M. Butler, (also Governor afterwards,) vetoed the proposition, saying that they had come there to settle a serious difficulty; that his principal was unaccustomed to taking spirits before breakfast, and that he should drink no more till the affair was over. An amicable adjustment was made in the course of the day. My remembrance of the big General closes with the statement that I saw him, William Drayton and — Mitchell, members of

Congress, burnt in effigy by a mob in the Main street of Columbia, in the days of Nullification, Blair being represented by a bale of hay, with head, legs and feet attached. He occupied so much *space* in the public view that a slighter notice of him would have been unbecoming and disproportioned.

The boys in our academy formed a uniformed artillery company, with two pieces resembling cannon, turned out of wood, painted like brass, and mounted on wheels, having musket barrels in the center, and touch-holes corresponding with those in the guns, so that they fired very well, and we were highly complimented by the famous war Governor, David R. Williams, on our appearance in line at a regimental or brigade review in Camden.

The whole community was greatly excited in July, 1815, by the discovery of an intended insurrection of the negroes, which was fixed for the Fourth. They were so confident of success that the ring-leader had selected and named the young lady who was to be his future wife. The jail was crowded with suspected participants and guarded by armed men day and night for some weeks. I saw four or five of them hanged at one time and another afterwards upon the same gallows.

As showing the severity of our laws in those days, I will mention that I stood by while the Deputy Sheriff of Kershaw branded a man with a hot iron on both cheeks and in the forehead and then cut off his ears with a dull knife; and that some years later I saw a white man receive twenty-five stripes on his bare back, at the public whipping post, on three or four successive sale days, for horse stealing, that offense being at one time punishable by death on the gallows. And it was a strange fact that this crime was committed as often while threatened with capital punishment as before or after.

I played frequently on the grave of the Baron DeKalb, in the middle of a lonely old field at the Southwest part of the town. It was surmounted by a plain brick structure, three or four feet high, covered by a white stone slab, with an inscription eulogizing his character and services. The cornerstone of a more suitable monument to the memory of this noble German, who, at the battle near Camden, sacrificed his life in our cause, was laid in a more central location by Lafayette, on his visit to the State in 1825, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, and his remains were afterwards removed and interred at the same spot. According to Weems's Life of Marion, he received eleven wounds.

Of the clergy, I remember, besides Mr. Reid, my teacher, Revs. Isaac Smith, Bond English, a one-eyed man, — — Berry, and Mr. Mathis, Ordinary, who preached occasionally, all Methodists. The leading citizens were the Canteys, Chestnuts, McRaes, Kershaws, Langs, Deases, Nixons, Abbotts, Douglasses, Dobys, Carters, Reynolds, Whitakers, Blandings, Boykins, Kennedys, Warrens and others. Matt Wiggins was Sheriff part of the time; — — Mickle, Tax Collector; — — Carter, Congressman, and Phineas Thornton, Postmaster. Camden had three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist.

CHAPTER VI.

COLUMBIA, 1817 TO 1822.

MY DEPARTURE FROM CAMDEN AND ARRIVAL IN COLUMBIA—APPRENTICESHIP AND RETURN TO CAMDEN—EMIGRATION WESTWARD—IMPORTANCE OF A WAFER—TRIP TO AUGUSTA—JOHN MCLEAN—MATCH RACE BETWEEN ARGYLE AND BASCOM—ROBERT WADDELL AND COLONEL PRESTON—HUGH MCLEAN, H. I. CAUGHMAN AND SID. JOHNSON—RETURN TO LEXINGTON—HENRY SHULTZ—TOASTS.

Nothing further of general interest occurred during my stay in Camden, and now I hope to be excused for giving a hasty sketch of my future movements as connected with and requisite to a proper understanding of what follows.

My poor dear mother died in 1815, and after boarding in the family of James McKenzie, at McRae's Mill, about a mile from the town, I finally quit school in September, 1817, at the age of fourteen, and came to Columbia, where I was bound as an apprentice for six years to Jacob Barrett, a Jewish merchant, whose store stood on the site of that now occupied by the Stanleys. On the day appointed for my departure from McKenzie's, when the hour arrived for me to bid the family farewell, the old lady (his wife) began to lament at our separation and declared that she would as soon part from one of her own children. This so completely overcame me that the tears streamed from my eyes, and my heart swelled up into my throat till it seemed as if I must suffocate. It so happened that I was prevented from going on that day and returned to the house till the morrow. Then, at the appointed hour, to avoid a repetition of the distressing scene, I stole out unperceived at the back door and fled as if for my life. I never saw or heard from one of them again.

With Barrett I remained upwards of four years, when, completely tired out and disgusted by his continued ill-treatment, notwithstanding my faithful and unrequited service, and

being old enough to think and act for myself, I decided, once for all, to run away. This decision was carried into effect at midnight on the 20th of January, 1822, when, under a bright moon riding high in the heavens, and in a freezing atmosphere, with a handkerchief in my hand containing all the clothing I possessed, except what was on me, I bade farewell to my fellow apprentice, John G. Dunlap, and took the road to Camden, where my father and one of my brothers still resided. Out at Taylor's (now Dent's) mill the water was above the foot-boards, and I was forced to wade, but its depth did not exceed eighteen inches. After getting out, however, it froze on me till I reached a camp of people moving to the West, where I sat down, dried, warmed and rested. The road from the Eastern border of this State and North Carolina was then daily thronged with a continual stream of vehicles of every conceivable class and description, laden with women, children and household stuff, and accompanied by their owners on horseback or afoot, with their negroes, dogs, and sometimes cattle, all bound for the new lands in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The owner of the camp where I stopped kindly offered me a passage to Mississippi free of charge, but I was bent on continuing towards Camden, not without the secret hope of being overtaken by Charles Young's Theatrical Company, which, after performing all the winter in Barrett's back store, and thus making my acquaintance, was preparing to leave Columbia the next day. If they had gone to Camden my intention was, with the consent of the manager, to join them and become an actor, one whose profession, to my youth and inexperience, seemed particularly attractive and enjoyable. They went some other way, and I kept the road before me, having to break the ice with my naked feet next morning in crossing a shallow but rather wide stream. Late in the day I arrived at Camden in wretched plight, my feet blistered, my joints sore and stiff-

ened, and my entire energies exhausted by fatigue and loss of sleep. From this condition, however, I soon recovered. Failing to find employment in Camden, I obtained money enough from some of my relatives to pay my fare to Augusta in the stage, whither I set out about the middle of February, leaving behind me in the postoffice a letter offering me just such a situation as I desired above all others. It was from the firm of Andrews & Keenan—Warren Andrews and Roland Keenan—both of whom had been with me as clerks of Barrett; had been afterwards set up in business by him, and they now, with his approval, proposed employing me. Their letter I failed to receive because a boy in the postoffice had some weeks previously refused to give me a wafer, remarking at the time that he kept them for sale, whereupon I asked their price, and, being informed, bought a box, resolving, as a rebuke for his insolence, that I would not patronize his office, even so far as to ask for letters, and thereby inflicting on myself greater punishment than I had designed for him. And here, if I had time and inclination to moralize on the importance of trifles, what sage reflections might be uttered on the mysterious fact that a dispute between a couple of silly boys about so insignificant a thing as a wafer should entirely change and control the destiny of myself and my descendants. And on the other hand

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang, aft, agley.”

On arriving in Columbia, instead of lying by privately or secretly and ascertaining whether Barrett had the power or the disposition to arrest and punish me as a runaway apprentice, which was what I dreaded, I got out of the stage in the suburbs and went to the law office of Colonel James Gregg, about where Cap Carroll’s barber shop is, to consult him as to my rights, but he was engaged and never could bear inter-

ruptions, so he gave me no satisfaction, and, without more ado, I walked down to the stage office, at Dr. Sam Green's hotel, opposite the State House, and took a passage for Augusta.

The stage, carrying the *fast* mail, took two days and part of two nights between Camden and Augusta. The line was owned by John McLean of Fayetteville, N. C., who, from being a stage driver, became a contractor for carrying the mails, and at one time owned, I believe, the entire route from Washington to New Orleans. This required a large outlay and considerable financial capacity for its successful management. He was assisted by his brothers, Hugh, Daniel and Niel, with Gilbert Stalker, a steady old Scotchman, in the Columbia office, which became his headquarters and was at Adam Edgar's hotel, opposite Dr. McGregor's present drug store. McLean must have made large profits by his contracts. He was the sole owner of the street railroad, worked by horse power, from Cotton Town through the middle of Main and Bridge streets to the basin on the canal, where Alexander Herbemont kept a warehouse for storing goods and produce. But, like Judge Gantt's constable, he couldn't bear promotion, and began to play the gentleman, a character so happily drawn by Dr. Franklin, who probably had more worldly wisdom than any other man our country has produced. The Doctor said that soon after going to England he asked his negro servant what he thought of the country, and got this answer: "Massa, everybody work here; man work, woman work, child work, horse work, cow work, all work but hog; hog walk about and do nothing, *just like a gentleman*." Carlyle called such a gentleman *fruges consumere nati esquire*.

To maintain his character of gentleman, he kept race horses and made a match race of four mile heats for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side with Colonel Crowell, Indian Agent in Georgia,

to run his horse Duke of Argyle against John Bascom, at Augusta. So confident of winning was he, that he went to Augusta in a coach and four, taking along a number of carrier pigeons to convey the news of the result to Columbia in the least possible time, and when some of his friends who had come all the way from Kentucky begged a share in the bet he refused. Never was disappointment greater than when the race came off, for Argyle was distanced in the first heat. His backers charged trickery on the other party, asserting that they had obtained access to Argyle's stable the night before and bled him nearly to death. However that might be, they lost their money and their horse never ran another race.

McLean, in walking up town one morning, accosted Robert Waddell at his store, where Agnew now keeps, with the question whether he had heard of the good fortune just experienced by their mutual friend Colonel Preston, to which Waddell replied in the negative. McLean then stated that by the death of a relative Colonel Preston had fallen heir to a very large estate, and then continued on his way. Waddell went home immediately, put on his best suit and betook himself to Colonel Preston's, whom he greeted with his heartiest congratulations. Preston asked what he meant, and, being told, said: "Mr. Waddell, has it not occurred to you that this is the first of April?" Thoroughly disgusted and discomfited, Waddell went home, resumed his work-day clothing, and, returning to the store, armed himself with an axe-handle and awaited McLean's reappearance, who called out to him at a distance of twenty yards: "Well, Waddell, have you found out that this is the first of April?" Waddell replied, shaking the stick at him: "It's well for you that you got the first word, or I'd have given you a taste of this shil-lalah." Hugh McLean delighted in such jokes and in running rigs upon his friends. The winter before the great race

at Augusta Colonels H. I. Caughman and J. A. Addison of Lexington went to the Camden races, where, according to Hugh's account, they lost all their money, and, whilst consulting in the street as to how they should get home, Caughman saw an Italian with his monkey and organ, who seemed to be doing a good business, and suggested to Addison that they should join the organ grinder and thus work their way back. Addison laughed at the joke, but Caughman took it seriously, and swore if Hugh McLean and Sid Johnston didn't quit talking about him, somebody would get a d—d whipping. When the result of the race at Augusta became known, Caughman took his revenge by writing to Hugh that, if necessary, he would send a negro with a mule and cart to bring him back to Columbia.

As a specimen of Johnston's manner, the following is given: He and Caughman were addressing a Miss Kincaid in Fairfield, and they both happened to meet and spend a night at her house. A few days afterwards a female friend of her mother asked the old lady which of the two was the favorite. She said she believed Mary liked Mr. Johnston best, but for her part she preferred Colonel Caughman, because after their departure she had gone into both of their rooms, and in Johnston's found everything topsy-turvy—a pillow in one place, a bolster in another, the bed clothes tumbled up, and all about the place in utter confusion. In Caughman's, on the contrary, everything was in place—the bed neatly made, the room swept and dusted, the water emptied, and all just as though nobody had been there, and hence she inferred that for a quiet life he was the man. This of course was purely an invention of Johnston's.

In Augusta, I wandered about a couple of days, when, finding no encouragement, and being nearly out of money, I one evening resolved on returning to Columbia afoot and running the risk of Barrett's displeasure. The way was long

and weary, and the weather cold and inclement. The evening before reaching Lexington, on the way back, snow commenced falling and soon covered the ground, making travel very uncomfortable in my thin clothes and worn-out shoes. I recollect stopping and writing my name in the snow on the roadside, thinking that, like it, I would probably soon pass away unnoticed and unknown. But, thanks to the "Divinity that shapes our ends" and controls all the issues of life, it was ordered otherwise, and, after more than sixty years, I still survive, though why, or for what purpose, He only knows. The next morning, at Lexington, I was received hospitably by John Meetze, who never turned the needy away empty. We had long been acquainted at Barrett's, where, as a country merchant, he bought most of his goods. He employed me immediately as a clerk, at \$120 and my board for the first year, on the condition that my old master had no objection. This we soon found to be the case, and I was at last made easy on that score and on all others in the near future. It was full time, for my clothes were worn out and I had but a half dollar in my pocket, after declining a pressing invitation to eat at the house of Colonel Jones, in Edgefield, whose wife seemed to suspect the real cause, namely, my want of money and unwillingness to make that want known. My stay at Lexington was prolonged for seventeen years, until January, 1839, when I returned to Columbia and took the place of Teller in the Commercial Bank.

But before giving my recollections of Columbia and Lexington, I must devote some time to that extraordinary mechanical genius and practical engineer and financier, Henry Shultz, whose character and career were too strange and remarkable to be passed over without notice in a paper of this kind, although it may occupy considerable space.

On returning from Augusta I passed through Hamburg, which Shultz had then just fairly started to build in the midst

of a hideous swamp, which he had ditched and drained, opposite to Augusta, with the view of rivaling that city, by intercepting the large quantity of cotton and other produce that went there every year from our side of the river.

Originally from the ancient free city of Hamburg, on the Elbe, he had come to Augusta some ten years previously, with no capital but his head and his hands. Engaging as a day laborer on a pole boat, he soon began to build and run his own boats to and from Savannah. Then he erected the Augusta Bridge, on a plan of his own, which stood for fifty years or more, uninjured by freshets that swept away others constructed by professional architects according to the most approved scientific principles. In connection with his partner, John McKinne, he established the Bridge Bank of Augusta, and issued bills that, by their prompt redemption, obtained a wide circulation in the Southern States and were preferred by many people to all others. His banking house stood at the Augusta end of the bridge, on the North side of the street leading from it to and across Broad street, and at one time he owned a number of other houses on the same range. But difficulties arose between him and some of the other Augusta banks, and, after a long struggle, in which each by turns had the advantage, they managed to present more of his bills than he could meet, had them protested, sued on, and by a summary process, which he tried to resist, levied on, sold and bought in the bridge and all his other property in Augusta. He struggled to the last, refusing to vacate the premises till dispossessed by main force, under an order of the Court, and then resorted to the expedient of erecting a toll gate at the other end of the bridge, where he exacted payment from all passengers, until prohibited by an injunction from the United States Court, after prolonged and expensive litigation, in which Judge Butler, of Edgefield, and Richard H. Wilde, of Augusta, were opposing counsel. In

a fit of desperation, on the day when this injunction was enforced, he attempted to commit suicide by discharging a loaded pistol in his mouth, but it happened to range upwards and outwards, so that the load came out between his eyes, frightfully mutilating him for the time, and leaving indelible marks of the powder in his face, yet, strange to say, he recovered, with his eyesight unimpaired. His Hamburg project proved measurably successful; the town grew and prospered for several years, enjoying an extensive trade, to the serious detriment of Augusta. The Legislature incorporated the place, Shultz being Mayor, and chartered the Bank of Hamburg, of which Wyatt W. Starke (father of William Pinckney Starke, Esq.,) was first President, and Hiram Hutchinson, Cashier. But a fatality, caused apparently by Shultz's violent temper, baffled all his efforts. A trunk was stolen from a wagon yard in the town, and he, as Mayor, had a young man from the country arrested on suspicion of having committed the theft. To make him confess, the Mayor ordered him to be severely whipped, in consequence whereof he died, and Shultz was indicted for murder, imprisoned many months at Edgefield, and narrowly escaped ending his turbulent and eventful life on the gallows. I saw him frequently whilst autocrat of Hamburg, and long after when he haunted the halls of the Legislature vainly seeking redress or revenge for his losses in Augusta. A tall, erect old man, wearing a heavy Waterloo coat that reached his heels, and bearing, as it were, the brand of Cain in his forehead. At Shultz's death he left a will bequeathing all his right, title and interest in the bridge to his friends Jones and Kennedy. They employed Carroll & Bacon of Edgefield to look into the matter and were advised by their counsel to invoke from the Legislature the right of eminent domain on the part of this State in one-half of the Savannah River, and to grant them the privilege of erecting a toll gate at the South Carolina

end of the bridge. This was done, and when the President of the bridge company in Augusta threatened to demolish the South Carolina toll gate by firing a cannon at it, Jones replied that two could play at that game, reminding him that Shultz had left a couple of old cannon on the hill in Hamburg, which was six hundred feet above Augusta, and that he would certainly return the fire. Finally the case was compromised by the Augusta owners paying ten thousand dollars to Shultz's heirs under the will. His famous anti-climax toast, given when we were trying non-intercourse as a remedy for the tariff, was: "Freemen's rights and *homespun*." And this reminds me of some other toasts. Mr. Coe, a violent "Union man" and member of the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, at a Fourth of July celebration in 1832, gave expression to his sentiments by the words: "Church, State and Nullification—three d'nd rascally principles." Whereupon the company immediately expelled him by an unanimous vote. He afterwards explained his reference to Church and State as meaning no objection to either separately, but intending to condemn their union. Our game-cock Governor, Stephen D. Miller's celebrated toast was: "The three boxes preservative of liberty—the jury box, the ballot box and the cartridge box." He, by the bye, was inaugurated as Governor in a full suit of homespun, and when speaking earnestly made most awfully ugly faces, as if suffering intense torture. Old Billy Jones, at Lexington, gave: "Our liberty pole is not straight, but it leans towards General Jackson," when old Hickory was a candidate for the Presidency. And when a great jollification took place in October, 1832, at Isaac Coleman's theatre and circus, on the corner where Mrs. Dial now lives, over the election of the candidates in favor of Nullification, General James H. Adams and Colonel William C. Preston being elected to the House of Representatives, the former gave: "The rights of freemen,

constitutional or not," and the latter, instantly after the firing of a rocket, "The State of South Carolina; may she rise like that rocket, not to descend like it in silence and darkness, but to remain a fixed star in the firmament."

From Coleman's the crowd marched with military music to greet some of the leading Nullifiers, calling first on Colonel James Gregg, who went with us to the College, where old Dr. Cooper made a short speech, and then to Colonel J. J. Chappell's, on the corner now occupied by the Presbyterian printing office. After hearing him, F. C. Barber exclaimed, "if the church isn't with us, the chapel is." Finally we adjourned to Charley Dukes's saloon, near where Palmer's tin shop now is; and at 11 o'clock I left Barber and Colonel Preston engaged in an encounter of wits, while old Tom Baker was singing a smutty song to Colonel Gregg, probably the only one of the kind the Colonel ever heard.

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBIA, 1817 TO 1822.

INTRODUCTION OF STEAM, WITH ITS EFFECTS—MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—EXPRESS COMPANIES—WATER WORKS, GAS WORKS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS AND INVENTIONS—CHANGES IN HABITS, UTENSILS, DISEASES, &c.—ROADS, STREETS AND FERRIES—DROWNING OF YOUNG BLOCKER—MARKET AND BUTCHERS.

When I came here in 1817 the use of steam in moving railroad cars, steamboats and machinery for manufacturing purposes, with its incalculable effects on trade, travel and products, was utterly unknown. We had no telegraph to give us before breakfast yesterday's news from all parts of the civilized world. The reports of the Liverpool cotton market, for example, were brought by sailing vessels after a voyage of three to six weeks. It was not till 1852 that steam-

ships began to make regular trips across the ocean, and in 1858 the first Atlantic cable was successfully laid and operated.* Then no Express Company for a trifling compensation took the risk and labor and guaranteed the safe delivery, at our very doors, of all packages, regardless of their size, weight or value. No water works brought into every house that indispensable necessity of civilized life. A pump stood at the Court House corner on Main street to supply the population of the surrounding squares and to fill the firemen's buckets in time of a fire. No gas works, kerosene or matches. At night candles were kept burning, or flint and steel were used to strike a light in case of emergency.

What an enormous aggregate of toil and capital are involved in these vast and varied operations, and what an immense number of people now depend upon them for support!

We were without a city clock to give the time by day or by night, but a policeman cried the hours at the street corners, from bell ring (9 or 10) at night till daylight. No telephone enabled us to communicate with distant points by word of mouth; no spectrum analysis told us that other planets were composed of like materials with our own; no heliograph conveyed messages hundreds of miles by the light reflected from a bit of looking glass; and no photographic apparatus recorded with unerring certainty the lineaments of our faces, our houses or the surrounding scenery.

Surely the witness or cotemporary of these great and numerous novelties and mutations may claim that he has lived in an age of progress.

But these were not all, and I will briefly mention promiscuously such others as occur to me at the moment.

In the four years of my stay with Barrett, I never saw a commercial drummer or book agent. India rubber was used

*I have a New York newspaper dated January 4th, 1850, with the latest arrival from Europe, containing extracts from the London papers of the 20th October, the day of the vessel's departure.

solely for erasing pencil marks; steel pens were not used at all, writing being done with quill pens, and it was quite an accomplishment to be able to make them well; we had no envelopes—letters were generally on a double sheet, folded so as to hide the writing; postage on single letters for long distances was twenty-five cents, and prepayment was not required; merchants did not generally deliver goods at the houses of their town customers, but required purchasers to take them away; men never wore moustaches, nor carried pistols, unless absolutely necessary; there were no breech-loading cannon, repeating rifles or revolving pistols; no percussion caps. When guns were advertised as firing without flint or steel, I could not conceive how it was effected. But in nothing has there been a greater change than in the price of books. I bought a copy of the first edition of Irving's Sketch Book. It was in six numbers, with paper covers like our present monthly magazines, but without illustrations, and cost seventy-five cents per number, or \$4.50 for the entire work. Now I can get it unabridged and in better style for less than twenty cents.

Even our diseases and their treatment have greatly changed. Fever and ague prevailed all over the State, except, perhaps, in the mountains. The ague commonly came on in the forenoon, causing the patient to chatter with cold "in spite of his teeth," and, lasting about an hour, was followed by a high fever and perspiration, passing off in sleep. It returned near the same hour on the first, second or third day, and often continued for months. For it the doctors gave calomel and jalap, (often producing salivation,) glauber salts, castor oil, Peruvian bark and tartar emetic, with copious draughts of warm water to induce vomiting. All these I have taken again and again. Cold water was absolutely forbidden, even when the sufferer was almost dying of thirst. In addition, the lancet was used freely, and I have seen bleeding afford as sud-

den and complete relief in high fever as ever was produced on the nerves by hypodermic injection, yet it is now hardly ever resorted to.

Instead of buggies, we drove gigs and sulkies—the seats perched high up on two wheels, with shafts held up by tugs. These—the shafts or the tugs—were continually breaking and throwing the riders under their horses' heels.

Roads in the country and streets in town were in wretched condition. In Columbia a huge mud-hole lay open in front of Jimmy Hall's grocery and boarding house on Main street, near where Mrs. Robinson's clothing store now is, in which old Tom Harvey, the brawny well-digger, earned many a half pint by wallowing like a hog in the coldest weather, and it was said he would jump into a well for a quart. Jimmy Hall had a mill on the canal, which he said "run like a looseness." The street had many ridges and hollows, cut into deep ruts in wet weather, there being quite a steep hill between Comerford's and the corner above, where the postoffice now stands, and many a wagon and team stalled and stuck fast on the hill beyond Fisher's mill pond, on the road to Granby, where the boats landed and all heavy freights were received and delivered. No bridge crossed either of the rivers near Columbia, and in time of high water the ferries endangered life and limb. Once, when a freshet compelled the ferryman to let go the rope by which he pulled the flat across the Congaree, the stage, with a full load of passengers, went drifting down the river. Young Blocker, a College student from Edgefield, who was on his way home, being a good swimmer, stripped off his clothes to swim ashore, but it was supposed one of the stage horses that had been unharnessed and pushed overboard to lighten the load struck him on the back with his feet, and he sank to rise no more, till his lifeless body was found several miles below. Jack Wey, a dissipated young man from Sumter, was on board, and, fearing he would not

escape, swore he would have one more drink before drowning, and, suiting the action to the word, pulled out his flask and swigged his liquor. In floating down the flat passed under a tree on the bank, and, by holding on to a limb till help came from the shore, all were saved.

The Columbia Ferry belonged for many years to Elisha Daniel, and was worked by Isom Clark. The market, before being built at the Opera House corner, was held under a big oak on the South side of Senate street, East of Richardson, the principal butchers being old Ben Harrison, George Steel and Elisha Hammond. The latter was a tutor and Steward of the College—father of James H. Hammond, afterwards Governor,—and some years later he moved into the sand hills in Lexington with the visionary purpose of making a fortune by raising the *Palma Christi* or castor oil plant.

Stump speaking was not practiced outside of Virginia. We had no three-pronged silver or plated forks—split spoons, as they were first called. Such names as Jenny, Molly, Sally and Betty we spelt like very, body and belly, without the present termination of ie in place of y.

No public billiard table was allowed within five miles of Columbia. Merchants did not deliver goods at the houses of their customers, but purchasers took them away.

In short, the public and private life of our people was in many respects as different as though we had inhabited another world. Yet we contrived to live and enjoy ourselves, perhaps, as much as people do now.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

BUSINESS HOUSES ON MAIN STREET AND THEIR OCCUPANTS—JOHN D. BROWN AND FAMILY—D. & J. J. FAUST—TERENCE, JAMES AND JOHN C. O'HANLON—THE BRYCES—DANIEL MORGAN—ADAM EDGAR—DR. F. W. GREEN—DR. PERCIVAL—JOHN PARR—THE PURVISES AND HUNTS—MAJOR HART—OLD STATE HOUSE—ISAAC FRAZIER AND ISAAC H. COLEMAN—LITTLE LEVY—R. E. RUSSELL AND HIS GARDEN.

Now I shall proceed to give my recollections of the business men, with their locations, on Main street.

Next below Barrett's, now Stanley's, stood the jail, some distance back from the street. It was kept by John D. (Dictionary) Brown, Deputy Sheriff, a man of strong "contribunc-tion," who once made a return that he had taken a defendant with a casement, but he had broke customary and was lying out in ambition. He had a son, a jack-leg Methodist exhorter, and several daughters, one of whom was the wife of Henry McGowan, who still lives here, and another was first married to Passmore, a clerk in Hall's shoe store, and after his death to Mr. Bauskett of Newberry, a brother of Colonel John Bauskett, a well known lawyer and citizen of Columbia, and father of the present United States Commissioner. At Lexington, on one occasion, the son, who was tongue-tied, occupied the pulpit, and I could hardly keep from laughing in meeting, when he said, evidently repeating a sentence that he had carefully memorized as sure to bring down the house: "Then you will thee the tharthe thinking from their thilver thocketth while Gabriel ith preaching hith latht funeral thermon to the thun." At Cantwell's corner, Daniel M. & John J. Faust, State Printers, published the *Weekly State Gazette* for many years—the only newspaper in the place. Their office on the ground floor opening to the street, with its old-time lever press worked by hand, was the

admiration of many visitors from the country. The senior partner, Daniel Faust, an exemplary member of the Methodist Church, had six children, three sons and three daughters—John M., a gambler and “ne’er do well;” Edwin, a physician, died young; and Clem, who married a daughter of Dr. Bratton, of Winnsboro, and soon sent her home because they disagreed; Susan, a great beauty, became the wife of Wm. Brickell, a young lawyer; Jane died at an early age of consumption, and Mary, married to Dr. Pierce of Alabama, is still alive. The daughters claimed that their father was not a mechanic but an artist. General John J. Faust lived on the North side of Boundary street, West of Main, where he had rope works during the war. The office was afterwards turned into a shoe store and kept by Hall & Co., Yankees, who dealt in good stock and got high prices. They were succeeded by G. M. Thompson, who carried on the business successfully and sold out to Mitchell & Hood.

Mr. Thompson, when an old bachelor, married Mrs. Ann Sims, whose first husband, a printer, had deserted her and gone West. Thompson died, I believe, during the war, leaving a handsome property, which was much reduced subsequently. M. A. Shelton, a nephew of Thompson, came here from Connecticut and married Mrs. Thompson’s daughter by Sims, and his widow survived till a year or two ago. The Sheltons, her descendants, are still with us.

Just below the printing office, Terence O’Hanlon, (Old Terrible,) a burly Irishman, kept a dirty little grocery and owned a huge blunderbuss, which he always fired off at Christmas and Fourth of July, and would have used on the mischievous youths who hung a stuffed Paddy on his door on St. Patrick’s day in the morning if he could have discovered who they were. His brother, whose name I have forgotten, had two sons, James and John C., and three daughters,

Hannah, the wife of Dr. Jones, Catharine, married to Sweeny the printer, and Ann, who rather late in life became the wife of a shoemaker named Smith.

Major James O'Hanlon of Log Castle, after serving an apprenticeship to the saddler's trade in Philadelphia, returned to Columbia, studied and practiced law, was always a consistent and enthusiastic Jackson man, became a member of the Legislature and married a daughter of Colonel David Myers, who gave him a valuable plantation and a number of negroes. He delivered a Fourth of July oration at Lexington, the best part of which was taken, without acknowledgment, from one by Robert V. Hayne. Whilst he was a member of the House, Wm. E. Martin, Clerk of the Senate, gave Baskins, the Messenger, a note from Pemberton, State Printer, telling him to deliver it to the ugliest man in the Representative Hall, and Baskins, after looking about, presented it to O'Hanlon, who said it was not for him, but Baskins insisted that, from the description, he must be the man. John C. O'Hanlon, a noted gambler, married a Miss Hamner, sister of Mrs. A. M. Hunt. At one time, while rich, he built a fine brick hotel, just North of the present Columbia Hotel.

While serving on the jury in Columbia the Major got into a dispute with Judge James, and afterwards procured the impeachment of His Honor for drunkenness on the bench, which, I think, resulted in his conviction and dismissal from office.

John Bryce, a bright, brisk little Scotchman, had a 12 by 15 shoe shop next below Terence O'Hanlon, where he made my first pair of shoes after my arrival, which, by the bye, were too small and pinched my toes most painfully. By untiring energy and keen intelligence he amassed a large fortune and became a leader in many useful enterprises, being one of the founders and Directors of the Commercial Bank of

Columbia, the original projector and first President of our Gas Light Company and a large stockholder in the Congaree and Broad River Bridge Companies. He, his brother Robert and his sister Jane were devoted members of the Methodist Church, and his other sister married James Young, the owner of Young's Mill. Robert Bryce presided over the first Sunday school in Columbia, assisted by Miss Johnson, a daughter of Rev. Wm. B. Johnson of the Baptist Church, and Mrs. Peck, a Presbyterian, I believe, who still survives. She was the wife of Mr. Peck, a merchant tailor, and daughter of Dr. Thomas Parks, Professor in the South Carolina College. John Dunlap and I went to this Sunday school several months.

Next below was Colonel James Gregg's law office, and then came Daniel Morgan's brick store and dwelling with slate roof, claiming to be fireproof; his dry goods occupying the Northern end and the book store of Morgan & Guirey that at the South, with a passage between them leading to apartments above. James L. Clark, known long after as an officer in the Branch Bank, was one of Mr. Morgan's clerks. After failing in business, Mr. Morgan retired to the sand hills in Lexington, near Granby, where he had married into the Arthur family, and passed the rest of his days in deer hunting, mostly on foot. In this active and peaceful pursuit he lived to a good old age, apparently never regretting the loss of his fortune.

Adam Edgar's tavern and tailor shop were at the corner below, where, with the help of his wife Fanny, by strict economy and constant vigilance, he accumulated a large estate. A blustering Scotchman and devout Methodist, he used to say he "liked a preacher that hammered the rust off the sinners." His old mother he brought over from Scotland, and it was said she sat on his front steps and asked every passing negro if he belonged to "Audam." Having no children, he provided handsomely for his wife, and left

the rest of his property to the family of his relative, George Shiell, saying, when advised to secure it from being wasted by them, that if they did so it would be all right. Shiell was the man that proposed, when a subscription had fallen short in the Presbyterian Church, that each subscriber should double his amount, and being asked what he had subscribed replied twenty-five cents.

Edgar's Inn changed owners often after his death, falling by turns into the hands of Mr. ———, of Charleston; Colonel Wm. Maybin, of Newberry, with Colonel A. H. Gladden, of Fairfield, who, as General, was killed at Shiloh in 1863; J. C. Janney, Dr. T. J. Goodwyn and Wm. Glaze, as partners, and of Janney & Leaphart, till the memorable night of February 15th, 1865, when Columbia was laid in ashes by Sherman's men, of which event I hope to give an account in the sequel.

At the corner across Lady street was then, or soon after, a drug store owned by Dr. Sam Green and kept by Dr. F. W. Green, recently deceased, and still later by Dr. Samuel Percival. Dr. F. W. Green's wife was a daughter of Wm. Briggs, the builder of the Columbia Bridge, and her sister was first married to Hugh McLean and afterwards to Henry Davis. Dr. Green built the Red Bank Cotton Factory in Lexington, which is in successful operation and gives employment to forty or fifty hands. He left a large family, his sons all seeming to have inherited a turn for mechanical business. Dr. Percival owned mills in Richland sand hills, and also left a large number of children, among them our present County Auditor, who, when quite a youth, was a Mexican volunteer.

This store afterwards belonged to Isaac Lyons, father of Henry and Jacob C., who kept it as a grocery. Captain Henry Lyons once told me that his grandfather had been burnt alive in Lisbon on account of his religion.

Lower down on the same square were John Parr's furniture shop and store and the dry goods establishments of Thomas Arthur, John J. Saylor—who afterwards moved to Sandy Run, in Lexington,—and Latta & Walter, the last being continued across the street just below Hunt's Hotel. Mr. Parr built a fine brick dwelling on the Northeast corner of Plain and Sumter streets, which was afterwards owned by John Waring, Dr. H. H. Toland, J. Duncan Allen and Dr. R. W. Gibbes till burnt by General Sherman.

The Purvises, Scotch merchants, who left here about the time I came, kept one of the largest groceries on the corner of Main and Gervais streets, now occupied by R. M. Anderson, afterwards known as Lyons's. The Hunts, two or three in number, succeeded the Purvises, and one of them married a daughter of old Dr. Hughes, who lived on the West side of Main street, above Ainsley Hall's corner.

Across Gervais street, at the corner of the State House lot, dwelt Gersham Chapman, successor of Dr. Sam Green as Postmaster, in a dwelling afterwards kept as a boarding house by Major Benjamin Hart. In an election for Intendant Major Hart and Bernard Reilly received a tie vote, and when it was tried over the Major was elected by a majority of two. This election turned somewhat on the question of wet or dry, Reilly being a retailer, while Hart was a strict Methodist and temperance man. The latter lived in Lexington at one time, was Senator from that District and owned Kennerly's or Hart's Ferry on Saluda, his wife being a widow Herron, a member of the Bell family of Granby. His daughter, Claudia, married "Dot" Means, of Fairfield, and Miss Mary became the wife of Colonel Robert Preston, of Virginia.

The old State House, built of wood, stood near the Southern end of the square, a little West of Main street, facing East, with a portico in front, reached by a broad flight of steps on each side, beneath which was the entrance to the

State executive offices and the Branch Bank on the Southwest corner. Above stairs the House occupied the Northern and the Senate the Southern end, separated by a broad passage or lobby, which was crossed by another leading from front to rear, the spaces between them forming committee rooms. When B. F. Hunt, a member of the House from Charleston, succeeded in passing an appropriation for the building of a new State House, Charles McCullough, stonemason, contracted to lay the foundation on the site of the old house, which, notwithstanding its size, was easily removed by the use of a capstan and a horse or two. After the walls had got some feet above ground, they were found to be so defective that they were taken down and rebuilt across Main street where the building now stands.

On the corner below was located the tavern afterwards known as Wm. G. Huntt's, to which Isaac Frazier removed from Bryce's stand, corner of Main and Blanding streets. Frazier was a regular gambler, and John W. Clark, who aspired to the position of a public censor, once prevailed on him to swear that he had seen James Boatwright, Judah Barrett and other respectable citizens playing cards for money. On this Clark expected to found an indictment against them for gambling. But Frazier was better known to Barrett than to Clark, and before the Court met he made oath that his former affidavit was a mistake and the parties implicated were innocent of the charge. Isaac H. Coleman, who married Frazier's only daughter, Maria, was a great fop, and I have seen him decked in the height of the fashion then prevailing—a bottle-green cassimere coatee, buff Marseilles vest and loose pantaloons of the finest white linen, with a ruffled shirt, a bell-crowned black beaver hat, and around his neck a black Barcelona silk handkerchief showing a double bow knot in front, while on his feet were white silk socks and low-quartered pumps. Many years afterwards, being suspected, on

apparently good grounds, of giving free papers to negroes that absconded from Columbia to the North, he was notified by Colonel R. H. Goodwin and some other leading citizens to leave the place within a week, on pain of what might follow, and refused peremptorily, but on reflection concluded to comply, and disappeared till after the war, when he came back and lived among us to the end of his days.

Below the State House several retailers did a considerable business. Among them was "little Levy," a conceited and diminutive specimen of the Hebrew race, so great an admirer of Colonel Preston that he made him his heir, and when on the jury refused to decide against his clients, arguing that no one had ever caught Preston in a lie or known him to commit a mean act.

Opposite the State House Robert E. Russell, formerly a tailor, had, somewhat later, a flower garden of an acre in extent, where he received a handsome income from the sale of roses and other plants. He lived at the Northwest corner of Washington and Assembly streets, in the previous residence of John Glover, and had married Martha Taylor, a beautiful and notorious woman, who deserted him for Durang, a dancer in Young's Theatre, and some years later stabbed to death another prostitute, for which crime she suffered a long imprisonment, but finally escaped a conviction for murder.

CHAPTER IX.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE—DR. SAM GREEN—BUSINESS MEN AND THEIR HOUSES FROM GERVAIS TO LADY STREET—FROM LADY TO WASHINGTON—FROM WASHINGTON TO PLAIN, INCLUDING THE COURT HOUSE—FROM PLAIN TO CAMDEN OR TAYLOR STREET—FROM TAYLOR TO BLANDING—FROM BLANDING TO LAUREL.

Next North of Russell's garden was the tavern of Dr. Sam Green, Postmaster, and for several terms Intendant of the town, who had the habit of exclaiming "Ah!" whenever addressed. He presided at a public meeting on the death of ex-President Monroe, and when Colonel Gregg, rising to present the resolutions, said, in his blunt way, "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Monroe's dead," the Doctor responded with a prolonged "Ah!" that excited the merriment of the crowd and added nothing to the gravity of the occasion.

The postoffice was in a little wooden building just North of the hotel. Across Gervais street John Rabb kept a tavern at the corner where Barney Reilly afterwards did a prosperous business in the grocery line. About midway of the square Peter McGuire, an Irishman, made large gains by boarding and selling liquor to his countrymen who worked on the canal. On Lady street, near to Main, was a public house owned by Colonel Clairborne Clifton, a club-footed lawyer and Methodist preacher, and kept by Chestine E. Williamson, whose wife had been the widow of Dr. Hendrix, and after Williamson's death married Wm. Hilligas, who soon died, and she then continued the business there, as also at a later period in John O'Hanlon's new hotel and at the corner now kept by Mrs. Wright. Colonel Tom Campbell and McNary succeeded Mrs. Hilligas at the corner long after known as Hunt's Hotel, which was carried on for some time

by Dr. Thomas Briggs and then by A. M. Hunt. When burnt by Sherman's army in 1865, it was in possession of T. S. Nickerson, who soon after opened in the Female College building.

Crossing Lady street, we find on the North a boarding house by James Cammer from Charleston, which afterwards passed into the hands of George Shiell, and still later was kept as a confectionery and cigar store by Captain Henry Beard. Near the middle of the square was a range of mechanics' shops, reaching almost to the corner of Washington street, viz., John Glover's, coachmaking; Middleton Glaze's, blacksmith; and James Boatwright's, cotton gins, where the latter toiled unceasingly at his trade till it made him one of the richest men in the place, his gins being in great demand, without competition, as far South and West as Louisiana. Where his shops then stood Sidney Crane afterwards carried on a grocery, and just below Wm. Hillery was engaged in the same business. At the corner adjoining his shops Dr. Augustus Fitch dealt in drugs and medicines. His residence was on the present court house corner, where he reared a numerous family, and, though quite illiterate, spent a long and useful life, universally beloved and respected for his correct principles, sound judgment, simple manners, and generous, benevolent disposition, which was often imposed on to his great loss. Four of his daughters were married, respectively, to Thomas Hutchinson, James Fleming, Eli Kennerly and James D. Tradewell, whose habits he disapproved of, and he used to say the Devil owed him a grudge and paid him in sons-in-law. Burwell, his oldest son, married a Miss Watson, and moved to Edgefield, where he still lives. The widow of James Sampson, his second son, a sister of Dr. C. H. Miot, is also still living. And among the many ladies in Columbia who nursed and waited on our suffering soldiers in the war, I have heard Mrs. Sampson Boatwright and Mrs.

Drusy Rawls, wife of Dr. Thomas Rawls, mentioned as particularly active and efficient. Dr. John H. Boatwright, the third son, had for his wife Miss Mary Freeman, who, after his death, removed to Wilmington, N. C. Her mother was married to F. A. Tradewell, who, since her death, went to Sumter, where he still resides. Mr. Boatwright and John Glover married sisters of the Faust family, above Columbia. Glover left Columbia for a place some three miles above, where he kept a public house for many years. The court house stood at the Northeast corner of Main and Washington streets, on a lot that extended to where McKenzie's confectionery is now. There it joined to "Uncle Sammy Her-ring's" grocery and hardware establishment, which, when he moved to Boundary street, was continued with great success by his nephew David Ewart, a little, crooked, energetic and well informed Irishman. Unfortunately, in his old age, he got to dabbling in cotton, and, with his positive, dogmatic temperament, assumed to know more about the state of the market, both at home and abroad, than any one else. As in the case of others holding such opinions, he backed his judgment, and that to an extent that, when his calculations failed, cost him all that he was worth and much more. Besides this, a fire, commencing in his back store, burnt up his goods and buildings, with nearly half the rest of the square. He had erected a hotel adjoining the court house lot, which was tenanted successively by John W. Clark, before he opened at the sign of the Horse on Blanding and Main streets, and by James Rush, a brother-in-law of Richard and Thomas O'Neale.

Mr. Ewart and Colonel Blanding erected the Saluda Factory, the first large establishment of the kind in the State. It has since changed hands many times, being first sold at a very heavy loss to the Fishers, Edward H. and John, who had been operating a small affair of the kind at

what is now known as Dent's Mill; and afterwards to Dr. R. W. Gibbes, when it was managed by his son, James G. Gibbes, who is still among us. North of Ewart's was the millinery shop of Turner Bynum and wife, who had several children—one, bearing his father's name, soon after graduating in college, became an editor at Greenville and was killed in a duel by Major (since Governor) B. F. Perry. Alfred, another son, set out with fair prospects as a lawyer in Columbia, but became dissipated, went West and was killed at the Alamo. Of Bynum's daughters, one was married to I. C. Morgan, the printer, and another to John G. Bowman, at one time editor of the *Temperance Advocate*; and his widow in her old age was Matron of the Orphan House on Washington street. Next to Bynum's was "the cheapest store under the sun," kept by a Jew whose name I have forgotten, and then came the dry goods store of "Black-eyed Billy Taylor," whose residence was on the corner. Mr. T., a relative of the old patriarchal family of that name, subsequently moved to Lexington, near Platt Springs, on Congaree Creek. One of his daughters married Isaac H. Smith, an old classmate of mine in Camden, who taught school both at Lexington and in Columbia; another, the wife of P. G. McGregor, is still living here; and still another, married to Jacob Bell, was the mother of Mrs. C. H. Miot.

Dr. B. F. Harris, a learned, eccentric and snappish little Englishman, had a drug store on the site now occupied by the Central National Bank, and built a brick theatre at the Northwest corner of Plain and Assembly streets. He tried to increase his income by issuing change bills as proprietor of the theatre, but they obtained only a very limited circulation. His stand was kept for a while as a clothing and dry goods store by R. A. Taylor, whose initials caused some fun, as also did those of B. D. & T. H. Plant, booksellers, at R. L. Bryan's place of business; they being interpreted as Be

Dnd and Touchhole Plant. The next door neighbors of Dr. Harris at that time I have forgotten, but some years later Levi Sherman and Levi Hawley, saddles and harness; Harvey Davis, carriages, &c., and T. S. Dickinson, who was succeeded by Stevenson & Walker, merchant tailors, all made considerable fortunes in their respective callings.

The millinery and general stock of John Black and his wife Margaret was near where Dr. Fisher's drug store is now. Mr. and Mrs. Black were both Irish and Methodists. His favorite saying was "ought from ought leaves nothing, but, if anything, you owe me a half bushel of corn." She had a shrewd turn for business and a very sharp tongue for those who displeased her. Their daughter Jane, a gay, dashing young lady, married Wm. Cline, a Northern man and editor of more than one newspaper at different times. Her brother, Alex. Brodie, was noted for his prowess as a bruiser, of great muscular strength and rather quarrelsome disposition, who would fight for fair play and always took the side of the weaker party. Once, while living in Granby, he invited a few friends to go with him some miles below and see him *whop* a fellow who had crossed him. The fellow refused to fight till Brodie, in his eagerness for the combat and his confidence of victory, offered and actually paid him five dollars for the satisfaction of beating him, and then, to his great disappointment, got the worst whipping he ever had in his life. In a quarrel with a circus man over a dog fight he said "Dash can whop your lion, and Dash's mammy can whop your hyenia, and *d'n* you I can whop you." To a young man who said that his gray hairs protected him, he replied: "My gray hairs are not in your way." His wife was of a German family in Lexington, and he used to say that the Irish and the Dutch made a "dom'd bad assoartment." When asked by some temperance men to join their society, he declined, but advised them to try Mrs. B., and she, in turn,

when applied to, refused, and recommended that they go to Aleck. Mr. Peter Bryce, on being urged to sign the pledge, declared that if he were to do so there would be no rest for him till he had gone off and got drunk. John I. Walter, a Philadelphian, kept a hardware store next below Mr. Black's and married Sarah Nutting, by whom he had one son, Wm. T., whose widow, Mrs. M. C. Walter, still survives. About this time Richard Sondley, from Newberry, commenced business near the present site of Duffie's book store. He was one of the few speculators in cotton that made money and kept it. His profits one year were thirty thousand dollars, but he lost nearly as much the next season. His first wife was Miss Slappy, of Savanahunt, in Lexington, and his second a widow of the Alexander family on French Broad River, North of Asheville, N. C.

Above Sondley, Miller & Poole had a shoe store. Thos. Porter Miller, son of the former, is a banker and broker of many years' standing in Mobile, Alabama.

At the Southeast corner of Main and Camden streets Zebulon Rudolph kept a fine stock of dry goods. One of his daughters, while quite young, married Colonel Austin F. Peay of Fairfield, a widower much her senior, but they soon separated.

Across Camden street Wm. Monteith, from Scotland, had a tavern and tailor shop. His son, Galloway, father of W. S. and Ainsley Monteith, served an apprenticeship with Ainsley Hall, and late in life was employed and taken care of by James Martin, cotton buyer.

Next to Monteith's was Samuel Pearse's tin shop, kept a while with S. Pilsbury, which he afterwards moved higher up on the same square. Dr. Edward Sill, a perfect model of industry and attention to business, kept a drug store where Dr. Heinitch's is now. He once told me that he had not lost a day from business in twenty years. After getting rich,

he bought the entire range from the court house lot to the corner above, but the habit of drinking overcame him, and his hard earnings nearly all slipped through his hands. Never idle, however, he tried the auction and commission business for a while and was the publisher of the first daily paper in Columbia, a small sheet at its birth, that somehow never grew or prospered. After being burnt out by Sherman's army in 1865, he removed to Charlotte or Salisbury, N. C., where he died. At the corner above stood the large store and dwelling of Colonel John M. Creyon, an Irish gentleman of good education and polished manners. The building was afterwards converted into a hotel by John W. Clark, who erected the pillar on which stood the famous bronze horse as a sign. After Clark's time it became the property of James Boatwright and was kept by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Fleming, and her son, James T. Fleming. At the celebration of Washington's birthday in 18— a party of young men were carousing there till near daylight, and on leaving the house ran over old Mr. Boatwright, who was an early riser, on the pavement, dislocating the bones of his hip joint and making him a cripple for life. He knew the parties, but refused to tell their names, saying it was merely accidental and he wished no ill feeling towards them from any of his family. The hotel then fell into the hands of the Catholic Church, where they had a nunnery and female seminary till Sherman's vandals burnt it.)

Across Blanding street was the shop of John Neuffer, a German butcher, who, like almost every one then in business, made money. He started a tan yard on the Garner's Ferry road, between Columbia and the race track. He professed to be satisfied with one per cent. profit on his business, and said that if he bought an article for one dollar and sold it for two he had made one per cent. by the transaction. His stand was afterwards occupied as a dry goods store by John

F. Marshall, a sort of irregular Baptist preacher, one of whose sons, Edward W., became a leading Charleston merchant in the same line, and another, Lawrence R., still lives here. Immediately above, Sammy Lopez, a quizzical, cock-eyed little Jew, a fine performer on the violin, kept a clothing store some years later. His weak points were vanity and credulity, which were played upon by some wags persuading him that he could be elected Mayor in preference to Captain Lyons and inducing him to spend a good deal of time in electioneering. Again, one 1st of April he was told that certain ladies from the country at O'Neale's, in Cotton Town, wanted some old-fashioned bonnets, with which he was overstocked, whereupon he donned his bell-crowned beaver and claw-hammer-tailed coat, and, with a load of the bonnets under each arm, betook himself to O'Neale's, where, being informed that the ladies had just gone to a neighboring store, he pursued a fool's errand from place to place, till some one cried out, "April fool."

"Old Willy Barclay," as he was called, an honest, simple-minded Scotch Presbyterian, kept a retail store in the building now occupied by Mr. Stenhouse, who married his daughter Janet. He once made an assignment, and, on selling out his stock, was found to be perfectly solvent. The same thing, with like result, was done by his kinsman, Robert Bryce, since the war. He was a decided and rather noisy advocate of temperance, and Dr. Crane, the phrenologist, who probably knew the fact, disgusted him greatly by declaring, on a public examination of his head, that he was a very clever fellow, but too fond of the bottle. His son William was a portrait painter and died at an early age. Dowling & Co., an Irish firm of cotton merchants, from Charleston, were next above Barclay's.

CHAPTER X.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

WEST SIDE OF MAIN STREET—AINSLEY HALL—ANDREW WALLACE—
COLUMBIA INSURANCE COMPANY—DAVID COULTER—NOTT & McCORD—
SHIPWRECK—WM. L. LEWIS.

Where the postoffice now stands Ainsley Hall built a large store and dwelling and carried on the most extensive business in cotton and general merchandise in the town. He had been brought from the old country by the Purvises, and after serving them some years as a clerk struck out on his own account. Being a clear-headed and fearless speculator, at the close of the war, and afterwards, he became immensely rich. Of medium stature, but elegantly formed, with the finest complexion I have ever seen, and always neatly dressed, he was a perfect pattern of a gentlemanly English merchant of the olden time. His wife, Miss Hopkins, belonged to one of the aristocratic families in Richland Fork, and the connection secured him the custom and patronage of that wealthy region; but they had no children. The residence adjoining his store was expensively furnished and fitted up, and he imported from England the most superb carriage that was then in the State. I have understood that when the war of 1812 closed he had a conditional contract with General Wade Hampton for the purchase of the latter's two or three crops of cotton—several hundred bales—at a stipulated price, provided he signified his confirmation of the bargain to Kirkpatrick & Co., their mutual factors in Charleston, before it was rescinded by Hampton's order. The news of peace was received by both parties in Columbia about the same time, and, as it was known that the price of the staple would immediately advance three or four fold, each was anxious—the one to confirm and the other to nullify the agreement. Hall hastened to mount George Cotchett, an active little Scotch-

man in his employ, on a fleet horse to close the contract with Kirkpatrick, while Hampton sent a trusty negro on one of his best racers with a note to revoke it. Cotchett reached Charleston first, and had just completed the arrangements with Kirkpatrick when Hampton's servant entered the office bearing orders to annul it. By this deal in futures, Hall was said to have cleared several hundred thousand dollars, but such amounts are generally exaggerated. He brought James Macfie and John McIver from Scotland at the same time as clerks, and his brother, Wm. A. Hall, a one-eyed man, who was father of George A. Hall, came over still later and became a partner in the house.

Being a foreigner and devoted to his business, he took no interest in military matters, and was fined for repeated failures to muster in the militia. According to law the fine was some trifling sum, with the addition of fifty per cent. on defaulter's State tax, which in his case amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars. This he failed to pay, and, by order of Captain D. L. Wakely, who worked in Edgar's tailor shop, his wagon and team were levied upon in the street and driven into Edgar's yard for safe-keeping. When the wagoner reported to Hall what had taken place, he proceeded to Edgar's with a walking cane in his hand, followed by the wagoner with an axe. At the gate he found Edgar armed with a big horse pistol guarding the way and forbidding entrance, but by Hall's command the wagoner broke open the gate with the axe, and he, with stick uplifted, charged upon Edgar, who retreated, pistol in hand, crying out, "Stand back, Hal!" Thus he recovered his property and the Courts were called upon to decide the matter, with what result I have forgotten. For him the Preston mansion was originally erected by Yates & Philips, carpenters and contractors. It was subsequently sold to General Hampton, who enlarged and improved it.

At Comerford's corner, Jacob Longinotti, a dirty, drunken little Italian, sold fruit and candy. He once had his wrist dislocated, and when asked by Aleck Brodie, "What ails your arm?" answered, "Dees lo kat." I don't want to look at it, "said the other, but what's the matter with it?" "Dees lo kat it," repeated Longy. "I don't want to look at it; I'm no doctor," said Brodie impatiently, "but how did you break it?" "Dees lo kat it," again replied Longy, elevating the injured member as if for inspection. Brodie could stand no more, and with an angry exclamation of "I wish it was your neck that was broke instead of your arm," walked off, leaving the Italian gazing after him in mute amazement.

At Bryce's corner (Peter and Robert Bryce; late Hendrixes) Isaac Frazier, who afterwards moved to Huntt's below the State House, had a tavern, and in rear of it was quite a steep hill, overlooking the Park grounds, on which stood the dwelling of Mr. Stanley, father of our respected fellow citizen Wm. B. Stanley, President of the Central National Bank. A few doors below, old Mr. Kennard, a great political controversialist, did a small business in grain. A little lower down was Jemmy Hall's low boarding and drinking house. The next corner—now Diercks's—was occupied by old Mr. McDowell, a man of large size and strong passions, who had a wooden leg, and when, in his old age, he married a young woman, some mischievous wag sent him a caricature entitled "A chip of the old block," representing an infant on its back in a cradle, sticking out a perfect miniature of the old man's wooden leg. He threatened to drive his fist through the fellow that sent it if he could find him out.

At or next above McDowell's was old Dr. Smith, a very stout, fat man, who had two sons, John and James, and a daughter, Grace, who married Arba Sterns and removed to one of the Western States.

Near the site of the Ice House lived Joseph Smith, a carpenter, whose daughter was first married to Wm. Hitchcock and afterwards to Robert Swaffield, whom she survives.

The first store at Dial's corner was that of Watts & Kinsler—Wm. B. Watts, who quit Barrett's when I went in, and Colonel Jeremiah Kinsler of the Camp Ground neighborhood. Theirs was a grocery and cotton business, and at Kinsler's death, Allen Gibson, of Fairfield, took his place in the firm, which was then called Watts & Gibson. Watts, a sharp, active business man, married a daughter of Manoel Antonio and removed to the Fork, below Columbia, where, while drunk, he killed a man and was tried for murder, but acquitted. Gibson went to Florida. Just below the corner was a store kept first by Jacob Ottolengui, an auctioneer, then by Isaac Davega, of Charleston, for dry goods, and afterwards for clothing and groceries by Solomon Davis, a Jew, famous for the quantity of food he consumed. Next was Manoel Antonio's brick store and dwelling. He was a Spaniard, from Cuba, of good education, who had several very pretty daughters. One of the walls of his house was cracked by the earthquake in 1811, as was also that of one of the College buildings. The vacant lot next to Antonio was afterwards filled by the hotel which John O'Hanlon built. The baker shop of George Nutting and millinery store of his wife, Mary—parents of Mrs. John I. Walter and Mrs. M. W. Stratton—were towards the Southern end of the present Columbia Hotel. The two stores next below were occupied at a later period by Roland Keenan (old Rory Bean) and Henry Moss, the former keeping a general stock and the other clothing. Keenan had a prodigious nose and a thin, whining voice, and he stopped every country wagon in the street with the question, "What have you got to sell?" This greatly annoyed and irritated Moss, who procured an enormous pasteboard nose, and, fastening it over his own, would

sally into the street and mimick Keenan's whine, with the same question, to the great amusement of their neighbors. One day when Moss was in the height of his fun, it suddenly came to an end by Keenan's assaulting him with a heavy wagon whip so severely that he was laid up for two or three weeks. Dr. Samuel Jones had a private boarding house next below. His wife was a sister of Major O'Hanlon, and her descendants inherited the Major's property, he having died leaving no wife or children. To carry out a strange crotchet, Dr. Jones built an adobe house, with clay walls, in the North-eastern section of the town, which stood till washed down by the rain. Below Dr. Jones's was the saddlery and harness shop of Needham Davis, who sold out and went to live on Edisto River, in Orangeburg. At the corner (now Agnew's) Wallace & Macfie kept a large dry goods, grocery and cotton house. Both were perfect types of the canny, cautious, clear-headed, painstaking, honest and thrifty Scot, who does well wherever he may be placed. Mr. Wallace was unusually systematic, intelligent, industrious and economical, according to his son John, saving shoe leather by always seeking a soft place to put down his foot. Leaving Scotland at an early age, on the deliberate conclusion that it was no place for one to rise in the world without capital or influential friends, he landed in Charleston and came to Columbia with Colonel Taylor's wagons. Having been well trained as a merchant, he amassed a large fortune in a few years and married a Miss Patrick, step daughter of John McLemore, a wealthy planter in Richland Fork. In accordance with his character for prudence and foresight, he determined to retire from business on attaining what he regarded as a competency and to run no risk of losing what he had earned. This was before I came to Columbia. And he joined Macfie because the latter needed capital and had the energy and capacity that insured success. But finding him too speculative and

adventurous to suit his own extremely cautious temperament, he dissolved the connection, and Macfie went on alone with great success till his career was cut short by consumption. His wife, whom he brought from Scotland, is still living, as are also his son James Macfie, of Fairfield, and his daughter, Mary Jane, the wife of my esteemed friend Colonel F. W. McMaster.

Mr. Wallace was a regular member of the Methodist Church, and he reared a numerous and highly respectable family, whose members all received the best education the times afforded, and married well, many still remaining here. His time for many years was passed in watching over his large investments in banks, railroads and other corporations. He was the projector and President of the first Columbia Insurance Company, but the business was too hazardous to suit his taste, and he gave it up, whilst yet moderately prosperous, and the result proved the correctness of his judgment, for such extensive fires happened soon after as would have bankrupted the company. His habit for a long time was to spend a portion of the Summer months in the mountains, and he owned a commodious dwelling just South of Asheville, N. C., which afforded a wide and beautiful view overlooking the valley of the Swannanoa River. No concern was ever in danger of failure if he partook in its management. His insurance company had in succession as Secretary Peter W. Knapp, John Agnew and John Glass. The last named wedded Mrs. Ancrum, widow of a rich old gentleman in Camden and daughter of Jesse Arthur, a carpenter by trade, who lived in both Granby and Columbia. Some of Mr. Glass's family still reside among us, as do also Mr. Agnew and some of his.

From Barrett's store to the corner above the space was occupied by the elegant residence and lot of David Coulter, a Virginian by birth, whose four daughters, refined and accomplished ladies, were united in marriage, respectively, with

Edward Bates of Missouri, and David Means, William Harper and William C. Preston of Columbia. Within the enclosure in front of his house stood a large and beautiful wild orange tree, with branches overshadowing the sidewalk. He sold the place to Barrett for ten thousand dollars, and went to Missouri, whither Chancellor Harper also removed, but returned in a few years.

Barrett divided the ground into several lots and sold them for a large profit; John Russell, from the up country, buying the house for \$10,000 and converting it into a hotel. The corner was bought by John W. Wilkins for \$4,500, and on it he built a store and boarding house. This corner was afterwards occupied for many years by Pollock & Solomon, (Levi Pollock and Phineas Solomon,) auctioneers and dealers in groceries and provisions, with Lewis Levy, who married one of Pollock's daughters, as a clerk and partner. Dr. William Branthwaite purchased the lot next below Russell's hotel, where he erected a drug store and dwelling. Where Dr. Miot's drug store now stands, Barrett put up a small building that he first rented to Benjamin Rawls, the ingenious and industrious blacksmith, who used it as a silversmith and repairer of clocks and watches. Mr. R. lived to be a very old man and was the progenitor of all the Rawlses in and about Columbia. McCord & Nott (David J. McCord and Henry Junius Nott) afterwards occupied this building as a law office. They used to lend me books from the College Library. McCord, a short, well set man, with sallow complexion and very black hair, had for his first wife a Miss Wagner of Charleston, and several years after her death took for his second a daughter of Hon. Langdon Cheves, a lady who distinguished herself by devotion to the Confederate cause in contributing her time and money for the relief of our destitute and suffering soldiers. She lost a son in the war, who was married to a daughter of Rev. Dr. J. L. Reynolds, Pro-

fessor in the College. He possessed great humor, considerable effrontery and undoubted courage; proving the latter by always promptly resenting an insult, but never engaging in a duel, even when challenged, as was too common with gentlemen in those days. He took part in all the political and other public discussions and controversies going on, using both tongue and pen without much regard for the feelings of his opponents. Once, when invited to the field of honor by Dr. Elias Marks, he replied by going to the Doctor's house, knocking at his door, and, when the latter appeared, collaring and dragging him into the street, where they boxed each other till tired out; and when the Doctor, in his formal, precise manner, said: "Our physical energies are exhausted;" McCord, rejoining: "D'n you, I have energy enough left to whip you," renewed the combat. At another time, during his argument before the Senate in the case involving the ownership of McGowan's or Stark's Ferry, across Broad River, old Bolin Stark pronounced one of his statements false, when, though not more than half the old gentleman's size, he struck him in the mouth with a law book; whereupon Stark knocked him, it was said, over seats and desks clear across the room. And he caned William Cline, the editor, with his own stick, for disrespectful remarks about some transaction in which they disagreed. He was in Paris when the revolution of July, 1830, occurred; and I have heard him describe, very graphically, the action of the students in the Polytechnic School, who tore up the pavements and used the material to barricade the streets against the attack of the government troops.

Henry J. Nott, a son of Judge Abraham Nott, practiced law but a short time, when he took a trip to Europe and brought back a pretty little French wife. Soon after his return the Faculty of South Carolina College elected him to the chair of Rhetoric, Belles Lettres and English Literature. On their

way to the North he and his wife were drowned by the wrecking of a vessel between Charleston and Wilmington. It was reported that he could have saved himself, but in trying to help her both were lost. Of very humorous and playful disposition, he wrote regularly for the *Southern Review*, and published a book, full of fun, entitled "The Adventures of Thomas Singularity and Other Tales."

In another shipwreck that occurred on the same route, some years later, Judge Butler, Colonel Preston and William L. Lewis, Senator from Alabama, who weighed more than four hundred pounds avoirdupois, were on board, returning from Washington at the close of a session of Congress. At a late hour of the night, when the passengers were all asleep, they were roused by the cry that the vessel had met with an accident and was in the act of sinking. The boats were hastily lowered, and, when Butler and Preston had entered one, Lewis appeared in *dishabille*, but the sailors, declaring that they could not take so much additional weight, were about putting off without him, when Butler swore that he should not be deserted, and, if the boat went down, they would all perish together. They returned safely to Wilmington, but, on arriving there, the question arose how Lewis could be taken ashore more than half naked, for there was no garment on board that would begin to cover his enormous bulk. Even when clothed he was "the observed of all observers," but in his condition at that time he would have excited as much curiosity as now would Jumbo, whom he somewhat resembled. Fortunately, one of Colonel Preston's old night gowns was found, in which he was wrapped and smuggled into a carriage that conveyed him to a hotel, where he lay by till a suit could be made for him.

At Washington no seat in the Senate was big enough for him, and a settee or sofa had to be introduced for his special use. While the currency question was under discussion at

the National Capital, a caricature appeared entitled "Expansion and Contraction," showing Lewis seated beside the attenuated form of F. P. Blair, public printer and editor of the *Globe*, whom Governor Pickens characterized as a galvanized corpse. -I had seen him often when he was a young man attending College in Columbia, and he was then very stout.

CHAPTER XI.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

PRIVATE DWELLINGS AND THEIR OCCUPANTS.

THE BEARDS, TAYLORS, HAMPTONS, WADES, DESAUSSURES, NOTTS, STARKS, GUIGNARDS, HERBEMONTS, CHAPPELLS, FISHERS, MCGOWANS AND OTHERS—THE LUNATIC ASYLUM—FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE—CIRCUS AND BALL ROOM.

Off of Main street there were no stores that I remember. On the South side of Camden street, Thomas Beard, the ancestor of the large and respectable family that bear his name, had a baker's shop. He attained a great age, and in his last years became quite deaf and partially insane, but, being harmless, was allowed to go at large. Sam Wilson's blacksmith shops were on the North side of Lady street, between Main and Sumter.

And now, having gone the rounds of Main street as it was from 1817 to 1822, I will briefly notice the principal private dwellings with their owners.

Colonel Thomas Taylor, the proprietor of the land on which Columbia stands—which he was said to have bought for an old horse and a rifle gun—lived near the Taylor burying ground and Taylor's spring, where public meetings were sometimes held. His house stood there to a very recent period. He had served faithfully as a soldier and an officer in the Revolutionary War, but was too old to take an active

part in public affairs during my time, yet I once heard him make a short address, warning the people against the dangers of nullification, when his venerable appearance and evident sincerity commanded the respect of his audience, although most of them disagreed with him on the subject. His descendants, by their numbers, wealth and character, have always occupied a prominent position in the public and private life of the town and County. His son John, Congressman and Governor, lived on Arsenal Hill in the house now owned by Colonel A. C. Haskell, and his children were connected by marriage with some of the leading families in the State. Several of them went West, and of the old stock that stayed here but two remain—Captain Alexander R. Taylor, whose pure and useful life is recognized by all, and Mrs. Rhett, the venerable mother of our worthy Mayor, relict of Albert Rhett, the brilliant and somewhat aggressive politician and lawyer. The Columbia Male Academy was built about the year 1829 on a lot given for the purpose by Governor John Taylor. The funds for establishing the Female Academy were the proceeds of a lottery projected by Judge Nott, with the assistance of Governor Taylor, and some of the lottery tickets are still in existence. Some of the family colonized Taylor Town, on the Eastern suburbs of Columbia; Major Tom Taylor, who removed to Alabama or Mississippi, owning the original building of the present Benedict Institute, and Colonel F. H. Elmore's residence being across the street from it, while others extended further East. Of the older members, I recollect Major Thomas, Colonel Henry P., (whose daughter married David Yates,) Jesse P., Benjamin F., (father of Colonel Thomas and Dr. B. W.,) Dr. James H., General William Jesse and George, but there were several besides these.

As already mentioned, General Wade Hampton, Sr., had bought the original Preston mansion from Ainsley Hall. I

had no personal acquaintance with the old gentleman, but knew generally that he had rendered distinguished service and risen to high rank in the Revolution, and also that he had become immensely rich by judicious investments in real estate in this State and on the Mississippi River. He was always on horseback when I saw him, and seemed to be a thin, wiry, fiery horseman, who sat as easy and erect as any youth of one-fourth his age. His son, Colonel Wade, was a complete model and specimen of the old time, outspoken, open-handed Carolina gentleman. He was a young man on his father's plantation up the Mississippi when the news came that the British were invading Louisiana, and, leaving his business, he went immediately to New Orleans and tendered his services to General Jackson as a volunteer, who made him one of his aides, and he acted gallantly and efficiently in the defense that terminated in probably the greatest victory on record—the loss of the Americans being only six or seven, whilst that of the British exceeded twenty-five hundred. He was said to have brought the first news of the battle to Columbia, riding the whole distance on one horse. When offered ten thousand dollars for one of his race horses, he refused the offer, saying if any man in America could afford to keep a horse at that price he could. His liberality in endorsing for his friends cost him very dearly. General John S. Preston married one of his sisters, and ex-Governor John L. Manning another, a third being the wife of Thompson T. Player, of Fairfield. The former sold his wife's share of the Louisiana property, before the war, for one million dollars. Of his son, our late Governor and present United States Senator, nothing that I could say would begin to express the admiration and love entertained for him by the people of South Carolina and of the Southern States in general. His first wife was a sister of General Preston, and his second a daughter of Governor McDuffie. The females of the family

have been proverbial for their kindness and charity to the poor, many of whom depended upon them for support. Mrs. Wade Hampton, Sr., when on the way to Augusta once, discovered old "D. W.," (David Winchell,) of Lexington, lying drunk on the roadside, where he had fallen on some rocks and bruised his face. Fearing he might be seriously injured, she stopped, got out, and, taking some spirits from her carriage, began to bathe his wounds. This roused him, and he said to her. "My dear madam, you are putting it in the wrong place," at the same time extending his hand for the bottle, which she gave him, supposing that he best knew where he was hurt, when to her surprise and disgust he applied it to his mouth and took the biggest sort of a drink.

Since writing this, I have been informed, by one who professes to know, that it was Mrs. Fitzsimmons, the mother-in-law of Colonel Wade Hampton, who was tricked by old D. W.

Captain George Wade, another of the patriarchs of Columbia, dwelt on Main street, opposite Steward's Hall. Chancellor DeSaussure's residence, afterwards owned by his son, Wm. F., some time United States Senator, was on or near the corner now occupied by Chief Justice Simpson. The Chancellor was the first Superintendent of the United States Mint, to which place he had been appointed by General Washington. His grandson, Captain Wm. D. DeSaussure, commanded the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company in the war with Mexico, and as Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment was killed in the Confederate war. No braver man ever faced "the perilous edge of battle when it raged." Judge Abraham Nott lived in a large house somewhat back from Main street on the West side above Boundary, about opposite to O'Neale's store. His eldest son, Josiah, a distinguished physician, moved to Mobile, Alabama.

Robert Stark, solicitor, whose dwelling, on Stark's Hill, is still in his family, had a large body and powerful voice. While quite a youth he had taken part in the battle of King's Mountain, during the Revolution, and he had several sons and daughters who were all respectably connected. His son Major Theodore Stark, recently deceased, had filled the office of Secretary of State and was afterwards Sheriff of Richland. Anthony Hampton, son of General Wade, called his father the world, Bob Stark the flesh, and Colonel Clifton, who was club-footed, the devil.

Major James S. Guignard (many years Ordinary and Clerk of the Court) had a large dwelling on the Northwest corner of Bull and Gervais streets, and owned the entire square, on which he planted an orchard, nursery and vineyard. His progeny, mostly daughters, intermarried with the Gibbeses, Mayrants and other prominent families. Many of his descendants still survive.

On the Southeast corner of Bull and Lady streets stood the residence of Nicholas Herbemont, a Frenchman by birth, who was teacher of his native language in the South Carolina College, and married the widow Smythe. He had one son, Alexander, by a former marriage, I believe. He owned the whole square and planted it in flowers, fruit trees and grape vines, besides having a vineyard in the country, from which he made quite a quantity of very fair wine. From him probably originated the taste for flowers and flower gardens which has added so much to the beauty and attractions of Columbia. His son married a Miss Bay, and somewhat late in life accepted the appointment of American Consul at some port on the coast of Italy, whither he removed with his wife and only son. After an extensive tour in Egypt and the East, he and his son died abroad and his widow returned to Columbia since the war, where she remained but a short time before removing to, or near, Cheraw, where she died. Old Mr. Her-

bemont's place became the property of Captain Henry Lyons, by whom it was continued and improved as Lyons's garden, famous for its collection of choice fruits and flowers. It is now the property of Mr. Van Benthuisen.

Colonel John J. Chappell lived on the corner now occupied by Dr. Woodrow's Presbyterian office and dwelling. After Colonel Chappell's removal to Mississippi, his place was bought by Dr. John H. Boatwright, in whose hands it remained till burnt by Sherman's army in 1865. His father was a faithful Revolutionary soldier.

Mrs. Malone had a large yellow house on the hillside near the present site of Wing's mill, and in the adjoining bottom was the somewhat celebrated Malone's Spring.

The abode of Dr. Edward Fisher, Sr., was on Plain street, the present residence of Captain Bachman, whose wife is the daughter of Dr. Edward H. Fisher, deceased, a nephew of the old Doctor. This, Stark's and Wallace's, are the only buildings remaining in the families that owned them in 1817. Dr. Fisher was a Vestryman of Trinity Church, but when provoked would use profane language. The following anecdote, often told of him, was so characteristic that it might have been true: It became the duty of himself and "old Bob Stark," alternately, to read the service in the absence of the clergyman. This duty he discharged without hesitation, but Stark refused, and Dr. Fisher on going to the pulpit to take his place exclaimed: "D—n a man that won't pray when his turn comes!"

Robert Waring, another old settler, quit playing backgammon with Major Guignard because the Major laughed as much when losing as when winning a game, and thus deprived the victor of one-half of his satisfaction.

At the Northwest corner of Bull and Washington streets was the home of Spencer J. Mann, an old bachelor and officer in the Branch Bank, who went crazy for love of Miss

Levy, sister of Chapman Levy. I. C. Morgan and Alexander Falls by turns owned the building, and when burnt by Sherman's troops in 1865 it belonged to Mr. Falls's widow, who had not long before married D. Plympton Kelly.

Dr. James Davis's residence was on the Northwest corner of Plain and Sumter streets. Of his sons, Captain Henry C. Davis, father of R. Means Davis, at present Professor of History in South Carolina College, resides at Ridgeway, in Fairfield. One of Dr. Davis's daughters married Edward G. Palmer, deceased, long the President of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, and another was the second wife of Wm. C. Preston. Once it was said old Dr. Cooper rode his little white pony to Dr. Davis's, where he was very intimate, soon after its tail had been closely shaved by some of the students, and, being asked what ailed the pony's tail, replied "that is the fashion," which being heard by Dr. Davis's coachman, he resolved to follow the fashion, and forthwith shaved the tails of his master's carriage horses. Dr. Davis's house afterwards became the residence of Levi Sherman, and still later of Dr. Samuel Fair.

Across Plain street from Dr. Davis's was the dwelling of Dr. Thomas Wells, of Connecticut, who made a fortune by the practice of his profession, and lived here till about 1855, when, after spending two or three years in Europe, he returned to New Haven, his native place, but still owned considerable real estate in Columbia till the close of the war, in 1865, the burning of his houses by Sherman causing him a very heavy loss. He and Dr. Davis, from differences in politics and other causes, were lifelong, bitter enemies. Dr. M. H. DeLeon lived North side of Plain street, between Bull and Pickens.

Mr. Andrew Wallace's dwelling was on the Northwest corner of Boundary and Pickens streets, opposite the Lunatic Asylum, which Jabez Warner and Wm. Gray were building in 1821, and I stood upon the walls while they were going up.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGowan (mother of Henry McGowan, who still lives here, and of Mitchell McGowan, long since dead,) kept a boarding house in the building on Northeast corner of Gervais and Assembly streets, now occupied as the Washington House by Mrs. M. W. Stratton, a daughter of George Nutting and author of many very pretty pieces of poetry, whose deceased husband, S. E. Stratton, was a partner of Levi Sherman in the saddlery business and a close relation of the famous General Tom Thumb.

Mrs. Herring lived on the Northeast corner of Taylor and Assembly streets, where Henry McGowan now resides. She had one son and two beautiful daughters, the elder of whom, Eliza, married Dr. ——— Green.

Rev. Robert Means's dwelling was North side of Plain street, just back of Agnew's present store, and a short distance West of it was that of the Hennesseys, painters by trade, who had a dashing young sister.

John Suder, a French dancing master, built a large two-story house for a ball room and public hall on Sumter street, nearly opposite to Trinity Church, where I first witnessed a theatrical performance called "The Midnight Hour." The first exhibition of a circus was on the North side of Camden street, near the present site of McKnight's stables. One of the best riders—a little red-headed fellow named Yeaman, who shortly afterwards broke his neck while performing at Augusta—left a widow that subsequently married old John Robinson and frequently showed off in the ring on her famous mare Beeswing. Charles Young's theatrical company came here every winter for some years and performed nightly about two months, producing the principal stock pieces then on the stage, in which he and his wife (a very beautiful and accomplished woman) frequently appeared. An Irish comedian of Young's company, named Quinn, quit the stage and studied law in Columbia, where he was admitted to practice and remained a few years.

Peter Clissey, a painter by trade, also kept a dancing school, and old Scipio, a slew-footed, French West India barber and fiddler, made music at all the balls, usually inquiring at the close, "Now you sassify?"

John Bynum, a very tall, thin, cynical old man, lived in a small white cottage next North of the Presbyterian Church. He had a good library and often lent me books. The Douglasses were among the old settlers, but I have forgotten the location of their homestead.

CHAPTER XII.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

REMARKABLE NEGROES—LAWYERS—COLONEL JAMES AND GENERAL MAXCY GREGG—COLONEL BLANDING—COLUMBIA CANAL—STATE ROAD—SALUDA FACTORY—RAILROAD BANK—WATER WORKS—CHAPMAN LEVY—TRIAL OF WM. TAYLOR—DUEL—ACADEMIES, SCHOOLS AND WATERING PLACES.

Two or three other remarkable negroes may as well be noticed here.

Ben. Delane, whilst a slave, hired his time and owned boats, which he ran on the river, commanding one himself and employing hands to work it and another—the two always going together. His character for industry and integrity was beyond reproach and he could get credit for all he asked.

Alfred Parr, an African by birth, who came to this country at an early age and died here last year, had more than ordinary intelligence, especially as to public matters, and preserved many records of long past events. He and I became acquainted when both were boys, and only a few years ago he loaned me a copy of Dr. Maxcy's sermon on the death of John Sampson Bobo of Spartanburg, who, while in College, was drowned in the Congaree in 1819, and whose lifeless body I recollect seeing as it lay on the river bank near Young's mill, soon after its recovery from the water.

Old Sancho Cooper, also an African, belonged for many years to Dr. Thomas Cooper, President of the College, who was generally regarded as an infidel, though he professed to be a Unitarian, whose remains, I heard, were refused burial in the Presbyterian churchyard. Sancho was a highly respected member of the Methodist Church and long officiated as a preacher to the colored people. His son, Sancho, who is still living and who waited on me through a protracted spell of sickness in 1876, '77 and '78, came from Africa when quite a child, and he tells some interesting anecdotes of Dr. Cooper's indulgence to himself and to his own children, often in spite of the wishes and remonstrances of Mrs. Cooper. He says that the Doctor for two or three months before his death had old Sancho to pray with and for him regularly every night and morning.

Among the other respectable colored people that accumulated property were Mary Purvis, mother of Christopher Haynesworth, Jim Patterson and his wife Sally, Sarah Haynes, Green Guignard, Nero Waring, Richard Holmes, and Joe Randall, trumpeter to the cavalry.

The leading lawyers were James Gregg, Abram Blanding, John J. Chappell, Robert Stark,—who was succeeded as Solicitor by Major John S. Jeter of Edgefield,—Chapman Levy and Claiborne Clifton. Their ranks were increased in a few years by David J. McCord, Wm. C. Preston, Wm. Harper, James H. Hammond, Franklin H. Elmore, Wm. F. DeSaussure and others of less note.

Colonel Gregg, slow, plodding, clear-headed and indefatigable, disdaining all ornament, confined himself strictly to the law and logic of his cases, and never went to trial without thorough preparation, generally examining his witnesses beforehand, so as to know exactly what questions to ask and what to avoid asking, the latter often being as important as the former. By dint of strict method, unceasing industry

and close application, he acquired such knowledge of his profession as enabled him sometimes to dictate to the Judges of the Appeal Court a reversal of the decrees they had made on the Circuit and was obeyed. He served at least one term in the Senate, and took part in the political discussions of the day; but nothing was allowed to interfere with his devotion to the law, in which his opinions, never hastily given, were received with all the authority of an oracle. He was truly "a man without guile," if God ever made one. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Maxcy, President of the College, and his son, Maxcy, lost his life in December, 1862, at the battle of Fredericksburg, where he had attained the rank of Brigadier General, one of his last utterances being to the effect that he died contented in defending the principles of the State of South Carolina. His remains were received in Columbia (where he was born) with great parade, during the session of the Legislature, and they lie buried in a beautiful spot in Elmwood Cemetery. His memory will ever be cherished by the people of his native city and State as one above the *suspicion* of any mean or dishonorable act. I saw him for the last time in November, 1862, at Berryville, a few miles East of Winchester, Va., where he was attended by his staff officers, those gallant and noble gentlemen, Colonels A. C. and J. C. Haskell, Dr. J. W. Powell, and by his faithful servant, Wm. Rose,—better known as Bill Barrett,—who in 1820 had belonged to *my* old master, Jacob Barrett.

Colonel Blanding, a Northern man by birth, married a daughter of Chancellor DeSaussure, and removed to this place from Camden. Though never mingling in politics, he was one of the most useful, enterprising and public-spirited citizens that ever lived in the State. As Superintendent of Public Works, he projected the opening of the Columbia Canal and similar improvements on the Broad and Catawba Rivers, as well as the State Road from Columbia to Charles-

ton, which was of great service in facilitating intercourse between those places. He was the first President of the Commercial Bank of Columbia, and of the South-Western Railroad Bank in Charleston, the latter being intended to aid the so-called Charleston and Cincinnati Railroad, in which scheme he took an active and conspicuous part, but in his time the road never extended beyond Columbia. He also, with David Ewart, originated the Saluda Factory, the largest cotton manufacturing establishment then in the State. Of his own accord, and at his own expense, he established our water works, obtaining from the Legislature the passage of an Act authorizing the City Council to contract with him for their erection; and importing from England the engine, machinery and pipes for conveying water through our streets and supplying it to private houses and to the State institutions in the town, at a time when such a project was almost or quite unknown in the South. Under this contract the city conveyed to him that portion of Washington and Lady streets lying East of Pickens, with the square between them, extending to and including Henderson street from Washington to Lady, and the length of one acre beyond, which thus became private property. Before his removal to Charleston, in 1838, he sold the water works to the city authorities at, I think, less than they had cost him, (some \$15,000,) on the condition that the principal should run for an indefinite period, provided the interest was paid quarterly or semi-annually.

Whilst here his home was on the street now called by his name, at its Northwestern intersection with Marion street, and he is said to have commenced the planting of oaks in our streets, which have contributed so much to the beauty and comfort of the city. Previously the streets were shaded by the China tree or Pride of India. He bore the reputation of a profound lawyer, especially as to real estate, and

practiced his profession in copartnership with his brother-in-law, the late Hon. William F. DeSaussure. When I knew him he was past middle age, stout and well proportioned, slightly stooped in the shoulders, with a serious countenance and projecting under lip, looking always as if deeply absorbed in thought. His principal aim in life seemed to be the improvement of his adopted State and her people, and to this end he freely gave his money and his time. What a contrast between such a life and that of the scheming and selfish politician, whose ambition never rises above the level of his own promotion! Of his family, I was acquainted with but two, Captain William Blanding, who practiced law in Charleston, commanded a company in the Mexican war, and subsequently removed to California, where, I believe, he died; and Colonel James D. Blanding, an honored and honorable member of the bar at Sumter, who also served as a Captain in Mexico, and still survives. Colonel Blanding at one time owned the brick yard on the Canal, which he either bought from or sold to Chapman Levy.

Chapman Levy, who came here from Camden, was a lawyer of considerable ability and very popular manners. He purchased and dwelt in the old house formerly owned by Captain George Wade, opposite to Steward's Hall, below the State House. In 1820 or 1821, "Stuttering Billy Taylor," as he was called, a brother of Governor Taylor, at his own house in Lexington, shot and killed Dr. Cheesborough, a young physician of the neighborhood, for alleged improper intimacy with his (Taylor's) wife. This unfortunate and tragical affair produced great excitement in the community, which was increased by the high standing of the parties. On the trial of Taylor for murder, in which he was acquitted, Levy was employed to assist in the prosecution, and in the course of his argument made use of some expressions that gave offense to Dr. James H. Taylor, a son of Governor

Taylor, who, meeting him in Columbia some time after, struck him with a stick or switch. This was followed by a duel between the parties, in which Levy received a flesh wound below the knee. Some months later, John McLean and Levy went fishing, and when the latter rolled up his trousers to wade in the water, McLean observed that Dr. Taylor must be a capital shot to hit so small a mark. When Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, shot James Watson Webb below the knee in a duel, he pronounced it the d'ndest lowest thing he ever did in his life.

Dr. Marks's and another female academy kept by some Northern men, whose names I forget, were on the Eastern side of the town, and old Mr. James Wood had a male academy on the West of Sumter street between Blanding and Laurel, where George Bedell's livery stable was afterwards.

Rice Creek Springs, about half way between Columbia and Camden, was a favorite watering place for many of our leading citizens in the Summer months. And some years later Lightwood Knot Spring, some six miles above Columbia on the Charlotte Railroad, was very frequently visited for health and pleasure.

CHAPTER XIII.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

"THERE WERE GIANTS ON THE EARTH IN THOSE DAYS."

WILLIAM CAPERS, JAMES O. ANDREW, SAMUEL DUNWODY, JONATHAN
MAXCY AND BASIL MANLY.

Among the clergy during my first sojourn in Columbia, (1817 to 1822) were William Capers, James O. Andrew and Samuel Dunwody, of the Methodist Church—the first two named afterwards becoming Bishops—and Jonathan Maxcy and Basil Manly, Baptists, all very remarkable men for intellectual powers, improved and heightened by practice and culture.

Bishop Capers entered South Carolina College in 1805, but left it before graduating and commenced the study of law, which he soon abandoned for the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Church. He was particularly distinguished for saint-like purity, humility and benignity of countenance and character; with the most melodious voice I ever heard, not excepting that of Wm. C. Preston or Whitefoord Smith. An excellent singer, he usually preceded his sermons by singing (solo) a verse or two from some hymn. In his sermon at the dedication of the Lutheran Church in Lexington, the power and pathos with which he described the utter humiliation of Peter, when, falling at the Saviour's feet, he exclaimed, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, oh Lord!" were heightened and enforced by features and gestures so natural, appropriate and expressive of remorse, submission and adoration as made a picture surpassing any I have ever seen on or off the stage. I recollect another of his discourses, addressed to the ministry, enjoining upon them great forbearance and consideration for the feelings and circumstances of offenders, in enforcing the discipline of the Church. Although fitted to enjoy and adorn the most refined circles of society, he voluntarily devoted many years of his life to the instruction and elevation of the very lowest grades of humanity—the wild Indians of the West, and the still more ignorant and degraded negroes on the large plantations in the low country.

Bishop Andrew's manner, mind and appearance were altogether different. With a short, stout body, a stern, forbidding face, and voice like a trumpet, he was the very embodiment of *power* in the pulpit. While the one was all meekness and gentleness, the other was all energy and force. The one might be compared to the soft, refreshing evening breeze, and the other to the raging tempest or tornado. Preaching at a camp meeting a short distance above Lexing-

ton village, from the text, "Woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh," the tones in which he thundered forth his denunciation of the offender resounded through the woods and over the hills, reminding one of the destroying angel in the Apocalypse, "flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, woe, woe, *woe* to the inhabitants of earth."

Mr. Dunwody was quite an original and eccentric character. Rather stout, below medium height, and somewhat stoop-shouldered, he had a face solemn as a tombstone, that was seldom or never seen to smile, and a voice as harsh as the rattling of a railroad train, and, under shaggy, reddish-gray eyebrows, a pair of deep-set, piggyish-looking eyes that peered up cunningly at those with whom he conversed. Then, too, he was somewhat deaf and quite absent-minded. Once, when a carriage brought him from a camp meeting in the country to Columbia, he was found on arriving perched up on the seat behind. Whilst on the Lexington Circuit, some years later, he always spent the night of his appointment to preach in the village at my house, and, invariably dismounting in the suburbs, led his horse through the middle of the street, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. He never troubled any one for what he could get himself, and had learned what an old British Admiral said was better than a university education, namely, to shave in cold water. He tried harder and came nearer to giving out a whole hymn in one breath than any one I ever heard. On one occasion when praying with my family, which included a number of school boy boarders, he became so loud as to set the dogs to barking in the yard and run the boys out of the room lest they should disturb him by laughing aloud; but he neither heard nor heeded the one or the other. And notwithstanding his many oddities, his deep, unaffected piety, extraordinary memory as to the Scriptures and acute powers as a logi-

cian commanded the attention and respect of all who knew or heard him. In the closing services of a camp meeting near Platt Springs, in Lexington, he put quite a damper upon the efforts of some speakers who had preceded him and urged the congregation to come forward and join the church, by remarking that when the Devil failed to check the conversion of sinners, he sometimes thwarted it by thrusting among them some who were unworthy or insincere and whose early declension brought dishonor upon the cause.

Dr. Maxcy was one of the greatest orators I ever heard, and I have listened to nearly all the most distinguished among us in the last sixty years. He was a native of Rhode Island, where his reputation for talents and piety was so eminent that he became President of Brown University at the age of twenty-four, and a few years later was promoted to the Presidency of Union College, Schenectady, New York, whence he came to Columbia in 1804. Of short, spare stature, he seemed so weak as to mount the steps of the pulpit with difficulty. With dark eyes and complexion, he had very black hair, cut short in front and combed or brushed straight down around his forehead. His voice was sweet and feeble, but he spoke so distinctly and deliberately that every syllable reached the farthest corner of the chapel when I heard him. His language was very precise and select, and his sentences generally short, each one being complete in itself. By public request he delivered an address in the Chapel on Sunday, the 4th of July, 1819. This, taken altogether, was a masterpiece, and in some portions of it he rose to a pitch that seemed inspired. When describing the meeting of the first American Congress, after dwelling at some length on the importance of the occasion and the tremendous consequences that might follow from their action, he suddenly departed from his usually smooth and quiet manner, with a burst of enthusiasm that surprised and electrified the audience, as he

spoke of "the Virginia Demosthenes, the mighty Henry! who gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors; they become as one man, actuated by one soul, and the universal shout is 'Liberty or death!'" And towards the close of the address, in alluding to the future power and extent of our country, he seems to prophetically anticipate our acquisition of territory on the Pacific slope, in the following beautiful and striking word picture: "In these solitary regions, where the human foot never trod, where the human eye never penetrated, the American eagle claps his wings, and, soaring Westward, eyes the distant Pacific; while in his beak he bears the peaceful olive, and in his talons the gleaming thunderbolt." His son Ezek, at one time Captain of the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, married a Miss Dinkins and moved to the West. After the war his widow returned here, somewhat demented, and, I believe, ended her days in the Lunatic Asylum. Another son—Hart Maxcy,—a well known citizen of Columbia, has descendants now living in the vicinity.

Mr. Manly was much younger than the others. His manner was pleasing and persuasive, and his presence and demeanor so winning and magnetic as to give him great influence over those whom he met or addressed.

CHAPTER XIV.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

DISTRICT AND OTHER OFFICERS—SHERIFF, CLERK AND ORDINARY, TAX COLLECTOR, CRIER OF COURT, INTENDANT, CHIEF OF POLICE AND CONGRESSMAN—FLUSH TIMES—PRICES OF PRODUCE—TOBACCO INSPECTION—CREDIT SYSTEM—BOATS—GOODS AND THEIR PRICES.

In 1817 Simon Taylor was Sheriff of Richland; James S. Guignard, Clerk and Ordinary; Thomas Hutchinson, Tax Collector; and old Mr. Barrillon, the French auctioneer, Crier of the Court, who always added to the prescribed formula of "God save the State," at the opening of the term, the words "and the crier too."

James T. Goodwyn was Intendant of Columbia, and Michael J. Shaffer, Chief Marshal. Colonel John J. Chappell represented the District in Congress. William Hilliard succeeded to the office of Sheriff, and Rev. Benjamin Tradewell, of the Methodist Church, to that of Tax Collector, while Joshua Sowden became Chief Marshal after Captain Shaffer's removal to Mississippi. Mr. Hilliard made a defalcation in the Sheriff's office, which cost old Mr. Boatwright, one of his official sureties, upwards of twenty thousand dollars.

At that time, and for some years following, all prudent merchants and planters were prospering. The prices of produce averaged about as follows: Cotton, 16 to 19 cents, (in 1825 it went up to 27); corn, 50 cents, which many old farmers contended was its natural, proper rate, that ought never to be increased or diminished; bacon and lard, 10 to 12; butter, 12½ to 15; and eggs, 10 to 12½.

Tobacco was raised extensively in the up country, and I have seen many a hogshead of it in the leaf rolling through Main street, by means of a frame at each end, with a pivot, on which it turned, attached to a pair of shafts, in which a horse worked. A State inspection for the article was estab-

lished at Granby, and another at Charleston, where it had to be examined before being offered for sale, and if it failed to come up to the legal standard the inspectors were required to confiscate it by burning. All country produce was brought by wagons, and the farmers from a distance, when selling their crops, bought their annual supplies of such necessities as they failed to produce at home. There being but few country stores, and those in the villages generally scantily supplied, Columbia did a very large retail business throughout the winter months. The merchants, having none of the present facilities for readily replenishing their stocks, kept a large amount of goods on hand. These they bought, mostly in Charleston, on a credit of six to nine months. To customers of good standing they sold on a year's credit, allowing accounts to run till New Year, when, if not paid sooner, they were expected to be settled by cash or note bearing interest at 7 per cent. All the large dealers had their own boats, each manned by half a dozen stout hands, besides the captain or patroon. Light goods were hauled from Charleston by wagons, and sometimes, of a dry season, in the fall, when the river became too low for navigation, wagons were the sole reliance for transportation, and freights were enormously high, as much as four dollars on a sack of salt or a bale of cotton weighing a little over three hundred pounds. Salt sold at one dollar to one and a half per bushel, and for many years was handled in bulk, an apartment in the hold of the boats and the back stores of the merchants being swept clean, in which it was poured loose and measured out to customers by the half bushel. Jamaica rum and Cognac brandy brought three to four dollars per gallon—the former being generally preferred as the more wholesome. Corn whisky and New England rum (vile stuff made of West India molasses) retailed at one dollar per gallon. Very little fine wine was sold; sweet Malaga wine and mint cordial, retailing at

one dollar per gallon, were very popular with women from the country, whom we always treated when they came in. Holland gin, with Stoughton's bitters, before breakfast, and shrub, composed of acid, sugar and spirits, made up the usual drinks of the people, who used stimulants freely, both in their homes and when friends met abroad. Up to 1820 no temperance societies existed. Merchants invariably watered their liquors before offering them for sale, the common ratio being a tub full to a hogshead, or in that proportion, and I have helped to carry many a one for that purpose. Nearly all our sugar came from Havana, put up in oblong square boxes of about two hundred and fifty pounds. It was both white and yellow, very fine grained and exceedingly dirty. Refined loaf sugar, in long conical packages, covered with thick, dark blue paper, was so hard and solid that it would strike fire, both in and out of water. West India molasses—the only kind then known—was both black and sour. Tobacco, for chewing, was twisted in one pound parcels, and for smoking the entire plant was sold, with the leaves cleaned, pressed and sweetened. Thousands of chalk pipes were sold, the stem and bowl moulded in one piece. Cigars were rarely used; they came from Havana and sold for high prices.

Woolen and worsted goods were imported mostly from England—broadcloths selling at \$6 to \$10 per yard; the favorite color for dress coats was deep blue, with bright brass buttons. Frock coats were not admissible on state occasions. Pantaloon for winter were of all shades of cassimere; and for summer, nankeen, both yellow and blue, was commonly worn, the former having the preference. It measured five to seven yards in length and about half a yard wide. Corduroy, a cheap, dark drab ribbed stuff, was much used for coats and pantaloon. Vests of white or buff Marseilles and figured silk were very common. The latter have strangely gone out of fashion, since they were cheap, tasty and

durable. Flannel, both red and white, still continues in use, though less common now than it was then. Scotch plaids, a heavy worsted goods, of various patterns, was very fashionable for men's cloaks, generally made with a cape coming below the elbows. For negroes, white plains, a coarse, thick, all wool fabric, was very extensively used. Travelers generally wore leggings of this stuff, to protect their pantaloons from mud and dust; they were wrapped around the legs, reaching from the ankles above the knees and fastened above and below with bands made of list. Blue plains, also a cheap woolen goods, were less popular than the white. Blankets were of three classes—duffle, point and rose—the first named plain white, coarse and cheap; the second like them, but twilled, with one, two or three short black bars in one corner to designate the sizes—the smallest, called one point and having one bar, were used as saddle blankets; the rose blankets had a rosette of bright colored worsted in each corner, nearly a foot in diameter, were of finer quality and brought higher prices than the others. Black worsted Kilmarnock caps from Scotland, with dark colored borders, were very much used by negroes and other laboring men. Brown linen from Ireland and Germany became very common a few years later, but just then no dry goods store failed to keep osnaburgs, a cheap brown flax or hemp cloth, widely employed for clothing by the lower classes and for bags and various other purposes. Thick, padded white cravats and black Barcelona silk handkerchiefs were worn around gentlemen's necks and bandanas for the pocket. Ladies' dresses of fine quality were of black silk, as they are now, and also of changeable silks, showing white with blue, yellow or pink; and of white or black Canton crape, which came in patterns, having a flowered border a foot or so in width at the bottom. And to my eye the black Canton crape, which clung close to the body, on a tall, well-shaped woman, was the most becoming garment

ever worn. White dresses were composed of muslin or cambric. Bombazine and bombazette were extensively used for ladies' and gentlemen's wear. It was a thin worsted goods, the former mixed with silk, the favorite colors being black, green and brown. Calico then, as now, made most of the women's frocks or gowns. It sold for twenty-five cents per yard, was about three-fourths wide, and became quite thin after the starch had been removed by washing. And what seems strange, five and a half yards was the usual pattern for a dress, in which women then looked as well and were as much admired as now in twice the quantity. Checked aprons and glass beads of various sizes and all colors were in common use. Old ladies sometimes wore outside calico pockets, suspended from a band around the waist, and indoors had silver or gilt chains, with scissors and pincushions attached, hung round the neck. Fine shirts and sheets were made of Irish linen. For common shirtings, linings, &c., we had nothing but hum-hums, a thin, yard wide, thickly glazed cotton goods from the East Indies, which became quite sleazy when washed from the starch, but wore well. About the year 1820 Northern made brown shirtings were introduced and had a great run, the price, \$1 for three yards, being so cheap that everybody from the country bought a pattern or two; and they still hold their place in the market, though very much improved in quality and reduced in price. Great numbers of Madras handkerchiefs, from the East Indies, were worn by the negro women as shawls and on their heads. They were finely woven in bright colors and of good size.

CHAPTER XV.

COLUMBIA.—Continued.

JACOB AND JUDAH BARRETT—JOHN G. DUNLAP—HENRY HOOK—MURDER
OF JOHN ARTHUR—HENRY VOSS AND JOHN H. EIFFERT.

At Barrett's we kept dry goods, groceries, provisions, liquors, (both at wholesale and retail,) hardware, crockery, shoes, hats and saddles. Besides all this, he sometimes bought a drove of hogs and made bacon for sale. He also speculated in negroes, horses and real estate. Though hardly able to sign his name, and never looking into a book, he had unerring judgment as to the value of all sorts of property and a keen perception of the character and standing of his customers. One so shrewd, stingy and unscrupulous, situated as he was, could hardly fail, in such flush times, to become immensely wealthy, especially as he was aided by his brother Isaac in Charleston, who also was a keen business man, and, as his partner, bought goods and sold produce for him. Nothing that promised gain came amiss to him. At one time Isaac sent him a hundred Jersey wagons, costing, with the harness, \$25 each. These he sold in a few months at \$75. Again, a cargo of government soldiers' condemned coats or jackets, bought at a great sacrifice, were readily taken by the planters for their negroes at an advance of one or two hundred per cent. over cost. A gang of some twenty negroes from Charleston he soon disposed of at very large profits, keeping for his own use Armstead Booker, a good-looking, active carriage driver and barber, who attended to his horses and in the store, and Aunt Nancy, a first-rate cook, with her children, one of whom, Wm. Rose, (or Bill Barrett,) is now employed in the Governor's office at the State House.

Armstead, the barber, would now and then get drunk, and once, when recovering from a debauch, offered Dunlap and

myself leave to shave off his whiskers (which he was very proud of) if we ever caught him in that condition again. Soon after we found him one night so drunk as to be unable to speak or move. Accordingly, taking a pair of shears, we cut off one of his whiskers clean and smooth. Next morning when he came into our bedroom, and, as was his custom, went to look at himself in the glass, he was horrified at discovering what had taken place and broke into a furious passion. But we claimed to have carried out his own proposition, and he had to shave off the other whisker till both should grow out again. One Sunday, in the spring, Dunlap and I stole off to fish at Granby shoals. Barrett professed to be greatly enraged at this freak of ours, till the fine string of goggle-eye that we had caught were shown to him, and then he became perfectly quiet and reconciled. But we never went again.

Some years after I left Barrett, he took Dunlap into copartnership, and the old store was burnt down. He then went to Charleston, married a daughter of his cousin, Jacob Ottolengui, speculated largely in real estate, and, by his own account, (which should be taken at some discount,) became a millionaire, owning before the war a *thousand* negroes on his rice plantations near the Savannah River and very large bodies of land in Florida, besides numerous houses and lots in Charleston. I met him in the Charleston Hotel after the war and listened to a long account of his family troubles and his losses from secession. He died soon after, leaving a very valuable estate, curiously tied up by his will, and making Mr. George W. Williams his executor.

Judah Barrett, his elder brother, spoke French and German, and, though not as successful in business as Jacob, was much his superior in knowledge of the world and its affairs. He conversed well and readily on general subjects, but was of very loose morals, being both a gambler and debauchee. In

early life, before I knew him, he had joined the Methodist Church in Columbia and married a rich widow, the mother, I believe, of Captain Christian Bookter and John D. Frost, well known citizens of upper Richland. By this wife he had at least one son; but he soon separated from her, was turned out of the church and went to Camden, where he was merchandising in 1817 and caused me to be sent to his brother in Columbia. I saw his wife frequently, and she seemed to mind the separation no more than he did. He was unsuccessful in Camden, and then came here, where he stayed with us, occasionally assisting in the store and acting as an auctioneer, for which he was well fitted by his loud voice, ready wit and quick perception. After I had gone to Lexington he became so fascinated by the beauty of a young girl, whose father (Henry Hook) lived on the Augusta road, four miles from Columbia, and whom he could not marry because his wife was alive, that he attempted to kill himself by taking laudanum, but was relieved from its effects by a timely use of the stomach pump. Eventually he succeeded in seducing her, with, report said, the tacit consent of her father, whose ignorance was dazzled by Barrett's apparent wealth. She gave birth to a son and he soon dissolved the connection. It led, however, to tragical consequences for her family. The old man, her father, got into a drunken quarrel with John Arthur, the first husband of Mrs. M. A. Holmes, at a public gathering. Arthur taunted him with the dishonor of his daughter, and in the fight that ensued was killed by Hook, who stabbed him with a long knife. He belonged to a wealthy and influential family, some of whose members did all in their power to have Hook hung for the murder, and, though he escaped the gallows, his conviction for manslaughter resulted in his suffering a long imprisonment and branding on the thumb with a hot iron, leaving him in a state of utter imbecility of mind and body for the rest of his life.

Judah Barrett, after following the auction and commission business, as a copartner of Jesse DeBruhl, engaged with Dr. Wells and Levi Sherman in a large speculation in Mississippi lands, which led to prolonged litigation between the parties, and finally made his home in New Orleans, where, I understood, he died in poverty. I learnt long afterwards that he was probably the father of John G. Dunlap, his apprentice, who resembled him in his clear voice, glib tongue and curly black hair.

In 1857, when in New Orleans, I met with Warren Andrews and Dunlap, who had been clerks with me at Barrett's forty years before, and we had a short chat about old times.

A large sign swung on a high post, bearing the inscription "East Granby Hotel, by Henry Voss," appeared upon the hill above the boat landing near Granby Ferry, where Dunlap and I often went to superintend the loading and unloading of Barrett's boats. Voss was a tall, elderly German, in bad health, who had married an illegitimate daughter of Colonel David Myers and built a large store and tavern that were well patronized by the boat hands and others. The house stood broadside to the road, having the store in front and the dwelling in rear; a door (the upper half of glass) leading from one to the other. He had a mulatto boy, said to be his son, named Joe, or, as he called him, Yoe, to whom he was much attached; as was shown by his calling Yoe up every day after dinner and examining whether he had eaten enough, by punching him in the stomach, and, if not satisfied, by ordering him to "ko pack and eat tell his pelly stuck out."

He made the acquaintance of John H. Eiffert, a very stout old double-chinned Bavarian, with sandy gray hair and a big round red face, mottled all over from excessive eating and drinking, who kept a store on Hollow Creek, in Lexington, where he had married a pretty young woman—a daughter of

Abram Mitchell, of Edgefield. Right and left shoes were just coming into use and they fitted Eiffert exactly when the right shoe was put on the left foot, and *vice versa*. Many people objected to them at first, because they could not be changed every day like the straight ones. Eiffert, on his way to Columbia for goods, generally crossed the river at Granby and stayed a night with Voss, to drink and talk of old times in the Faderland. On one such trip he brought his wife along, and after supper he and Voss went into the store to spend the evening, while their wives remained behind. The old men drank freely and each complained to the other of his wife's misconduct and insubordination, till they agreed to go into the back room and give the women a "d—n vipping." The women, whose curiosity was excited by the loud talk of their "old men," listened at the glass door and gathered the purport of their proposed visit. Then, putting out their light, they awaited the coming of their lords, who blundered and staggered in, one holding the candle and both armed with cowhides. The candle was knocked or blown out by one of the women, who secreted themselves, and left the men groping about in the dark, when Eiffert encountered Voss, and, mistaking him for his wife, exclaimed: "Now, you ———, I gifs you hell in vonce!" and scored him unmercifully with the cowhide till out of breath, when he heard the latter calling out in piteous tones, "Mine freindt, my vife vip me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

LEXINGTON, 1822 TO 1839.

THE VILLAGE—GEORGE HALTIWANGER—A. H. FORT—JACOB DRAFTS—
JOHN MEETZE—MRS. CORLEY—THE WELL CURB—EPHRAIM CORLEY—
ADAM MAYER—MRS. STEWART—THE HENDRIXES.

In 1822 Lexington, twelve miles West of Columbia, on the stage road to Augusta, was a new village in the sand hills, the County seat having been removed to it a year or two before as more central and healthful than Granby, which stood at one edge of the District on the Congaree River.

George Haltiwanger, from the Dutch Fork, held the office of Sheriff and boarded with A. H. Fort, Clerk and Ordinary, who occupied the lower story of the jail with his family. While in office, Mr. Haltiwanger married the only daughter of Frederick Kelly, a well-to-do farmer, a few miles above the village, and, after the expiration of his term, became a minister of the Lutheran Church. 'Squire Fort was a kind-hearted man, who never refused a favor, if in his power, when asked for it, but of strong prejudices and very odd notions, which he affected to pronounce in very odd language. His elevation to office led him to believe himself more learned than he really was, and very few men were as wise as he looked, when, in promulgating his decrees, either officially or otherwise, he seemed to say: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dog bark." His son William told of seeing him, when gunning, aim deliberately at a flock of partridges on the ground but a few yards distant, and that, after waiting to get them doubled to his mind, he pulled trigger, but the gun snapped. He grounded arms immediately, dropped the piece to the earth, and, without a word, walked off home, looking neither to one side nor the other, and William carried the offending gun home. Another time

he had carefully strapped his razor and sat down to shave before a piece of looking glass fastened to the bricks by his fireplace. The first pass that he made cut open his face nearly the whole length of the razor; the next was a broadsword blow at the bricks, breaking off its entire edge. While discussing a disputed law point, when he was told that the Judges of the Supreme Court had unanimously decided it in a certain way, he settled the question by rising on his toes and declaring that "A. H. Fort never said so." He was a leading Baptist and sometimes preached, but what his sermons meant was as great a mystery to me as any in the book of Revelations.

Jacob Drafts, (Old Jake,) a son of Granny Corley by her first husband, who lived on the road a mile or so below the Court House, acted as Deputy Sheriff, Constable, crier of the Court and auctioneer at Sheriff's and other sales. While crying out "Silence in Court!" he made more noise than everybody else did. He would come to the village and stay drinking a week at a time, annoying and wrangling with everybody, bragging, blackguarding and sometimes fighting, if sure that he had the advantage. Then going home, he would remain two or three months, working hard on his farm, disagreeing with no one, and quieting his thirst for spirits by filling himself with water from his spring, till the appetite became irresistible, when, sometimes leaving his plough in the field, he would march up to the village for another week's debauch. While the temperance cause was prevailing he signed the pledge of total abstinence for a term of six months or a year, and kept it faithfully till the time was up, but on the very day that it expired would be found at the grog shop making up for lost time. This he did more than once. The poor fellow was killed while cutting down a tree, by its falling on him and crushing his body, so that he died in a few hours.

Adjoining the court house lot on the Northeast, John Meetze had a store and was putting up a large house for a tavern. Opposite to his store was another kept by Moses Jacobs, a Jew, with Lewis Levy, who still lives in Columbia, as clerk. Next above Jacobs's store was Charles Conner's blacksmith shop. About a hundred yards Southwest from the court house lived "Granny Corley," whose lands had been selected and bought for the public buildings, and who sold lots to persons wishing to live in the place. On the brow of the hill South of the court house stood a small single-roomed building, erected by Judge Gantt in one of his whims, which afforded a wide view East and South over the valley of Twelve Mile Creek, through which passed the stage road, across long, steep, red clay hills, covered partially by ledges and bowlders of granite. This building, from its form and appearance, was not inaptly called the well curb. In it my first son was born. On the hillside North of the creek dwelt Ephraim Corley, the butcher, who afterwards moved up to a new house that he built in the village, above the court house. With the exception of these houses and their lots, there was nothing but woods, the pine trees and blackjacks standing within twenty yards in rear of the court house.

John Meetze, whose wife was a sister of West Caughman, to whom his own sister was married, did more than any and everybody else in building up the place. He helped all that needed help, employed the idle, visited the sick, borrowed money from every one that had it to spare, agreeing to pay any rate of interest they asked, and laid it out in farming and timber lands; started a mill, a tan yard and a distillery, which was soon discontinued, on the creek, and established a shoe shop, whilst running wagons and teams to haul timber and bark to the mill and tan yard and lumber to Columbia, and to bring back goods for the store and shoe shop. He worked day and night, overlooking his various enterprises

and laboring with his own hands at one or another. His devotion to his wife and children was unbounded, and he never punished one of his little ones except when it got hurt, accidentally or otherwise, then it was sure to get a scolding and slapping. Once, on his way to Columbia, he stopped at Sharp's, four miles from the village, and sent back a note by a stranger, begging his wife to keep the children from going near the well. He took no account of expenses, but regarded all his receipts as clear gain. He and West Caughman were prominent Lutherans, and a few years later they spent no small sum in erecting the Lutheran Church and in promoting education by employing teachers in the academy at Lexington, which was well attended by pupils from Columbia, Sandy Run, the Fork and other places. Dennis Chupp, the famous mathematical genius, Amos Davis from Fairfield, Lemuel Boozer, (afterwards Judge,) Isaac H. Smith and Washington Muller, of Charleston, were by turns Principals in the academy, till it passed into the hands of Dr. Hazelius, President of the Lutheran Seminary.

Adam Mayer, father of Dr. O. B. Mayer, of Newberry, a rich planter in upper Dutch Fork, bought a lot next below the court house and built on it a large house as a hotel for his mother, Mrs. Stewart, wife of Alexander Stewart, the tailor, whom she had married in her old age, although she was old enough to have been his mother. After some changes this house became mine. She was a hospitable, busy, bustling old lady, of large size, an excellent cook and housekeeper, who spoke quite *Dutchy*, and when excited used very rough language, as was the custom in the neighborhood where she was brought up. Her father was old Colonel Summers, long the King of the Dutch Fork, whose word of command to his regiment once was, "Hold up your heads and look like the Devil, look like me."

Captain Mayer had been well educated, and was a good musician, playing beautifully on the violin and the piano. An easy-going, good-tempered, unselfish man, he seemed to care for nothing but enjoyment in the company of the idlers and loafers of the village, where most of his time was spent, to the neglect of his plantation. He never said "no" to any request for pecuniary aid, and would sign a bond or note as security almost without looking at its amount or considering whether its principal was worthy or solvent. For obligations thus assumed, when they amounted to a large sum, he was sued and his valuable property sacrificed. As Captain of a cavalry company in the Fork, he owned a splendid gray parade horse, and expended no small sum in fitting out members who were too poor to pay for their equipments. While the tavern was going on, he and some of his companions, for mischief, one night stole a fine turkey that his mother was saving for Court. She soon missed the turkey, and when the boys came in she said to her son: "Atam, my koppler is kone." "Oh no, mother, I reckon not," was his answer, to which she rejoined, insisting that he was certainly gone. They took the turkey down on the hillside and put him into an empty crate, near where Jesse Owens had made a little flutter mill on the branch for the amusement of some of the children. Next morning a little stuttering negro of hers, in riding the Captain's horse to water at the branch, made a noise, to which the turkey responded by a loud and prolonged gobbling. The boy immediately galloped back to the house, so full of his discovery that he could hardly utter a word, but he called out "Mi, Mi, Mi, Misses, I find you tucky, mam." "Where? where?" she inquired. "Down, down, down," he repeated and then choked up, when she gathered a stick and took him whang over the head, exclaiming, at the top of her voice, "Shpeak, shpeak, and tell me whay my turkey is." This brought from him: "I find him

in our crockeryware trunk by Mr. Owens's mill." She replied: "Owens, the poor devil, he aint kot no mill." But the turkey was found, and no one laughed more heartily than herself when the scene between her and the negro was repeated.

Jacob Lohnar, her overseer, whom she sometimes called "a mighty shaggy (shabby) fellow," on one occasion rode the horse to Charleston with some wagons, and, while going up King street, was overtaken by a troop of cavalry on parade, when the gray, in spite of all his rider could do, dashed forward to the head of the company and took the Captain's place, amid the cheers of the men in ranks, until, at Lohnar's request, the officer in command escorted him to Johnson's wagon yard, where, with difficulty, he was separated from the company.

When Lafayette visited the State in 1825, Captain Mayer's troop formed a part of the escort that met the old General at the North Carolina line and accompanied him to Columbia. It mustered one hundred and twenty-five men, each one mounted on a white horse, all handsomely uniformed and beautifully caparisoned, and had the further distinction of escorting the General from Columbia to Charleston.

The Hendrix brothers—John, Henry (old Mike) and David—soon after bought lots, built houses and removed to the village. John followed his trade of a carpenter, David that of a bricklayer, and Henry kept a tavern and store with the help of his son Leroy, who married Jane Corley, a daughter of Ephraim Corley. One of John's sons, Thomas, was the first husband of Mrs. Turnipseed the elder, and their daughter married Dr. Turnipseed, the distinguished surgeon and physician, who died here last year, his father being the second husband of his mother-in-law. David and his sons, J. A. (Austin), S. N. and Patrick, went to merchandising, and the two first named sons are now with us in Columbia.

Jacob Hendrix, a nephew of John Meetze, became a partner with his uncle in the store and shoe shop. He had seven sons in succession, who all attained to man's estate.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEXINGTON.—Continued.

R. H. GOLDTHWAITE—ALLEN C. STILLMAN—THE COURT HOUSE—BUSH ARBOR—ST. PETER'S CHURCH—JESSE DRAFTS—THE GERMAN LUTHERANS—THEIR HABITS AND CHARACTERISTICS, THEIR NEGROES, THEIR CLOTHING, FOOD AND FURNITURE, THEIR HONESTY, FIGHTS AND WEDDINGS—GAME—SUPERSTITION—EDGEFIELD GHOST.

There was no church, no school, no physician, and but one lawyer at the place--R. H. Goldthwaite, a well educated and well read Virginian. Allen C. Stillman, from Connecticut, was a Justice of the Peace, but he soon moved to Leesville, and thence, in a year or so, to Alabama. Mr. Goldthwaite, after marrying Miss Ellen Walker, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Surginer of Columbia, who had erected and occupied a cottage about a mile below the village, went to Spartanburg, and a year or two later emigrated to Alabama, where he had relatives in high judicial and political stations.

For several years we had no preaching except when a traveling minister happened to stop on Sunday or at night, and then service was held in the court house, which served also for public meetings and exhibitions of itinerant showmen. On the Sabbath we went, generally afoot, to the Methodist meeting house at Bush Arbor, four miles, or to St. Peter's Lutheran Church, seven miles above—Rev. Thomas Rall officiating at the former and Godfrey Dreher or Yost Meetze at the other. At these places the country girls, to keep their

stockings clean, carried them wrapped in their handkerchiefs till near the church, and then, sitting on a log, put them on before going into the meeting house.

In a few months Jesse Drafts opened a school, charging one dollar per month for tuition, but it was several years before the Lutherans built a church, and longer till the Methodists commenced their place of worship, which was not completed until a still later period.

The people, mostly Germans, or their descendants, were nearly all Lutherans, there being not many Methodists, still fewer Baptists, and none of any other denomination. Very few had any negroes, and those but a small number, who worked with the white members of the family, all wearing pretty much the same clothing, which was made up by the white females, and eating the same food, but never at the same table. The negroes never went to school nor learnt to read and write, but they had their own preachers and meetings on Sunday and were all Methodists. No colored people, and few others, ever lived easier or happier lives than they; they were well fed, well clad, attended to in sickness, provided for in old age, worked moderately, and relieved from all care as to the future.

The people had all the characteristics and peculiarities of their forefathers in Germany; honesty, industry, economy, submission to their rules in Church and State, and a firm belief in dreams, signs, ghosts and witches.

Many women worked in the fields with the men; sometimes planting, tending and picking out the cotton, then carding, spinning and weaving it into cloth, which they dyed and made into garments. Everybody wore homespun, except the clergy, the officers of the Court and those of the militia, whilst acting in their official capacity. Very few could afford the expense of a broadcloth coat, as required for militia officers, and therefore an arrangement was made for a newly elected Captain or Lieutenant to take the uniform of

his predecessor at a valuation and turn it over to his successor at the expiration of his term.

When Bill Corley and Jake Gross were rival candidates for a Lieutenancy, the former very properly urged as an argument in favor of his election that the coat of the former incumbent fitted himself better than his competitor. But Gross was elected, and gave evidence of his competency by his first words of command for a right wheel, saying in a low voice, "Come round this way boys, you know better than I do."

They had a custom, that I have not met with elsewhere, of calling married women by the Christian names of their husbands; thus, Betsey, the wife of West Caughman, was called, not Betsey Caughman, but Betsey West, and Jacob Drafts's wife, Christena, was Tena Jacob.

The people worked hard and lived cheaply, buying nothing but absolute necessities, except whisky and tobacco for the men, and, perhaps, ribbons and calico for the women. The latter prided themselves upon the texture and coloring of their homespun, using indigo, copperas, madder, annato and logwood, besides certain barks and roots for dyeing, with Turkey red, a bright scarlet thread for stripes and checks. For their necessities they went in debt to the stores till their crops were made, when they, with few exceptions, paid up at or before New Year, and if any surplus remained it was laid out and not laid up. The few exceptions to this rule began by lending on interest the small surplus from their earnings and adding to it from year to year. Their doctors, blacksmiths, shoemakers and all gave and took the same yearly credit. Many of the elders always bought the quarto German Calendar because it gave the signs for the weather and for planting more fully than the English Almanac. Their average height was greater than in other sections, insomuch that a close observer from Fairfield, who attended Lexington Court, said

he saw more long-legged boys and girls there in a day than Winnsboro could show in a week. And they were distinguished from their neighbors across Broad River in another respect. As witnesses in Court they generally tried to tell as little as possible, whilst it was said of the descendants of the Irish, in Fairfield, that they went to the other extreme and always told at least as much as they knew.

The rule of honesty was so universal that no one ever thought of locking up a house at night, and during my seventeen years at Lexington but one burglary occurred in the village and its vicinity. For a year or two after my removal from Lexington to Columbia my front door was never locked, till an attempt to rob Colonel Goodwyn's bed room, when the thief, being suddenly alarmed, left a long Bowie knife on the floor, which taught me the necessity for greater precaution. And whilst acting as tax collector, although it was publicly known that I traversed the most lonely and deserted portions of the District with a considerable sum of money, I never carried a weapon of any kind. Like young Lochinvar,

"I rode all unarmed, and I rode all alone."

A sale day, muster or election seldom passed without one or more fights, and when one commenced a dozen men, more or less under the influence of liquor, would be seen with their coats off, pulling and hauling, whooping and yelling,—some helping their friends, others crying "Fair play,"—and in the crowd a blow given accidentally or otherwise would lead to another engagement. But no pistol, knife, or even stick, was ever used or thought of on such occasions. After a "rotation" of this kind, rotten apple, raw beef or alum curd would be applied to the gouged eyes.

Deer, wild turkeys and smaller game were abundant in the swamps and sand hills, and every winter wild pigeons came in numbers numberless. Where they roosted at night, on the trees and bushes in Congaree Creek Swamp, parties went

with sticks and killed them by hundreds. On their departure in the spring I happened one morning to be on the hill above the village, commanding a view of six or eight miles to the South and two or three both East and West, where for nearly an hour the whole horizon in every direction was filled with them as they passed in rapid flight toward the South. Considering the number that must have been in sight at one time and the short period in which they were replaced by others, the aggregate would seem to be simply incalculable.

Fire hunting for deer was not uncommon, one carrying a torch of fire, which reflected the light in the eyes of the game and showed the marksman where to direct his aim. Old Mr. Wilson on one occasion took three fair cracks at the moon, which he mistook for a deer's eyes, as she rose through the bushes. Moccasins of dressed deer skin were made and sold by the old hunters, furnishing a cheap and pleasant covering for the feet in warm, dry weather.

They used no carpets, but white sand, washed free from dirt and dust, was sprinkled lightly over the floors and swept with a straw broom into waves and curves for ornament. Every family had a brick oven for baking on Saturday the week's supply of bread, fruit pies, when in season, and sweet potato custards, which were eaten cold; the bread, generally a mixture of wheat flour and potatoes, raised with domestic yeast, called "sour dough," which kept soft, moist and sweet, and it was, they said, more healthful and palatable than the hot corn bread so commonly used by other people. Then, too, no winter came without a barrel of sauer kraut in each house, made by fastening a fore plane bottom upwards and shaving on it the cabbage and turnips into shreds, then packing them alternately with layers of salt, till the vessel was full, and covering it with a loose head and a heavy weight to keep it down and induce fermentation. A big round pewter dish of this kraut, with a little bit of fat bacon in the mid-

dle, flanked by roast pork or fried chicken, constituted their favorite meal at dinner, which was always taken at 12 o'clock, a midday mark being made on the floor, to which the shadow came at that hour. For breakfast and supper, coffee or tea was rarely used, clabber in summer and milk in winter commonly supplying their place. Old Andrew Tarrar declared that taking tea, coffee and medicine was nothing but pride; that he ate soup for breakfast and milk for supper and never needed anything else. As for soups and fried cakes, the Germans had more and better varieties than any other nationalities in our country. They eat less hominy and rice than others; boiled their own soap for washing clothes and moulded their candles of tallow and beeswax.

Their chairs were split-bottomed, with stools and benches, their tables of pine or oak, their bedsteads fastened with ropes passing through holes in the bars from side to side and from end to end, and they used straw beds instead of mattresses. Some old women could not sleep on bedsteads having slats in place of cords. Spittoons were unknown; when John Wise first met with one, he called it the biggest inkstand he ever seed.

At weddings, which were nearly always in the forenoon, all neighbors attended with or without invitations, cards being unknown, and were welcomed with whisky to drink and a plentiful dinner, set out, when the weather permitted, on a long table of boards laid on benches under trees in the yard. Then the young folks and some of the old ones "walked for the cake," a ceremony confined, so far as I know, to the German settlers. For this purpose, those proposing to engage in the game contributed small sums of money, which were given to the bride, in payment for a large pound cake, that became the prize, depending upon the following chance: Each young man selected his partner of the other sex, and they, headed by the bride and groom, marched in double file

around the house, where at the front door one stood with a long rod, which he handed to the first couple, and when they reached the door again it was taken from them and delivered to the next pair, who in turn surrendered it to their immediate followers. Meantime a party of three or four took a loaded gun into the woods, out of sight from the house, and after waiting a quarter or half hour fired it off, the couple having the rod in hand when the gun was fired winning the cake, which was usually cut up and divided among the players, the girls saving a small bit to put under their pillows at night, on which to dream of their future lovers. I have seen, and sometimes joined in, the parade with as many as thirty or forty pairs. Whenever old Jake Drafts and Nancy Jacob (wife of Jacob Kelly) were present, they took part in the sport. He would call out in a loud voice, "Where's Uncle Nance?" to which she laughingly responded, "I God, here I am," amid the cheers and merriment of the rest.

As to their superstition, every one could give instances of witchcraft, apparitions and the fulfillment of dreams and signs. The Bible was their authority for the existence of witches, and they believed in the one as firmly as in the other. No neighborhood was without its witches—commonly a poor old deserted woman, who deserved pity rather than the fear and loathing that was her portion. If a cow ceased to give her usual quantity of milk, the remedy was to put a silver coin into the piggion or bucket before milking. If a man was ridden by the witches at night—such things never occurred in the day time—he had but to set up an image of his tormentor and shoot at it with a silver bullet, the result being that the witch was wounded in that place where the picture was hit by the ball. Conner, the blacksmith, made many a half dollar by moulding bullets for those thus afflicted, who brought their silver coin to be melted and moulded by him, which he put into the crucible and subjected to the heat gene-

rated by blowing his bellows till it came near the melting point, when the bewitched person was called out of the shop long enough for the coin to be abstracted and its place filled with pewter and tin, the mixture being poured into the mold and coming out a white, shining ball, that never failed to wound or kill the witch and relieve the patient.

John Drenan told Manuel Seastrunk another way to get rid of the witches that had plagued him for months. He advised him to bore a hole six inches deep, with an inch and a half auger, in a big post oak that stood some distance East of his house, and then to stop the hole with a hickory plug that fitted it tight, having a tube bored lengthwise through the plug with a gimlet, and, after ramming it down on a quarter pound of powder, to fill the tube with a fuse and touch it off while he stood directly in front to see the witch blown out. Seastrunk said he tried it, and the plug flew out close to his head, but he saw no witch. This poor ignorant creature, as recommended by Amos Banks, Sheriff, actually walked fifteen miles with a letter to Cage Martin's, who Banks said had the book containing a sure receipt for curing witches, and being told by Martin that Colonel Lee had just borrowed the book, he went three miles further, when Lee informed him that the volume was then in the possession of John Meetze at the Court House. At the village he learnt that Meetze was in the woods, near Congaree Creek, cutting logs for his mill, and thither he proceeded, relating to Meetze his misfortunes and begging him for help. But the latter had no relish for such sport, if it deserved the name, and he advised Seastrunk to go home and attend to his crop, but he thought his adviser a hard-hearted, unfeeling man, who had no sympathy for those in distress.

Another case was that of Martin Lybrand, a respectable farmer, whose character for veracity upon any other subject was undoubted, and who offered to swear upon a stack of

Bibles as big as the court house that a certain old woman living near him repeatedly changed him into a horse at night and rode him to a deserted house in the sand hills, where she hitched him to a tree, while she went into the building, and he saw lights and heard music and dancing till just before day. It may be stated, in explanation or excuse for this hallucination, that he was for many months in very bad health with some nervous disorder; but, beyond all question, he sincerely believed what he said, as did most of his neighbors.

Old Mr. Ramick, on the public road, built a high rail fence around his house to keep out intruders, and actually refused a cup of cold water to all thirsty travelers, lest he might thereby give them the power to bewitch him or his wife.

And this condition of things existed within ten miles of the capital of South Carolina as late as the year 1835. Jim Strother, a little black-eyed, black-haired and dark-skinned fellow, said that he had been ridden in the same way by an old witch in the Dutch Fork, but that she made a great mistake, for on looking at himself he was a bright sorrel, whereas he should have been a dark brown.

The old hunters universally believed that certain persons, by "using" or conjuring, could put a *spell* upon their rifles and make them miss the game that they were otherwise sure to kill, and there were various methods or processes for removing the spell and restoring the accuracy of their aim.

Those who are old enough will remember the Edgefield ghost, that created a great sensation by conversing with a family of good standing and its visitors in open day, whilst no one could be seen. This strange affair attracted so much attention that people came from far and near to witness and unravel the mystery; among others the Rev. Mr. Hodges, an educated minister of the Baptist Church, who published in the Edgefield paper an account of what he heard, concluding that it was beyond his comprehension.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEXINGTON.—Continued.

WM. JONES AND JOHN CALDWELL—SPEECH OF THE LATTER IN DUTCH FORK—MY ELECTION AS TAX COLLECTOR AND MARRIAGE—STENOGRAPHY AND BOOKKEEPING—BISHOP CAPERS AND MR. PETIGRU—REVS. THOMAS RALL, GODFREY DREHER AND YOST MEETZE—JOHN SNYDER.

Wm. Jones, an early graduate of South Carolina College, from Edgefield, came to Lexington soon after I did, and opened a law office in rear of the court house in copartnership with John Caldwell of Newberry, a cousin of John C. Calhoun, who was said to have been the equal of the great statesman in their young days. Mr. Caldwell represented Newberry in the House of Representatives for many years, and was quite popular and successful as a jury lawyer, but he drank to great excess and lost the use of his lower limbs, so that late in life he walked with difficulty and could hardly stand, the Courts allowing him to keep his seat while speaking. In the House he clung to one of the columns when addressing that body, and Judge Butler said he could be always found "at his post." I have heard the Judge tell, in Caldwell's presence, of a public meeting in the Dutch Fork, where the latter had been invited to address his constituents. According to Butler, a bar crossed the platform or speaker's stand in front, just low enough for Nick Summer to put his chin over it, but so high that Caldwell, who was shorter, could not see the crowd when speaking without stooping below the bar or standing on tiptoe all the time. No one present felt competent to draft the resolutions in honor of their guest, and, at their request, Caldwell himself wrote them out, eulogizing their distinguished Representative for the ability, fidelity and efficiency with which he had served his native District. Then, when they were read to the meeting, he rose and commenced by returning his thanks for the very

flattering and *unexpected* compliment, &c. He was immoderately fond of cards, and because I played a pretty good game of whist he helped to elect me as Tax Collector of Lexington in 1824, that office being then in the gift of the Legislature. And thus my early knowledge of cards served in promoting me to office and increasing my income, which was very acceptable, as I had married in the spring of that year on a salary of a hundred and eighty dollars a year, with the board of myself and wife. This may seem to have been an imprudent step, but as we were both young and healthy, with no expensive habits or extravagant aspirations, we lived contented and saved something for a rainy day; so that it proved to be the best thing I could have done. West Caughman, my brother-in-law, was also a member of the House, and between him and Caldwell my election was secured. In view of the strange way in which this promotion was effected, I advise all my young friends to never be afraid of learning too much, since one can never foresee how or where his knowledge may prove profitable. Not that I would recommend a course of whist or poker as an introduction to office, but as showing how chance has seemed to affect me on more than one occasion.

For instance—after clerking for Mr. Meetze a couple of years, I, with his assistance, bought a small stock of goods and set up for myself. Whilst making purchases in Charleston, I picked up in a book store a treatise on stenography, and, in the leisure of a village store, practiced short-hand writing merely for amusement; but the consequence was, that A. S. (Sid) Johnston, then State Printer, employed me to report the proceedings of the Legislature. And whilst thus engaged, a vacancy for Teller in the Commercial Bank had to be filled, to which I was elected on the recommendations of Judge Gantt, Judge O'Neale, Judge Glover, who was at that time Clerk of the House, and others whose acquaintance I

had made in the offices of Clerk of the Court and Reporter. Again, in the same way, I learnt bookkeeping, with no expectation of ever using that knowledge except in my regular business; and now, after a lapse of more than fifty years, it gives me employment and remuneration for many an hour that would otherwise be spent idly and unprofitably.

Jones had been a college mate of Bishop Capers, James L. Petigru, his partner Caldwell and other distinguished men. Among other anecdotes of his life at that time, he related that Mr. Capers delivered a funeral sermon on the death of a favorite dog, and that he, (Jones,) who was inclined to be a poet, composed a hymn that was sung by the students on the occasion. After leaving college, he corresponded with some of the students, many of whose letters he kept, and among them I recollect the beginning of a rhyming reply from Mr. Petigru:

“ Your Hudibrastic strains, dear Jones,
Are sweeter, far, to me than tones
Of any mocking bird or fiddle,
Though many I have heard that did well.”

The habit of drinking increased upon him and he died a maniac.

The office of Tax Collector, if properly filled, is the best of all stepping stones to public favor. It brought me in direct contact with every property holder in the District, and enabled me, by diligence and courtesy, to secure their good will, so that any place in their gift was at my command, as was proven, after my re-election for a second term, by their making me twice Clerk of the Court and a delegate to the Nullification Convention of 1832 and 1833. The leading men of the District at that time deserve a passing notice, as I got acquainted with them at the village and in my rounds collecting taxes.

Rev. Thomas Rall, of the Methodist Church, kept a country tavern for travelers, four miles above the village on the Augusta road, and Thomas K. Poindexter had another five miles beyond. From being one of the worst and wickedest men in the world, Mr. Rall got converted and became a sincere and exemplary Christian minister, wishing well and doing good to all in his power.

Reverend Godfrey Dreher, of the Fork, had charge of three or four Lutheran churches, where he preached on different Sundays every month, and was long looked up to and almost worshiped by his congregations, because among other reasons, he was a great stickler for old customs and observances and opposed all measures of reform or innovations. I once asked a little boy who made him, and he replied "Godfrey," though he might have meant God. After using his influence in establishing the Lutheran Seminary at Lexington for the education of young men desiring to become ministers, he got into a serious and unfortunate controversy with some of his brother clergymen, partly on doctrinal points and partly because they weakened his power over his followers. This led to a division in the church and a law suit for the possession and control of some of the church edifices, followed with very bitter feelings and language unbecoming their sacred calling, in which both parties were sometimes to blame. Finally, I believe, he was formally read out of the connection by the Seminary party, but, supported by his adherents, he held on to a number of the churches, and brought from North Carolina the Efirds, ministers of the Hinkleite branch of the old Lutheran Church, whom he introduced as pastors of several of his former congregations. These disputes and dissensions continued for many years, and I doubt whether the feelings and passions then engendered have yet passed entirely away. Old Mr. Samuel Wingard once told me that he had long respected Dreher as a

preacher, but for the future he should treat him as a republican and a sinner. He always slept in church and insisted that it was a sign of a good conscience.

Reverend Yost Meetze was quite an old man when I made his acquaintance. He was a Hessian by birth—one of those German soldiers that were sold by their hereditary Prince to the King of England for the subjugation of the rebels in America. Whilst a youth, his father's house in Hesse Cassel was surrounded at night by a squad of soldiers, who called up the family and commanded the boy to go with them. Unable to resist, he bade farewell to father, mother and the rest of the household, and was forthwith shipped off to the United States. He deserted from the British army in Charleston and made his way alone to the German settlement in Lexington, then a part of Saxe Gotha, where he married, settled a farm on a piece of excellent land near Saluda River, became a minister of the Lutheran Church, and reared a large family of sons and daughters, who all inherited healthy constitutions, with enough land to start them in life, and lived to a good old age. Like all others in those days, he drank some spirituous liquor every day, and on receipt of a circular from a New England temperance society offering him a life membership for twenty dollars, he laughed and said that sum would buy whisky enough to last him as long as he lived.

And here I must express my dissent from the opinion of some of my most valued and intelligent friends, who think I ought to have suppressed or smoothed over his desertion from the British army, as if he had done some improper or criminal act in so deserting. On the contrary, I consider it as not only eminently right and proper, under the circumstances, but perfectly justifiable and highly praiseworthy. What were the circumstances? He was a native German, kidnapped and forced into the British service, not only with-

out his consent, but against his will and in violation of his most sacred rights, under no earthly obligation, in any legal, moral, pecuniary or patriotic sense, to the King of England, to whom he owed no allegiance and was not bound to render any service; and the fact that more of them did not desert was probably because they were in a strange land among people speaking a language not understood by them, whom the British officers led them to believe would show them no quarter. And, as a foreigner to both the British and the Americans, he had no more business to interfere in their contest than any individual would have to intermeddle in a quarrel between a man and his wife or his children. And if he joined General Green's forces at Bacon's Bridge, near Charleston, as some say he claimed to have done, it must have been because he regarded ours as a just cause and intended to cast his lot with us. This much is certain: he had more than ordinary common sense, and was so far from being ashamed of his course on that occasion that he spoke of it freely, and any disgrace or reflection upon his character for that course would attach to my own children, for his daughter was my wife. As to his drinking, it was the universal custom of the country at that time, the only exceptions being some of the Methodist preachers, whose discipline enjoined total abstinence. The manner of his abduction shows the degraded condition of the lower classes in Europe a hundred years ago.

He once told me that he had made upwards of forty crops from his land and never found it too wet or too dry to plough. On rainy days when confined to the house, he made wagon whips and split bottom chairs, which he sold in Lexington village and Columbia. A short time before his death he opened a correspondence with his family in the old country, which resulted in the immigration of his cousin, John Snyder, and his wife and children, with the Mabuses, to Lexington in 1832.

Being a capital blacksmith, Mr. Snyder set to work in the village, where his hammer was heard after the rest of us had gone to bed and long before we rose in the morning. A brisk, active little body, as solid as a knot, he never took the pipe from his mouth except to eat or drink. He had belonged to the Prussian army that followed Napoleon into France after his defeat at Leipsic, and he told how the German soldiers danced "like de debil" with the French gals on the frontier, and how the savage Cossacks ate and slept with their horses in the dirt and filth of their stables. Like other Germans of the rural class, his great ambition was to become a landholder, which had been beyond his hopes in the old country, and he soon made enough in his shop to purchase a farm, where he took care to raise his supply of smoking tobacco.

CHAPTER XIX.

LEXINGTON.—Continued.

SOME LEADING MEN OF THE DISTRICT.

WEST CAUGHMAN, JOHN W. LEE, JOHN QUATTLEBAUM, DANIEL RAMBO, TOMMY WILLIAMSON, SIMON REDMOND AND JOHN HOOVER—MULLER & SENN—MAJOR THREEWITS—OLD GRANBY AND ITS INHABITANTS—A TALE OF A SHIRT.

West Caughman lived a mile East of the village and had a grist and saw mill on Twelve Mile Creek—a stream that, though only fifteen or twenty miles long in a direct line, had by its rapid and unfailing flow of water probably more mills than any other of the same length in the State. He had only a scant old field school education, but was blest with a fund of plain common sense and undoubted uprightness and integrity, which made him a leader, a model and a guide, and, with his large family connections, caused him to be repeatedly elected to the Legislature, where he was highly respected

for his many sterling good qualities. He was very tall and thin, and Judge Butler said that while on the Committee of Roads, Bridges and Ferries he proposed to abolish all bridges, declaring that a well-made man could stride across the streams.

Colonel John W. Lee of Leesville, eighteen miles above Lexington, on the stage road to Augusta, of fine address, free and easy speech and manners, liberal and hospitable deportment, with considerable means, was the most popular man in his section. Of his large family of sons, many, with their descendants, still live in Lexington, Edgefield and Columbia. His daughter Mary, beautiful and accomplished, married McMillan, an understrapper of John McLean, and removed to Darlington, where, I believe, she still survives. The Colonel used to tell of his going once to a sale or muster in a broadcloth coat—the only one on the ground—and that first one and then another of his neighbors pinched him on the shoulder, with the request of a word with him, when they one and all dunned him for the money they had loaned him, till before the day was over they had pinched a hole on each of his shoulders as big as an epaulette, and from that time forth he always wore homespun.

At Hollow Creek were the Caughmans, Crouts, Lominicks, Vansants, Robertses and others. Captain John Quattlebaum, father of General Paul, lived a few miles South of Leesville, where he became celebrated as a maker of rifles that obtained a wide reputation and sale in this State, Georgia and North Carolina for their fine finish and accurate aim. He was very tenacious of his opinions, and rather fond of controversy, especially on politics and religion.

In the neighborhood of John Howard's grog shop were Elisha Hammond, father of James H. Hammond, the brilliant lawyer and statesman, who rose to be Congressman and Governor; Peter Rowe, who lived to be a hundred years old, Jesse Fox, father of my old friend John Fox, afterwards

Sheriff and Clerk for many years, George Steedman, the Gants, Gunters, Hallmans and others. The people of this neighborhood were very litigious, and when one had a case in Court he generally came to the village in a wagon, bringing all his family and kin as witnesses, and camping out at night to save expenses. Besides, some of them brought ginger cakes and cider or spruce beer for sale, and their wagons, with the rear end open to expose their wares, filled the Court yard. Squire Steedman was sued for slandering Gant and Rankin, in accusing them of stealing his bull, and the jury gave them a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars, which was regarded as a very large amount for Lexington. His many sons and grandsons are widely scattered and have gained wealth and distinction. Some fifteen miles below Howard's, Daniel Rambo dwelt and owned mills on the head waters of Edisto River, and I found no house, settlement or water course for nearly the whole distance. Late in life he moved West, and his son Samuel, after going to school at Lexington, married a daughter of A. H. Fört, and some years later, when she died, took her sister for his second wife. From Rambo's I went to Simon Redmond's, on Bull Swamp, where the neighboring taxpayers, the Huttos, old John Hoover and others, met me at night and paid their dues to the State, passing by Williamson's mills, at the regimental muster ground, owned by Tommy Williamson, who furnished food, lodging and whisky to all comers, and, drinking all the time, was never exactly drunk or sober, but just comfortably boozy. His regular charge was a dollar and a half—no more, no less, whether one stayed a single night or a week. He always neglected privates for officers, and paid attention to each in proportion to his rank. Thus, a Lieutenant was treated with marked respect till a Captain appeared, then the latter received all notice and regard until the arrival of a Major, who in turn was ignored for the Colonel, and he for the General or the Governor when he happened to be present.

Redmond, though very poor, would take no pay for the entertainment he furnished me, refusing to let me give a half dollar to one of his children, and when I left one on the table or the floor he was so scrupulous as to keep it till my return and tender it back to me.

Thence twelve or fifteen miles East through an unbroken forest of pines, with scarcely any undergrowth, my way led to Sandy Run, on the State road, at the store of Muller & Senn. Henry Muller and Rufus Senn, (a lame man,) whose sons, bearing the same names, so worthily represent lower Lexington in Columbia. Here were the Geigers, Bakers, Kaiglers, Saylor and other rich owners of lands on the Congaree. A few miles above, on the way to Granby, Major John Threewits, an old Revolutionary soldier, lived, a mile or so to the West of the road. While serving in the Legislature some years previously, he rode to Columbia on horseback every morning and hitched his steed to one of the oaks in the State House yard, with a bundle of fodder tied on behind the saddle. And when the Bank of the State issued one dollar bills with a vignette representing the State House, some one objected to the correctness of the picture, because it failed to show Major Threewits's horse tied to the tree with the fodder on his back.

OLD GRANBY.

At Granby the British had a fort in the war of the Revolution, and Mr. Cayce's house, that stands on the hill just North of the place, shows a hole in its Northern end made by a small cannon ball when the fort was besieged, and I believe captured by the Americans, towards the close of the war. The town being at the head of navigation on the Congaree, with a ferry on the road leading to the up country, and broad, fertile river swamp lands extending many miles below, was a place of considerable business, and some of its

merchants made fortunes and lived in good style. Their families were well educated and formed a circle of refined society, that was at once moral and elevated. Among them were the Bells, Hanes, Arthurs, Fridays, Seibelses and others, whose representatives go to make up the present population of Columbia and its vicinity. But when the State capital, the South Carolina College and the sessions of the Supreme Court were established at Columbia, Granby began to decline. It had always been unhealthy, the superior capital and enterprise of the merchants in Columbia in time drew trade from the place, and after the removal of the County seat to Lexington it became a deserted village; so that in 1822 but two or three stores remained, those of Muller & Senn and Pou & Seibels (Lewis Pou and Henry Seibels) being all that I recollect. When I first collected taxes there in 1825, General Henry Arthur, Wolf Hane, son of Nicholas Hane, a rosy old gentleman, owner of the ferry, Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, Friday Arthur and James Cayce, who kept a public house, a mill and blacksmith and coach-making shops, were the most prominent *reliques* of Granby's former prosperity.

And here I will repeat an anecdote related by John Caldwell, which may be called

A TALE OF A SHIRT.

On a fine sunny morning in May, 1806, a gay party of young folks, both male and female, assembled at the residence of Alexander Bell, Sr., in Granby, to take an excursion on horseback some ten miles up the river to the ferry on Saluda, then known as Kennerly's, just above which James Kennerly, Esq., resided; his dwelling, a roomy, rambling country house, being on the East bank of the river, so close to it that a heavy body dropped from one of the windows would fall

into the water. Among the gentlemen present were John Caldwell of Newberry, and John Mayrant of Sumter, both then in College, and it was arranged that they, with two of the girls, should pass the night and part of the next day at Kennerly's, while the rest of the cavalcade, after all had enjoyed themselves boating and fishing in the river, were to return to Granby at the close of the day. The two collegians were rivals for the favor of one of the young ladies who remained behind when the others had gone back. They were dressed in the tip of the prevailing fashion, but Mayrant rejoiced in the display of a magnificent ruffled shirt, got up in better style and of finer material than usual, so that it attracted the attention and excited the applause and admiration of the fair sex, and, as Caldwell thought, gave its owner an advantage that he was not otherwise entitled to. At bed time they were put into the same room with several other young men who had called to see the belles from Granby, and Mayrant, to save his shirt from being rumpled, pulled it off and hung it upon a chair. This was observed by Caldwell, who, instigated by the demon of mischief and jealousy, and counting all means fair in love and war, resolved to put the offending garment out of the way. Accordingly, at the dead of night, while all the others were asleep, he rose stealthily, and, wrapping the object of his hate around a brick, threw it from one of the windows as far as he could into the river. Next morning when Mayrant arose his shirt was missing, and, after a thorough and fruitless search, he was forced to button up his vest and coat, and, leaving an apology to the ladies and family for his sudden departure, to order his horse and take the road to Columbia, leaving Caldwell in full possession of the field. Whether he suspected his rival of any agency in the mysterious disappearance of the garment was not known; but Caldwell said twenty years afterwards that he could never muster up the courage to tell Mayrant what

had become of his shirt. Neither of them succeeded in gaining the young lady—a Miss Bell—who was first married to a Mr. Heron and afterwards to Major Benjamin Hart.

As already stated, the old court house, after being used as a Presbyterian church, in Columbia, became the residence of Mr. Kinard.

James G. Gibbes, whilst manager of the Saluda Factory, bought the rest of the old houses in Granby from Captain Alexander R. Taylor, for three hundred dollars, and moved them to the Factory, where he converted them into dwellings and outhouses for the operatives, but he found great difficulty in drawing out the wrought nails with which they had been built. These had been made before the introduction of cut nails, and were hammered out separately on the anvil by the blacksmith, and, owing to their roughness, they adhered to the wood so as to split the boards and leave Gibbes less profit than he had expected from the purchase.

CHAPTER XX.

LEXINGTON.—Continued.

THE DUTCH FORK.

LORICK'S—"MY PALLY HURTS ME"—SPRING HILL—THOMAS BOYD, SENIOR—LINDLER AS A BRIDEGROOM—COUNTS'S—HENRY SMITH AND HIS MUDDERWIT—SHEALY'S—TOM FRICK AND HIS FAITH—WISE'S—SPINNING FLAX.

From Granby I returned home, and proceeded the next week to collect in the Fork, at George Lorick's, Spring Hill, (then kept by Thomas L. Veal,) and Colonel Jacob Counts's, on the road from Columbia to Newberry, and at Shealy's and Fred. Wise's, on Saluda. At Lorick's I met the Shulers,

Metzes, Huffmans, Leapharts, Loricks, Cooglers and others, whose proximity to the Columbia market enhanced the value of their lands far beyond what it would have been at a greater distance. The Dreheres lived on Saluda and generally paid at the Court House. As the story was told, two brothers of an old Dutch family returning from a muster at Lorick's, one asked the other: "Vy didn't you vip dat feller what cussed you to-day?" "Oh, my pally hurt me," was the answer. "But vy didn't *you* vip him ven he cussed *you*?" "'Cause my pally hurt me too." And it became a common saying when one's courage failed that he had the stomach ache. Among the men noted for their eccentricity at Spring Hill was Thomas Boyd, Senior, an Irishman, whose habits were so miserly that, though well off, he denied himself and his family the common necessities of life, and hid away his money by boring auger holes in large blocks of wood, into which he dropped his gold and silver coins, and then, covering them with cloth, used them as chairs. After his death upwards of seven thousand dollars were found that he had concealed in this way and in cracks of the log house that he occupied. He was once savagely attacked and disabled for some time by a neighbor's bull, and his constant cry was: "Oh, that iver I should come ah the way from ould Ireland to be killed by Busby's *bul*," the last word being pronounced with the short sound, like *but*. When he recovered, in reply to the remark that he had made a narrow escape, he exclaimed: "Hoot, mon! Do ye think I'd come ah the way from ould Ireland to be killed by Busby's *bul*?" He was an avowed infidel, and his reply to David Richardson, his son-in-law, who told him that his life had been spared providentially, was: "Nay, nay; if Providence had wanted to see a *bul* fight, he would have put the animal on a far stronger mon than I am." His son, Captain Tom, always said he didn't care for whisky without he could get his belly full.

At Spring Hill the favorite amusement was throwing long bullets or rolling small cannon balls by hand. The leading families in the neighborhood were the Riveses, Williamsons, Freshleys, Eleazers, Slices, Lindlers, Busbys and others.

When Colonel Caughman asked one of the Dutch girls to dance with him, she replied: "Oh, I can't tance;" and on his inquiring why, she said: "I is too shtiff."

Of one of the Lindlers it was told that after marrying he took his wife home and at bed time said to her: "Now, Petsy, you must shleep in dat little room; me and proder Jake been shleepin togedder so long ve can't do bidout." Once, when joking with some girls at my house, I asked them what they would have done with such a bridegroom, and one of them answered venomously: "I'd have shot him."

At and near Colonel Counts's, among others, were the Summers, Fulmers, Sweetenbergs, Major Mathis, Setzlers, Bundricks and Millers, and they amused themselves by pitching dollars, at which some of them were wonderfully proficient.

Henry Smith, who had married into the Summer family, though untaught, was a capital millwright, and among other experiments he tried, after using the water in working a mill, to carry it back into the pond by buckets, and thus make an approach to perpetual motion. He moved from the Fork to the Sand Hills and erected a mill on Black Creek, where he made money and concealed a considerable sum in silver coin at one time under the floor of his dwelling, whence it was abstracted, and he was sued for slander by a member of his family whom he accused of having stolen it. When in his cups he boasted much of his "mudderwit," but it failed to secure the treasure beneath his house.

I met at Shealy's, near Saluda, many of that name, with the Mayers, Fricks, Amicks, Ballantines and others.

I remember old Tom Frick, a regular Lutheran, telling me that a young preacher a few days before had said in the pul-

pit: "If I were to ask every member of this congregation, what is faith? I doubt if one could give the correct answer," to which the old man added, "I'll be d—n if I didn't know what it was as well as he did!"

Mr. Wise's mother and his mother-in-law, both very old women, lived in his house with him, his wife and a large family of children, thus showing three, if not four, generations under the same roof, and they all seemed to be quiet and peaceful. Here I saw the last flax wheel turned by a treadle by the feet of one of the old ladies, and he kept up the practice of having one of his children stand by the table and ask a blessing before meals. Fred Wise's station was attended by the Hylers, Stingleys, Harmons and others.

Old George Gross, being somewhat deaf, failed one morning to hear the petition pronounced by one of his children and repeated it himself, whereupon his wife drawled out, "I reckon we'll have grace enough dis toime." At Henry Meetze's table, after he had asked a blessing, Adam Summer told him, "If I couldn't say a better grace than that, I'll be d—n if I didn't quit," and when Henry Summer heard of it he said Meetze ought to have kicked Adam out of the house. Dr. Lindsay was once invited by some mischievous girls at the dinner table to ask a blessing, but he replied that where he came from they always saved time by saying grace over the beef and pork when they killed it.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMOS BANKS, THE HUMORIST—BUCKEYE BAYLES—WHITMAN, THE BLACK-SMITH—PAYSINGER AND BATES—DEEP SWIMMING DOMINICK AND HIS GUN—DRUNKEN MEN AND HOGS—NICKNAMES—VERSES.

Amos Banks preceded and succeeded Mr. Haltiwanger as Sheriff, and lived in the jail, Squire Fort having removed to his new house on the brow of the hill below. Banks was an inveterate humorist, whose main object in life seemed to be making fun. His face was serious to solemnity even when telling and enjoying a joke, enabling him to impose the most improbable stories on his hearers as actual facts. He attributed his slight lameness to his having stolen a bag of shot when a youth and concealing it in his breeches pocket, which drew him to one side. Being asked the news on his way from Columbia during a session of the Legislature, he reported that two members of the House, whom he named, had got into a quarrel and fight in the Representative hall, in which their friends joined, and that the Assembly had broken up in confusion, the members all going home, without passing the bills to raise supplies or make appropriations, and that consequently no taxes would be collected the next year. Then he left his hearer, who repeated the news to his neighbors. One night he hired hands to take the wheels from a wagon that stood in the street and hang them on the limbs of a tree in front of Meetze's store, and then charged the act upon West Caughman and James Kennerly, two of the most quiet and orderly old citizens in the country round.

He never saw John Bayles, the well digger, commonly called Buckeye, without telling of his fall into Squire Fort's Well while digging it. The well was forty or fifty feet deep when Buckeye got into the bucket to be let down by the windlass, and his assistant who held the handle let it slip, precipitating bucket, Buckeye and all to the bottom, he cry-

ing out as he fell, "Lord have mercy upon me, *and that quick.*" While he lay there senseless, Fort descended with a rope to bring him out, and as he tied it *around Bayles's neck*, he said: "Ah, Buckeye, this ought to have been done twenty years ago." Then they windlassed him up, and, taking off the rope, laid him out on the grass, where he came to in an hour or so. Bayles always joined in the laugh at the story, which was true as to his fall and recovery.

Some young men of the village had been stealing chickens, which they cooked and eat in the woods at night. Among them was a fellow from Edgefield named Whitman, a striker in Pardee's blacksmith shop, whom Banks disliked and determined to run off. So he arrested Whitman and John Drenan on a pretended warrant for petty larceny in stealing fowls and lodged them in jail, Drenan understanding that it was all a joke. Just before dark he had Jesse Owens to hail the prisoners from the outside and tell them that Banks was drunk and that he (Owens) would steal the keys and release them soon after supper, if they would be ready to make their escape. This they agreed to do, and when Owens appeared, pulling off their shoes, they crept silently down the stairs, which landed in Banks's bed room, where he lay apparently asleep. But just then he woke up, called on them to stop and fired a pistol. They broke for the outer door, and, reaching the street, made for the woods, pursued by a dozen or more boys whooping and hallooing. Drenan soon dropped behind and Whitman was chased quite a distance by the boys. Next morning, report said that he had passed Leesville in a trot, bareheaded and barefooted, but he never returned to Lexington, and Pardee saved the week's wages that were due him.

One story Banks repeated to all comers nearly every day for some months. It was to the following effect: Paysinger, a hare-lipped man in Newberry, and Jacob Bates, of Edgefield,

agreed to make an expedition on horseback to Alabama in search for new lands. They went before a Magistrate and made oath that, to save expenses on the trip, they would lie in no man's house, would pay no more than 12½ cents for ferriage, would cook their own victuals and distill their own whisky, carrying with them a pot for a still and a gun barrel for the worm.

Old Mr. Dominick, a neighbor, warned them that "they would get drowned in swimming some of them big rivers," but they scouted the idea. Accordingly, setting out with a good supply of provisions for themselves and their horses, they proceeded to the ferry at Augusta, where twenty-five cents each was demanded for crossing. Paysinger, who was the leader throughout the expedition, called out "Noo mush ! Gum on, Gates," his hare-lip preventing his sounding the B, and they rode up the river to a high, perpendicular bank, where, adjusting their fixtures, they prepared to jump off into the river. This was not easily done, packed up as they were with pots, pans, bags of meat, bread and corn, and great masses of fodder behind their saddles. When ready, Paysinger took a running start and sailed off into the river, where he disappeared a little while, and arose, crying out, "Gum on, Gates." Bates shut his eyes, exclaimed "Oh Lord !" and, jumping off, turned over two or three times before striking the water, when it opened to the bottom and then closed over him for fully five minutes, but at length his nose and that of his horse appeared, and he followed in the wake of Paysinger, who encouraged him with the remark: "Mooty deep whimmin. Gum on, Gates." On reaching the other side, where the shore sloped gradually up, they emerged and slowly dragged their loads out on land, like a couple of great elephants, the water pouring and dripping from them in every direction. Then they unloaded and made a fire, by which they dried themselves and their appurtenances before resum-

ing their journey. In this way they carried out their agreement faithfully and successfully, till on the way back, at Line Creek, which divided Georgia from Alabama, when the pot that had hung bottom upwards from Paysinger's saddle unfortunately got turned right side up, filled with water, and, sinking, dragged him down, encumbered by his fixtures, and he was drowned. When the news came, one of Dominick's friends called on him and asked: "Well, neighbor, wat you dinks?" "Somedimes I dinks one ding, somedimes anuder." "Paysinger is drowned." "Well, I dold him ef he swum all dem big rivers he'd got drowned." "Where did it happen?" "In Lyonse's Creek." "What, dat little pranch?" "Py Cot, when she's full she's worse as a pig river." In about these words Banks told the story, never cracking a smile till he ended, and then breaking out into a long and loud laugh at every repetition.

At a petty muster some young men once played a trick on Dominick, by loading his gun with alternate layers of powder and *spunk*—a kind of rotten wood that holds fire and burns slowly; then, igniting the upper layer, they started him home alone at night, about half drunk, with the gun on his shoulder. When he had gone a short distance the fire reached the first charge of powder and the gun went off *spang*. The old fellow said, "H'm, tam de olt kun, she neffer sarfed me so pefore!" Soon after a second discharge followed, when he repeated the same words in a tone of still greater surprise; but on the third explosion, he said to the gun, "Are you goin to haf a Krishmus in de woods?" And as another and another took place, he finally threw her away, exclaiming, "Ef you're goin to haf a Krishmus, you may haf it py yuself!" On reaching home he called out to his wife, "Olt 'ooman, my kun is hafin a Krishmus in de woods!" Just then the gun went off *spang* again, and he said, "Dere, don't you hear her?" He always believed the gun had been bewitched, or, as he called it, behexed.

A youth of the Crout family Banks always called collards, declaring that his name should be neither kroust, cabbage, nor kale, because he said, when dining at old Mrs. Crout's one day, this boy kept sauntering about till ordered out, and it then appeared he had been reconnoitering the dinner table, as he was overheard telling the other children in an adjoining room, "De meat's all gone, but I reckon dere'll be some collards left."

Certain old toppers who kept no spirits at home got dead drunk every time they came to the village. Then, as one lay in the street, Banks would hire some of the boys to black his face and cover him with an empty crate loaded down with heavy weights, which, when he woke up, prevented his escape from the cage without help, or he would scatter corn around the prostrate body and call the hogs to root and roll it over and over.

Once in the street I saw a lot of hogs made drunk by eating the cherries left from a barrel of cherry bounce, and they staggered, quarreled and fought just like so many drunken men.

Banks was very successful in giving nicknames which expressed the characters of the parties and stuck to them. Thus, a conceited, visionary old man was "the chaff bag," and a stupid, blank-looking fellow he called cuffee, while another, with a hook nose and a very harsh voice, was the jackdaw. Lexington village he dubbed Pompey town, after an old horse that he brought there named Pompey, and the name adhered to the place for many years. Getting drunk he styled fighting the Devil, and after a night's hard drinking he would say, "I gave the Devil hell last night."

A local versifier, who might have been better employed, indited the following rhymes on the village and some of its celebrities:

Oh, Pompey Town, thou art a glorious place,
 Replete with learning, virtue, wit and grace ;
 Thy very air is something more than common—
 Soft, sweet and balmy, like the kiss of woman ;
 Great men of ancient days here live together,
 Secure from all attacks of wind or weather.

* * * * *

Here Adam† far from Paradise doth dwell,
 Who understands the game of marbles well ;
 Who plays the fiddle like a man of France,
 And, sooner than deny his friends, will dance ;
 Here Alexander,‡ famed for many an action,
 Who was almost as brave as General Jackson,
 Remote from wars and tumults, doth reside,
 To cut his neighbor's cloth his greatest pride ;
 Here Amos,¶ once a prophet staunch and stable,
 Has found the prophet's trade unprofitable,
 And now is daily seen committing evil,
 Telling long tales and fighting with the Devil.

†Mayer. ‡Stewart, the tailor. ¶Banks.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEXINGTON—Continued.

QUEER SAYINGS AND DOINGS—LEWIS STACK AS A PLOUGH HORSE—LUKE MANNING—LOWRY THE SURVEYOR—DANIEL AND JEREMY WINGARD AND JESSE FLOYD.

Then we had other queer sayings and doings that were often repeated and will serve in some measure to illustrate the character of the people and their times.

Old Dave Hendrix, while more than half drunk, was found fishing intently on dry land from the piazza of Jones's law office, and to the question what he was doing, replied, "Hush, 'sh, I've jist had a bight." Billy Ann, whilst lying before the fire of a winter night, was overheard asking his wife Betty Ann "Aint I a burnin?" Brink Sellers would

never agree that his colt had died for want of breath, and swore it was a lie, for he saw him die and the breath was the last thing that left him. When old Mr. Lowns's mare died, he said "she nefer sarfed me so pefore." And old Comte, the Frenchman, replied, when told that one of his debtors had absconded, "He may go to hell, but I got he note," seeming perfectly satisfied by the reflection. A leading citizen on one occasion became too drunk to speak distinctly and in the confusion of ideas said to some ladies, "You don't understand me because I've got wool in my ears."

The German pronunciation of English words led also to many odd double meanings. Thus, old Bowers asked Wood, the tailor, to "gut a goat" for him, but Wood referred him to Eph Corley, the butcher, protesting that he had never gutted a goat in his life. In breaking a filly to work in harness, the old man said, "Efery dime she went to make a bull she made a bitch." And Squire Addy threatened to "but a pullet troo" the scamp that sent him an abusive anonymous letter. Henry S. reported that his wife had had a colt (cold) last week and it almost kilt her, and when I asked his father who preached for them now, he replied "the circus rider," meaning the rider of the Methodist circuit. He once said that the striker in his blacksmith shop had gone over the river to look at his wife, instead of to see or to visit her. One of the Metzes said of an election, "It was bretty dight bullin, I dell you." Old George Wingard didn't like tobacco that grumbled (crumbled) in his mouth. On the death of a friend he remarked that it was not right for good men to die while *d*——*d* rascals lived out their days, and being told that it must be right or God wouldn't allow it said with an oath: "It may be right, but it ain't fair." The following was told of Lewis Stack in the Fork: Having no plough horse onespring, he proposed that his wife should hitch him in to pull the plough while she held the lines, cautioning her against letting

him run away on pain of a severe switching. Accordingly, he drew one or two furrows across the field, when, taking fright at a stump, he broke loose, and, jumping the fence, took to the woods, whence he returned with a hickory and proceeded to chastise her for letting him go. I once heard him asked if the story was true and he made no reply. One of our most popular men when at a gathering would take out first one friend and then another, twenty yards or more from the crowd, and, after looking carefully in every direction to make sure that no eavesdropper was in hearing, would ask in a low tone, "How is your family?" "Has the drouth hurt your crop much?" and other equally important and confidential questions.

Sixty years ago Luke Manning, (Black Luke,) a desperado of the worst kind, was the terror of the region bordering on Lexington, Newberry and Edgefield, where he had committed many outrages and several murders, apparently from pure devilment. He was a native of Newberry District, East of and near to Saluda River, and at the risk of being tedious I will give an account of some of his pranks. Stopping for dinner at a house in the upper part of Lexington, where he was unknown, he left a written notice, signed "Colonel Blood," summoning the head of the family, who was absent, to be and appear at Columbia on the ensuing Monday, armed and equipped according to law, with a week's provisions, to suppress an outbreak of the Indians in Western Georgia, stating that they were massacring the whites, for whose protection the Governor had been called on to send troops from South Carolina.

On a freezing winter morning he was fishing for red horse in Saluda at a place that he had baited, exactly opposite to an old deaf neighbor of his, who, on the other side of the river, was similarly employed. The old man had the better luck, and, as he pulled out one fish after another, would hold it up

and call out to Luke that he "didn't know nothin' about fishin'." Luke determined on having fish, luck or no luck, and, bidding his old friend good morning, he walked down below a bend in the river where he kept a canoe, and, getting into it, crossed over, cut down a sapling eight or ten feet long, leaving a fork at the little end, crept up behind the fisherman, who was seated on a steep, slippery bank, and, waiting till he had hooked another fish, placed the forked stick to the back of his neck, shoved him headlong into the water, which was upwards of ten feet deep, and seizing his string of fish carried them home, whilst the old man was left to save himself if he could. With great difficulty he caught to a limb and scrambled out, half drowned and half frozen, to find his fish gone and Luke's sapling, which he had hurriedly dropped, in their place. This betrayed him, but when charged with the theft and assault he insisted that the old man had been pulled in by the fish.

While a shooting match for beef was going on one Saturday afternoon at the Dead Fall, a low groggery, then kept by Colonel Drury Sawyer, on Hollow Creek, Luke rode up in a gallop, rifle in hand, singing at the top of his voice:

"Fourteen pence in the corner of the fence,
And the Hollow Creek boys hain't got no sense."

Then, dismounting and tying his horse to a limb, he gave him a cut, saying: "He's four years old and trots aready." He began by treating all around, taking several chances for the match, and proceeded to make himself at home, welcoming one with the question: "How's your wife and my children?" When another appeared, running and pretending to hide behind the house, while he exclaimed: "What have I done that the Devil's come?" Asking a third if he was always mad when he looked ugly, and making fun at the defects or deformities of others, particularly of Colonel Sawyer, a red-

eyed, nervous little body, who was lame from a dislocation of the hip. As the day wore on he continued drinking, and grew more and more contentious and disagreeable, and when one observed that the Western clouds looked red like blood he replied: "Wait till the shank of the evening and I'll show you something more like blood by a jugfull, for I feel the Devil in me as big as a meeting house." As was not uncommon, the match was prolonged into the night, with fires burning at the target and the marksmen's stand. They were drinking freely and all more or less intoxicated, when a quarrel broke out between Manning and Sawyer, who, irritated beyond measure at the repeated and unfeeling allusions to his crippled limb, finally said to Luke: "If I was well and of your size, you darsent treat me so." This Luke denied, and after some further altercation he proposed to put them both upon an equality by fighting a duel then and there with their rifles, each to commence loading at the word "Go" and to fire when he got ready, adding: "Your pally hurts you if you back out from this offer." The other, though a peaceable man, was as brave as Julius Cæsar, and he accepted the challenge. The bystanders meantime ceased their clatter on other matters, and, giving their whole attention to the two disputants, made some efforts to adjust the difficulty, but Manning swore he had come there to kill somebody and he would as lief it should be that lame dog as any one else. Accordingly the light was replenished, and when the combatants declared themselves ready, both expert riflemen at the word began to load, knowing that their lives depended upon their expedition. They first poured down the charge of powder, to be followed by the ball, which fitted the bore of the gun exactly and required some force to push it to its place with the ramrod. It happened that Sawyer, in his haste and excitement, got his bullet fast soon after it entered the muzzle and all his efforts failed to move it. To fire the gun in that

condition he knew would cause it to burst, and, while he tugged and cursed at the ramrod, Luke, seeing his difficulty, finished loading, and, with a whoop, screamed in a loud voice: "Now thrapple, and, d——n you, I'll send you to hell in a minute." Then, dropping his rifle to a horizontal position, was in the final act of priming, when one of Sawyer's friends, whose name was never publicly known, throwing a four pound weight, struck him in the back of his head and knocked him senseless to the ground. And thus Luke Manning's famous duel ended in his being laid across his horse and taken to the house of Jacob Drafts, Sr.

One night at Mr. Stewart's house, in the village, it was reported that Luke had just committed another murder up on Saluda. Several young men were present, and among them was a land surveyor named Lowry, who had been there about a week drinking and annoying every one by his officious interference in their business and conversation. All united in denouncing Manning as a ruffian and an outlaw, whom it would be a public service to put out of the way, and Lowry, joining in, affirmed that he would give a hundred dollars to have such a brute hung. Some of the others had raised the report and concocted a scheme to give Lowry a fright. One of them soon after came into the room and announced that Luke had just arrived and was then in the house. Jacob Vansant, a carpenter with big black whiskers, personating the dreaded desperado, walked in and inquired with a tremendous oath who had been slandering his character? All were silent, but turned towards Lowry, when Vansant, drawing a long knife, made at him, with the exclamation, "You're the man!" Lowry broke for the street, the whole crowd following and hallooing "Catch him!" He first ran to Jones's office, back of the court house, praying admittance and protection, but before the door was opened the pursuers were too close behind, and, not seeing the gate,

he jumped the fence towards Meetze's tavern, and, while they continued the cry just far enough in the rear to keep him at the top of his speed, arrived there, was admitted and the door safely locked. He thankfully acknowledged his obligations to Meetze for saving his life, paid his tavern bill, and, ordering his horse to be ready at daylight next morning, never appeared at Lexington again.

My last sight of Manning was at Lexington, on his return from Columbia, in charge of the Sheriff of Edgefield, after an unsuccessful effort before the Court of Appeals for a new trial from his conviction for the murder of —— Foutze, whom he had waylaid and shot while ploughing in his field. It was a cold, drizzly day in December, and he sat shivering and handcuffed beside the Sheriff in a little covered wagon, wrapped in a scanty plaid cloak, looking to my eyes like a famished wolf thirsting for blood. After a long imprisonment he was pardoned and went to Alabama, where report said he was finally hanged for another murder.

Henry Hook's daughter who had been seduced by Judah Barrett was married some years afterwards to Daniel Wingard, and her younger sister to Jesse Floyd. The latter was a boat builder by trade, and he, with Daniel Wingard and his brother Jeremy, went into the business of building and running boats to Charleston by way of the Santee Canal. The boats were built in pairs to match, so that after taking two loads down they were unloaded and one put into the other for the trip back. On one of their trips down they reported that their boats had accidentally taken fire and been destroyed with their loads of cotton. Suspicion was aroused and they were accused of burning the boats after taking out the cotton, which they hauled to the city by wagon and sold. Jeremy was arrested in Charleston, where I saw him in jail, and, at his request, consulted his attorney, James B. Campbell, respecting his case. Daniel came home, and, learning

that the Sheriff had a warrant for him, kept out of the way for some time, but sent word to the court house that he would kill any officer who should attempt to capture him. Presuming upon the Sheriff's want of energy for immunity from arrest, and as nothing had been done in the case for some weeks, he, as it were, in the mere spirit of bravado, rode up one afternoon into the court house yard, where a number of us were standing, with a double-barreled gun across his lap. Some one told Sheriff Harmon of his presence, and the warrant was given to his Deputy, Jacob Rall, (called gentleman Jacob to distinguish him from a namesake,) with orders to execute it. Rall came out, walked up to Wingard and commanded him to surrender. He cocked and presented his gun as Rall approached, but the latter never swerved or hesitated, and when in reach of the weapon seized it by the barrel, and, suddenly twisting it out of Wingard's hands, threw him to the ground on his feet, when, without a word, he raised and aimed it at his head. Dr. Simmons called out, "Shoot the d—n rascal!" but Rall forbore. It was all over in less than five minutes, and Wingard was safely lodged in jail.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEXINGTON.—Continued.

JUDGES AND LAWYERS—JUDGE GANTT, JUDGE O'NEALL—TOM HENDRIX AND ISAAC VANSANT—JUDGE BUTLER AND BARNEY LIVINGSTON—OLD GRIG CLARK—CASES IN COURT—JOSEPH KENNERLY'S WIDOW—DUNNING VS. PERMENTER, BREACH OF MARRIAGE CONTRACT—MEETZE AND SINGLETARY, ARSON AND FORGERY.

While serving as Clerk of Court, I of course became acquainted with the law Judges and the members of the bar

in our Circuit, which comprised the Districts of Richland, Newberry, Orangeburg and Lexington, with some from Edgefield who attended our Courts. The Judges were Richard Gantt, John S. Richardson, Baylis J. Earle, Josiah J. Evans, and part of the time J. B. O'Neill and A. P. Butler; the Solicitors, James J. Caldwell, afterwards Chancellor, and F. H. Elmore. Judge Gantt, with the kindest heart in the world, always leaned to mercy's side and took the part of the accused, insomuch that General Caldwell, while going the Circuit with him as prosecuting attorney, used to say that he kept a tally of the prisoners tried, where he put down all acquittals on the Judge's side and all convictions on his own. The Judge was, I think, the first public advocate of the temperance cause in the State, in which he was followed and far outdone by his enthusiastic brother O'Neill, who spoke and wrote on the subject ably and eloquently for many years on all occasions. Many anecdotes of Judge Gantt's eccentricity were related, but no one ever doubted his charity for all mankind and his especial sympathy for those in want or distress. He was extremely afraid of fire, and when holding Court in Columbia always lodged on the ground floor for easy exit in case of an alarm. Sometimes, to avoid the apprehended danger, he stayed at the house of John Smith at Smith's Branch. Mr. Smith was a sincere and pious Methodist of very simple manners and appearance, but the Judge pronounced him "a d'nd swinge cat at prayer." Once when a clergyman passed the night at the Judge's house, the whole household were called in for family worship, and at the minister's request the Judge agreed to lead in their devotions. Whilst thus engaged, a little fice dog in the room discovered that something unusual was going on and commenced sniffing, barking and jumping around the Judge, who endeavored by raising his voice to drown the noise made by the dog. But it had the contrary effect, and when his

Honor could stand the annoyance no longer, he suddenly changed his tone, and turned to a servant, saying "D'n that dog, take him out," then resumed and concluded his prayer.

General O'Neill was a practicing lawyer when I went to Lexington. He then represented Newberry in the House of Representatives, and as Speaker was distinguished for the rapid and correct dispatch of business, having a clear, loud voice, a fluent delivery and quick perception, and being one of the most rapid pensmen in the State. On the bench, he usually made up his mind at the outset of a case. In sentencing those convicted in the Court of Sessions, he threatened them loudly and severely and then generally let them off with a light penalty. Tom Hendrix (Hamlet) was once brought up before him for being drunk and disturbing the Court, and when the Judge asked him what reason he could give against being sent to board with the Sheriff, his reply, "May it please your Honor, he don't keep a good table," so pleased the Judge that he was discharged. Isaac Vansant, the Sheriff, swore that he kept a better table than Tom Hamlet ever sot down to.

As Chief Justice, Judge O'Neill presided over the Supreme Court for many years, and he was President of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad Company from the beginning to the completion of that enterprise. He was a great and good man, an honor to the State and District that produced him, to whose welfare and advancement all his aims and efforts were directed.

At the close of a Term held by Judge Butler, Barney Livingston, with some others, was brought up for disturbing the Court while drunk. The Judge lectured each of them severely till he came to Barney, whom he dismissed with the words, "Oh, it's you; you may go!" At this slight, as he construed it, the old fellow became very indignant, and when Court was over declared that he would have satisfaction,

when, finding that his Honor had gone up the road to Rall's, he took after him with the purpose of calling him to account.

Once, Grig Clark, an old Revolutionary soldier, appeared before Judge Gantt for the same offense, and in answer to the question why he should not be punished? accosted the Judge as follows: "Old Buck, I fout for you when you was in your mammy's arms; I'm one of the old blue hen's chickens; I've been where the bullets flew like hailstones." Old Grig lived to be near eighty without ever taking a dose of medicine and then died by a fall that disjointed his hip. He was temperate at home, but would stay drunk at the village for a week at a time, singing bawdy and patriotic songs of the olden time, always keeping a very short pipe in his mouth, and ready to strike the biggest man in the State if he hurrahed for King George, as the boys sometimes did to tease him.

One of his songs commenced—

"Come all you brave Virginians, I'll have you now to know,
That to assist the Bostonians you must prepare to go;
The King he has fell out with us, and wants to make us slaves;
Before that we'll agree to that, we'll first use our graves.
As to our noble Governor, he's acted very mean,
He's no friend to America, it's plainly to be seen;
I hear he's robbed the magazine of powder, and he's fled,
And if he don't return it, he'll surely lose his head."

Some cases in Court while I was Clerk deserve mention.

Joseph Kennerly, in the Fork, married a grass widow Platt, and after his death his heirs contested her right of dower on the ground that Platt was living when her marriage with deceased took place. In reply, she averred that she never was the lawful wife of Platt, because at the time of her alleged marriage to him she had a former husband alive, who died previous to her connection with Kennerly. Her maiden name was Stewart, and when the case came on for trial she was the wife of a stout man named Jenkins, who looked as if he might be her last husband.

The case of Mary Dunning against Evans Permenter, for breach of marriage contract, was brought by Major O'Hanlon, but before trial he swapped it with Caldwell & Jones for one brought by them against Wolf Hane for assault and battery. This exchange was effected, of course, by consent of the respective plaintiffs. Mary Dunning, a tall, stoop-shouldered Yankee old maid, who had lost about half of her teeth, was a housekeeper for William Baughman, who took boarders at Platt Springs, where a flourishing academy, established by Abram Geiger, had existed for many years. Permenter, the defendant, had been thrice married when the contract was alleged to have been made and before the trial had taken a fourth wife, who was then dead. He was bald on the top of the head, pot-bellied and bandy-legged, with a short, stout body, and broad patches of red whisker on each cheek. And he seemed completely dumbfounded as Caldwell dilated upon his power of fascinating the fair sex, styling him a "gallant, gay Lothario," who went about the country engaging the affections of tender and susceptible females and then breaking their hearts by desertion without cause. He closed by stating that defendant had had one, two—yea, three, four—wives, and was then ready for the fifth, and called upon the jury to curb this raging lion, or at least draw his teeth, by finding a heavy verdict for the plaintiff. The contrast between the man's appearance and Caldwell's description of him was striking and ludicrous beyond measure. Judge Richardson, who presided, charged the jury strongly against him, but they decided in his favor, and Caldwell got no fee for his services. Major O'Hanlon obtained a verdict of five hundred dollars damages against Hane, of which he retained one-half.

The cases of Meetze and Singletary excited great interest in Columbia and Lexington. Jacob Meetze was keeping a large stock of general merchandise at Dial's, corner of Main

and Camden streets, in Columbia, with an insurance for ten thousand dollars in a Charleston company, when his store took fire soon after closing at night and was destroyed, with most of the goods. Jesse Drafts bought cotton at the store and Singletary was Meetze's clerk. Soon after the fire, Meetze, with the assistance of Drafts and Singletary, made a claim for the amount insured and was paid in full. He then went to Charleston, leaving Singletary in charge of his accounts for collection. Some months later Singletary sold at a large discount to Henry Drafts, at Lexington, (a brother of Jesse,) a note on Meetze for two hundred dollars, payable thirty days after date at the Commercial Bank of Columbia, stating that he was about to depart for the far West. Henry Drafts took the note to Columbia next day and showed it to his brother Jesse, who pronounced it a forgery, and made oath before a Magistrate that, from the handwriting and other circumstances, he believed, and had good reason to believe, the paper to be forged by Singletary. A warrant was issued, and when the accused had been lodged in jail he sent for a Justice of the Peace and swore that Meetze had burnt his store and given him the note to keep the secret. On this Meetze was arrested in Charleston, brought to Columbia and put in the same jail with Singletary. The latter was tried at Lexington for forgery and the former for arson at Columbia. Colonel Elmore, the Solicitor, declined acting in either case, because of the awkward and inconsistent position in which he would be placed, and Singletary, with the aid of the insurance company, employed Blanding and DeSaussure of Columbia, with A. P. Butler of Edgefield, (afterwards Judge,) while Meetze was represented by Colonel Gregg, Colonel Preston and Captain Tradewell. The genuineness of Meetze's signature to the note and the origin of the fire were the main issues. The ability of the counsel, the consequences of a conviction to their clients, which elicited unusual

efforts, and Meetze's numerous and respectable family connections, all conspired to heighten the public agitation. Singletary was first tried and acquitted. Many and conflicting witnesses were examined as to the integrity of the signature, and while the preponderance in numbers and means of judging were against it, the uncertainty of all testimony on such a point was clearly shown, for very confident opinions were expressed on both sides by men equally intelligent, conscientious and disinterested. In Meetze's case all depended upon the testimony of Singletary, who testified, positively and circumstantially, that shortly before the fire Meetze had bought a keg of tar and placed it under the counter; that when the alarm of fire was made the floor was found covered with the tar, which had been poured out and ignited, making a broad, bright blaze that soon filled the apartment and consumed the building with its contents. To meet this statement, the defense first proved that Singletary had been gambling with Meetze's money, and once, while playing with Frank McCully, had reached across the table and stolen the stakes. In disproof of the story as to the origin of the fire, a keg of tar was brought into the Court room, and all efforts to set it on fire proved that tar cannot be made to burn until heated to the boiling point—a fact that was not generally known, and certainly not to Singletary, or he would have told a different tale. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" in a very few minutes, and Singletary departed from Columbia never to return.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO COLUMBIA—DEATH OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS—
NULLIFICATION CONVENTION—JOHN RANDOLPH, HENRY CLAY AND
THOMAS RITCHIE—FLORIDA WAR—KIBLER, SIMS AND PETIGRU—
LUTHERAN SEMINARY—DR. HAZELIUS.

General Lafayette visited the State in 1825, and by order of Governor Richard I. Manning a squadron of cavalry met him at the North Carolina line and escorted him to the capital, where a grand public dinner, in the basement of the State House, was given in his honor, and he was quartered during his stay with Isaac Randolph on the North side of Gervais street, East of Main. Old Billy Miller, a true soldier in the Revolution, who lived in the sand hills and always got drunk when he came to Columbia, was dressed up in a decent suit, and, among others, introduced to the General, who kindly inquired as to the state of his health, and, being told that it was very poor indeed, misunderstood the answer, and rejoined: "I am very 'appy to 'ear it, Monsieur Millare."

DEATH OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, Rev. Thomas Rall officiated at the anniversary celebration in Lexington and gave out the very appropriate Methodist hymn beginning—

"Blow ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds,
The year of jubilee is come," etc.

The almost miraculous event occurred that day of the death of Jefferson and Adams, *exactly* fifty years from the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence—the first named being its author, and the other one of the most decided and distinguished advocates of its adoption. The

chances were upwards of eighteen thousand to one in favor of the death of either of them on any other day of the half century, and that both should die then added incalculably to the odds. In connection with Mr. Jefferson's death, his granddaughter, Mrs. Randolph, relates the following anecdote: A near neighbor and great admirer of his, knowing that he was failing rapidly, prayed that he might be spared till the Fourth of July, and rejoiced heartily on learning that he had crowned his earthly career by dying on that day. When it was reported, soon after, that John Adams had also departed on the same day, he regarded it as detracting from the fame of the sage of Monticello and swore it was a lie. But on the fact being established, he pronounced it a "d'nd Yankee trick on the part of Adams."

NULLIFICATION.

The Nullification Convention that met at Columbia in November, 1832, brought together as great an array of talent and patriotism as ever was assembled in the State. James Hamilton, Jr., then Governor, presided, and among its members were William Harper, Robert Y. Hayne, George McDuffie, Robert J. Turnbull, Job Johnston, F. H. Wardlaw, Armistead Burt, Stephen D. Miller, John Lide Wilson, Daniel E. Huger, John B. O'Neill, C. J. Colcock, John S. Richardson, R. W. Barnwell, R. Barnwell Rhett, Benjamin F. Perry, ex-Governor Richard I. Manning, and F. H. Elmore. Its proceedings were also approved by Mr. Calhoun, Colonel Preston and Governor Hammond, the two last named attending and taking part in the caucus discussions of the Nullifiers as to the measures that were adopted.

These were an ordinance declaring the tariff law of July, 1832, unconstitutional, null and void, and directing and authorizing the Legislature to provide the means for prohibit-

ing its enforcement within the State after the 1st of March, 1833; at the same time announcing that South Carolina would secede from the Union if any attempt should be made to use force in carrying out the law, but signifying her willingness to submit to the decision of a convention of all the States. The General Government was then practically out of debt, and a few years later distributed among the several States a surplus of many millions, collected, not for revenue, but mainly and avowedly for protection. As one of the original framers of the Constitution which gave the General Government all its powers and defined their limitations, the State claimed the right to decide when that instrument was violated, and, in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous infraction thereof, to interpose, in her sovereign capacity, for the correction of the evil and the protection of her citizens from its consequences, or to peaceably withdraw from a Union that failed to observe the conditions and subserve the purposes for which it had been created. President Jackson, on the other hand, issued an address and proclamation denying that the States ever were separate or sovereign; asserting the supremacy of the Federal Government, and threatening to enforce the law by military power, if necessary; whilst Congress enacted the Force Bill, empowering him to coerce the State into submission. This proclamation he afterwards authorized the *Richmond Enquirer* to explain, modify or qualify so as to show that he meant not what he had said but something different.

In response, Governor Hayne's proclamation (one of the most eloquent and powerful State papers ever issued) defied him to execute his threats and commanded all good citizens to sustain the State, to whom their allegiance was due, on pain of the penalties for treason. The condition of affairs was for some time extremely critical. But the firm stand taken by the State effected the passage of Mr. Clay's com-

promise Act, reducing the duties on *all* imports in a course of years to the *uniform* rate of 20 per cent., which was regarded as a fair revenue standard. Before the expiration of the prescribed time this compromise was violated, and the tariff question has ever since been the subject of debate and dissension. Although the stern and irrevocable arbitrament of war has since annihilated State rights and established the paramount authority of the National Government, yet the reports and addresses of the convention deserve the careful perusal and study of young politicians, for they contain a fund of useful and instructive information on the tariff and on the origin and character of the General Government not to be found elsewhere, and not inapplicable to the condition of our country as it is now and may be in the future. They are perfect models of a style both pure and forcible. After all was over, Governor Hamilton declared that South Carolina had come out of the contest "*armed cap a pie* and not a feather quivering in her plume." On looking over a list of the delegates, I recognize but two besides myself as surviving, Rev. Peter J. Shand and ex-Governor B. F. Perry.

I was informed, confidentially, some years after, that Governor Hayne had made arrangements, if a blow had been struck at the State, to kidnap General Jackson at Washington and bring him a prisoner to South Carolina, where he was to be held as a hostage, in the belief that Vice-President Van Buren had neither the nerve nor the influence to carry on a war, and that a compromise would be made or the State be allowed to secede peaceably.

This information I have never mentioned till now, when, after the lapse of half a century, the Statute of Limitation seems to warrant its publication, as showing the extremity to which we were prepared to go in vindication of our rights.

Now as to other matters. The duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph was not solely on account of Randolph's

strictures on Clay's support of Adams for the Presidency, in which he called it a union of the Puritan and the blackleg and compared them to Black George and Blifil in Fielding's novel of Tom Jones. Randolph assailed Clay's personal integrity, accusing him of trickery whilst acting as Speaker of the House. He stated in one of his discursive harangues in the Senate, that, on the passage of a certain bill in the House which he had opposed, he inquired of the Speaker whether a motion to reconsider would be in order and received the answer, "Certainly, the gentleman from Virginia knows that he has the right to make such motion;" that it being late at night he proposed making the motion next day. That he learnt by some means of the Speaker's intention to send the bill immediately to the Senate, where on the morrow the clock was to be put forward half an hour and the Bill presented and passed before the meeting of the House, thus preventing him from making the proposed motion to reconsider. He said that early next morning he took Mr. John Gaillard, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, into a Committee room, informed him what was intended, and that they remained there till the regular hour for the meeting of the Senate, thus precluding Mr. Clay from making the excuse that the Senate had acted upon the bill and the motion to reconsider came too late. In the duel Randolph received Clay's fire, but failed to return it, saying afterwards that he would not have killed him for all the land upon the king of rivers. Clay's ball passed through the skirt of his adversary's gown, and being told by the latter that he owed him a new coat, replied, "I am glad that I am no *deeper* in your debt."

Randolph said of Thomas Ritchie, editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*: "He is always harping on principles; he is a man of principles; of seven principles—five loaves and two fishes." He sided with the Nullifiers in 1832 and 1833, and denounced the doctrines of Mr. Jackson's proclamation, as

he called it, in scathing terms at a public meeting in Virginia.

FLORIDA WAR.

On the breaking out of the Florida War the regiment commanded by Colonel Caughman was ordered to meet at Williamson's to raise a company for the campaign. It was bitter cold weather in February, 1836, the mill ponds being frozen over. An old fellow named Clark, who was half drunk, had charge of the house when I arrived the evening before the parade. He walked to the door, calling Jack, Tom, Jim and others, and when they failed to appear went himself to the yard and brought in the wood for a blazing fire that was soon burning on the big hearth that nearly filled one end of the building. He continued drinking till the morning of the third day, occasionally singing a verse or two of a song that had been very popular during the War of 1812, with the refrain :

"A soldier is a gentleman;
His honor is his life,
And he that won't stand by his post
Shall ne'er lie by his wife—
Shall ne'er lie by his wife."

And he then joined the company on the way to Orangeburg as a volunteer.

At night the camp fires of the militia lit up the woods in every direction from the hill on which Williamson's house stood. After supper, seeing there were more guests than bed room, I asked Tommy Williamson where I was to sleep and was pointed to a comfortable-looking bed. Soon after his wife came in and I overheard her protesting against giving up her bed, but he assured her that she and the children could get along very well by the fire in the kitchen. Discovering that her bed had been promised me, I told him that I would

lie out of doors sooner than his wife and her little ones should be exposed to the weather, and made my way into the middle room, where I got into a bed between two of my acquaintances. But he soon gave his wife's bed to somebody else, and she and her family were turned into the kitchen. A number of old toppers, who sat up all night drinking by the fire in the big room, kept me awake most of the time. Among them Jim Calk, from Lexington village, was just drunk enough to be talkative. He would declare: "Now, gentlemen, listen to me. Ef I do go, I'll kill some Indian or some nigger or some mean white man, just as sure as I pass this liquor from my left hand to my right and then drink it. Ef I don't, I wish I may be dn'ed, and that's as good as ef I had sworn it." This he repeated many times, and next morning he was among the first that applied to the surgeon for an exemption, showing a scar on one of his legs, but the doctor said he saw nothing amiss with the leg except that it wanted washing. Just before day old Barney Livingston came in from the camp, whooping and swearing that he was the best man on Tommy Williamson's mill hill, and could lick any one that ever had the measles as quick as hell could scorch a feather. The company was easily made up of volunteers and two members offered for the Captaincy—Joe Lee and Paul Quattlebaum, Lee offering to go if elected, and Quattlebaum declaring that he would go, elected or not. The latter was chosen, and they spent several months in Florida, most of the time in a stockade at Volusia, without seeing the Indians, except once, when they made an attack upon the post in open day, but the coolness and courage of Captain Quattlebaum and others, who deliberately fired their rifles at the invaders, soon put them to flight.

Whilst living in Lexington I accidentally had something to do on the same day with two distinguished men in Charleston. On my way there for the purchase of goods I overtook John Kibler, a merchant in upper Dutch Fork, a few miles

from the city. He was on horseback, accompanied by a couple of wagons loaded with cotton, and we rode on to Charleston together, where I saw him no more. But when starting home, three or four mornings after, I met him in the suburbs going back, and he told me that he had lost three hundred dollars the day before. That after selling his cotton and buying some goods, he had left Charleston with his wagons, having the amount named above in new twenty dollar bills of the Planters' and Mechanics' Bank, which he had put into a pocketbook containing a number of papers. Near the Six Mile House he had left the wagons and rode on ahead, dismounted at the house, gone in and got a drink, then led his horse to the middle of the road, where he took out the pocketbook, and, seeing nothing of the wagons, remounted and started down the road to meet them. After going some two hundred yards he missed the pocketbook and turned to go where he had taken it from his pocket, when he met a Mrs. Blackman riding in a gig driven by a negro boy. When in speaking distance she called him by name and said: "You are looking for your pocketbook; here it is. I found it in the road and your papers are scattered about on the ground." Upon his asking for the money, she replied that there was none in it, and, handing it to him, drove on towards the city. Mrs. Blackman was a respectable lady, whose husband kept the Twenty-nine Mile House, a well known place of public entertainment, where I had often stopped and been well treated. Kibler suspected her of taking the money, and at his request I returned with him to the city, where we applied for a warrant to William Gilmore Simms, who was then a young lawyer acting as a Magistrate and having an office high up on the East side of King street. After hearing Kibler's statement he gave us a note to Mr. Petigru, Attorney General, inquiring as to his duty in the premises. We found Mr. Petigru at his house, and he directed Simms to issue

the warrant on Kibler's making the proper affidavit. This was done, and when we found a Constable to make the arrest I left Kibler, not wishing to take any further part in the matter. Mrs. Blackman was brought before the Justice, where she stated that before finding the pocketbook two men had crossed the road at that point. No money like Kibler's was found in her possession, and she was of course discharged. Kibler's neighbors said that he was in embarrassed circumstances and they suspected him of inventing the story to avoid the payment of his debts. What the real facts were I never knew, except that he was quite drunk when the affair took place. On our way home next day, when near Blackman's house, we discovered him and two or three others in a yard with guns in their hands and I expected a bloody row, but they had heard nothing from the city and were merely preparing for a hunt, so that we passed in peace.

The establishment of the Lutheran Seminary brought Rev. Ernest L. Hazelius from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to Lexington as its President, he having presided over a similar institution at the former place. A thoroughly educated Prussian, he had all the simplicity of a child as to worldly things, united with most open, unassuming manners and kindly disposition. What was strange for a German, he could neither sing nor smoke. Of all the men that I have known, but three or four seemed to be without fault. Dr. Hazelius, West Caughman, Rev. W. A. Gamewell and Rev. Thomas Rall, in my judgment, came as near perfection as human nature ever attains.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO COLUMBIA.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE COMMERCIAL BANK—THE BRANCH BANK—NEW MERCHANTS AND MEN OF BUSINESS—THE CLERGY, THE COLLEGE, THE ACADEMIES, THE SEMINARY—RECEIPTS OF COTTON—ELECTION IN 1840.

Notwithstanding the kindness and favor that I had received at Lexington, I resolved on returning to Columbia, as affording me a wider field and one more suited to my taste. So, on the 1st of January, 1839, I went into the Commercial Bank as Teller, on a salary of \$1,500, leaving my family at Lexington till the next winter, and riding back and forth two or three times every week. And I added to this income by keeping books when not engaged in the bank, being employed among others by Mr. DuBose, State Treasurer, to post and balance the accounts in his office, and some years later all my spare time was occupied quite profitably in the propagation and sale of fruit trees. Thus I kept out of debt and increased my capital regularly, which very few salaried officers ever do.

My removal to Columbia was against the wishes of all my friends at Lexington, but I never had cause to regret it. The place in the bank suited me exactly, and the horseback exercise completely restored my health, which had been seriously impaired by dyspepsia. It made me intimate and lifelong friends among the officers, Directors and customers of the institution, and with the exception of one of the officers I never had a quarrel or disagreement with any of them during my thirteen years as Teller and thirteen more as Cashier.

The officers were John A. Crawford, President; Andrew McLaughlin, Cashier, and B. D. Boyd, Bookkeeper, with Wm. P. Butler, who had been elected Discount Clerk when I was made Teller. For Directors we had Andrew Wallace,

John Bryce, David Ewart, Wm. F. DeSaussure, Wm. Law, Richard O'Neale, Judge David Johnson, Wm. Gregg, Dr. Thomas Wells, James L. Clark, G. T. Snowden and Alex. Kirk, followed by Isaac S. Cohen, James S. Guignard, Rev. Peter J. Shand, Robert Latta, John I. Gracey and others.

In the Branch Bank Colonel R. G. Goodwyn was President; D. J. McCord, Cashier; James L. Clark, Teller; Rev. Robert Henry, Notary; John Fisher, Bookkeeper, and Nat. Ramsay, Discount Clerk.

In place of the merchants and business men that I had known, a set of new comers were in Columbia. Among them were Mr. O'Neale, Law & Ellison, Mr. Snowden, J. & R. Caldwell, I. S. Cohen, the Cozenses, B. L. McLaughlin, Bernard Reilly, James and Robert Cathcart, Chambers & Campbell, Frank and John McCully, G. M. Thompson, Andrew, Daniel and Matthew Crawford, A. C. Squier, the Kennedys, Charles Neuffer, Alex. Marks, J. M. Blakeley, Amzi Neely, James Fenton, Kinsler & McGregor, Manuel Friday, Felix Meetze, Eaton & Anderson, Rice Dulin, J. B. Ulm, N. B. Hill, John H. Heise, I. D. Mordecai, O. Z. Bates, P. H. Flanigan with his brothers Dick and Tom, J. S. McMahon, John I. Gracey, John Veal, T. J. Radcliffe, Wm. Glaze and others. Pat Flanigan once claimed kin with Judge O'Neill, and, being asked how they were related, replied, jocularly, that he had come within a fortnight of marrying the Judge's niece.

Thomas Davis, the bricklayer, and Charles Beck, carpenter, both made large fortunes, and John Loomis, ——— Wheeler and Eli Killian had started a steam mill for dressing lumber. Nat Pope, the butcher, fed most of the people—many of them at his own expense, as they failed to pay him for the meat they eat.

Of the clergy, I recollect Revs. P. J. Shand, George Howe, A. W. Leland, J. H. Thornwell, Wm. Martin, Nicholas Talley, Father Bermingham and the O'Connells. In the

College were Messrs. R. W. Barnwell, President, Rev. Dr. Stephen Elliott, Chaplain and Professor of the Evidences of Christianity and Sacred Literature, while Dr. Thornwell had the Professorship of Logic and Belles Lettres, rendered vacant by the death of Professor Nott, which he resigned in May, 1839, to take effect at the close of the year, with a view to accept the pastorship of the Presbyterian Church in Columbia. In this charge, however, he remained but a single twelve months, when he was recalled to the College as Chaplain and Professor of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity, on the election of Dr. Elliott as Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia. In the medical profession Drs. H. H. Toland and R. W. Gibbes were new comers. Dr. Marks's Female Institute at Barhamville was in a very flourishing condition, and he built, rented and sold houses on the hills around. The Columbia Male Academy was in charge of James M. Daniel, and the Female Academy in that of Washington Muller. The Presbyterian Seminary had been established whilst I was at Lexington, Mr. Ewart and Mr. Beck giving ten thousand dollars each, and Mrs. Agnes Law five thousand towards its establishment.

Of all those above named, with the clerks and assistants they employed, but few remain at the end of forty five years, the clergy showing the best record in that respect out of their limited number—Mr. Shand and Mr. Martin being still spared. Not a lawyer or doctor survives. The only others that I can recall are Mr. Squier, Mr. Levy, Captain Stanley, Mr. Agnew, Mr. Chambers, Mr. McGregor, Mr. Bates, Mr. Pope and Mr. Blakely.

How truly may I say while walking our streets—

“ When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.”

Ainsley Hall's store and dwelling had been converted into a hotel kept by Colonel William Rice, of Union, and afterwards by Davis Caldwell. Mrs. Gandy had a boarding house up town that was well patronized, and Dr. Roach had another on Plain street, just West of Assembly. Colonel A. H. Gladden married Mrs. Gandy's daughter Mary.

The receipts of cotton, which reached a hundred and twenty thousand bales one year, and the live stock from Kentucky and Tennessee, made Columbia a lively place in the winter and employed all the banking capital, amounting, after the opening of the Exchange Bank, to two and a half millions. The present capital employed here in banking is less than one-tenth of that amount. I have seen Main street so crowded with wagons from the site of the present post-office to Butcher Town as to be almost impassable for carriages or gigs. Cotton Town was built up by the traffic in that staple with large grocery, provisions and storage establishments, which did a very extensive and profitable business till the completion of the up country railroads, contrary to our expectations, transferred this trade from Columbia to the towns and villages above. Thus our municipal and individual subscriptions to the stock of these roads, instead of benefiting Columbia, deprived her for a time of the main source of her prosperity and left her dependent upon the immediate neighborhood for support. This result was foretold by but two of our citizens—John A. Crawford and Stephen C. DeBruhl—who publicly opposed the subscriptions, and the latter afterwards boasted that they were the only sensible men in Columbia. But the spirit of progress was abroad in the land then and all opposition to its course proved useless.

Mr. DeBruhl and Dr. Fitch were next door neighbors, on the North side of Gervais street, near Mr. Agnew's present residence. A tree that the Doctor wanted out of the way

stood on DeBruhl's side of the pavement, and, as they were not on good terms, he knew it would be useless to make a direct proposition for its removal. So he got a friend to tell DeBruhl that Fitch threatened to indict him if he cut it down. He immediately called one of his negroes to bring his axe, and after the tree was laid low received the information that, contrary to his intention, he had fulfilled his neighbor's wishes.

THE ELECTION OF 1840.

This was more excited and exciting than any other that had occurred in Richland. It turned upon the financial policy of President Van Buren's sub-treasury scheme of severing all connection between the Government and the banks. After Jackson removed the public deposits from the United States Bank, he caused them to be placed in certain selected State banks. These, to sustain the popularity of the President's policy, made unsafe and injudicious loans and investments, inflating the currency so as to produce a suspension of specie payments and widespread panic throughout the country in 1837. Van Buren then recommended the sub-treasury and its branches, where the public funds should be kept, while the Whig party, led by Mr. Clay, urged the recharter of the United States Bank to manage the finances of the Government. Mr. Calhoun had acted with the Whigs in opposing Jackson's course as to the United States Bank and the pet State banks, and Van Buren was so odious in South Carolina, from the belief in his intriguing and corrupt practices, that no measure proposed by him could get a fair hearing. Great was the surprise, therefore, when Mr. Calhoun was reported as approving the sub-treasury plan, and some of his friends called the report a slander upon his character. It proved true, however, and caused a wide division

among our politicians and people, while showing Mr. Calhoun's independence of opinions at home, and that he was not a follower but a leader on great public questions.

Colonel Elmore, our Representative in Congress, after carefully feeling his way, concluded to follow the lead of Mr. Calhoun; while Colonel Preston, Mr. Calhoun's colleague in the Senate, adhered to Mr. Clay and his party. Richland and her leading men were about equally divided: On one side were the Elmore, F. H. and B. T., the Taylors, Colonels James and Maxcy Gregg, Colonel Goodwyn, Major Stark, Dr. LaBorde, William M. Myers, W. W. Eaton, John C. Thornton, Jesse DeBruhl and others. On the other the Prestons and Hamptons, Colonel McCord, General Adams and the rest of the Adamses, ex-Governor Butler, Captain Tradewell, Mr. Boatwright, Mr. Ewart, Dr. Sill and Captain Bookter, (Old Thermopylæ.) For two or three weeks before the election both parties assembled at beat of drum soon after dark, and, parading Main street with great noise, were joined by their respective followers and marched to their headquarters—the Democrats to Coleman's Theatre, generally headed by Bill Myers; and the Whigs, under the lead of Governor Butler, to Peckham's Carolina Hall, up stairs, near where Palmer's tin shop now is, each party keeping its own side of the street to prevent a collision. There they were addressed in the most exciting and inflammatory language, which was applauded in proportion to its bitterness. The Democrats, to intimidate their opponents, brought from abroad a set of roughs, low, dirty-looking ruffians, who wore red caps and were apparently ready for any act of violence. They also invited to their aid the passionate eloquence of McDuffie, who made a bitter and savage personal attack on Colonel Preston. The Whigs on their part had a grand demonstration and barbecue in Taylor Town, where speeches were made by Preston, Legare and Waddy Thompson. An

idea of the existing feeling may be gathered from the fact that when Mr. John A. Crawford proposed to Colonel Goodwyn an arrangement or understanding for each party to go to the polls by turns, in order to prevent an outbreak, the Colonel rejected the proposition with the remark that the sooner an outbreak came the better, to which Crawford replied, "If it comes to that, you are my man." And they were not hot-headed youths, but both beyond middle age. The sand hill population were in all their glory. Each party strove to secure their votes, by direct bribery and all manner of tricks, such as making voters drunk several days before the election and keeping them imprisoned in bull pens till the polls were opened, when they were marched up in a body, headed by their leaders, and closely guarded until their votes were deposited in the ballot box. At one of their night meetings in the country a number of common strumpets from the "Holy Land" in Columbia were hired to go out and join in the frolic. Old Joel Medlin, Charles Manning, some of the Goingses and others made enough by the election to support their families for a year.

One night the Democrats marched down street and raised a loud hurrah when just opposite the hall where the other party was in session, and some one reported that they were coming over to attack the Whigs. Governor Butler called out in a voice of thunder, "Let's go out and meet them!" but it proved to be a false alarm. Another night a motion was made to invite the ladies to the Whig meetings, and when objection was raised that the room was too small, Colonel McCord rose, and, with a broad grin, said: "Mr. President, I think we could *squeeze* the women in here." The election passed peaceably, and resulted in the return of Colonel James Gregg, of the Democrats, for Senator, and the entire Whig ticket as Representatives: General Adams, Captain Tradewell, Captain Wade and Joseph A. Black, who

received majorities of from three to thirty, out of over 1,200 votes. This election was contested, and Edmund Bellinger, Esq., of Barnwell, Chairman of the Committee of Privileges and Elections, to which it was referred in the House, made a report, taking the ground that, as the ballot was intended to be secret in this State, neither the Committee nor the Legislature had the right to go behind the returns and inquire how any man had voted. His report, which might be profitably read and studied by our young lawyers and politicians, was adopted, and, consequently, the members were all seated. But the Legislature was largely Democratic, and they brought A. H. Pemberton from Augusta to edit a paper in support of their views, giving the new organ the public printing, to the exclusion of A. S. Johnston, former State Printer, who adhered to the fortunes of his friend and relative, Colonel Preston. The ensuing controversy between the two editors soon led to personalities, followed by a collision, in which Johnston struck Pemberton with a switch or stick in Main street, and the latter, after blustering loudly, with Bill Myers at his back, let the insult pass. Myers was the man who *did not* fight a duel with Captain Tradewell. During his administration as Intendant, the rock drains, which have been so serviceable in carrying off the water from our streets, were commenced and met with great opposition from many citizens, but he persisted in having them built.

Samuel Weir, a fearless, independent and bitter partisan, also edited a Whig paper and applied very filthy and abusive language to Pemberton. At the Presidential election of 1840, General Harrison, the "hard cider and log cabin" candidate, defeated Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Clay was greatly elated at the prospect of a triumphant Whig administration, with the re-enactment of all his favorite measures; but the death of the new President within a month left Vice-President Tyler at the head of the Government and a change of policy ensued.

SIDNEY PARK.

The question who founded the Park having been recently made, I addressed the following communication on the subject to *The Daily Register*, and now repeat it here as connected with my recollections of Columbia:

The hill side above the springs that supply the city with water, extending from Governor Taylor's (now Judge Haskell's) residence to and beyond Shields's foundry, was of solid red clay, scored and scarred by a number of deep gullies that made it very rough and unsightly. A. S. (Sid.) Johnston, being in the City Council, proposed that a wide, level road should be made around the springs some distance above them by cutting down the hill, and that the portion below the road should be fenced in and converted into a public park, by planting it in grass, trees, flowers and shrubbery, with roads or paths graded and running through it to the several springs, which should be opened and protected by brick or stone enclosures, having seats at various points for the convenience of visitors, and thus making it a place of pleasant and healthful resort—an ornament instead of a nuisance and an eye-sore, as it had been. This, the outline of his plan, was adopted by the Council and a sufficient sum appropriated to defray the expense, Mr. Johnston directing and for some time superintending its execution. Now, is it not strange that the very name of one who contributed so much to the comfort and convenience of our citizens should be misspelt over the portals of the park that he established? [The name as painted over the gate leading into the enclosure was S-y-dney Park, but it has since been corrected. Such is earthly fame!]

So thoroughly was the Park known as the product of his brain and his hands, that the Council, at the time of his death I believe, ordered it, in his honor, to be called Sidney Park.

A brother of General Joe Johnston, he was for some years State Printer, editor of the *Columbia Telescope* and other papers in Columbia, and was also the author and publisher of a small volume entitled "The Memoirs of a Nullifier," a very caustic and witty production.

Edward Young, a brother of Charles Young, the tragedian, at one time kept a restaurant at one of the springs in the Park, and the place was often used for barbecues, fireworks and public meetings.

Algernon Sidney, whose name Mr. Johnston bore, was a celebrated Republican writer in the seventeenth century, who sealed his devotion to the cause of liberty with his blood, being beheaded in the reign of Charles the Second after his trial for treason before the infamous Chief Justice Jeffries, who, on insufficient evidence, ordered the jury to find him guilty and was obeyed.

It comes within my knowledge that Mr. Glaze, though not the founder or projector of the Park, always took a deep interest in its promotion and improvement.

Before the Park was set apart the following exciting scene occurred in its vicinity. One summer day, three or four little boys from up town were missing at dinner time, when such lads are apt to be punctual. A search traced them to the reservoir, or basin, on the hill overlooking the Park grounds, and some one suggested that they might have got over the wall and been drowned by falling into the water. This was repeated to the parents of the children, among whom were Mr. Hennies, the cooper, and old Mrs. Brown, mother of George Brown, the stonecutter, and grandmother of one of the boys. She received the news while at home, "on hospitable cares intent," and, accoutred as she was, in an old loose gown with slipshod slippers and mob cap, "her streamers waving in the wind," set out for the place, clapping her hands and making a loud outcry at every step.

A crowd soon collected, but the wall was ten feet high, and while one went for a ladder to surmount it the boys appeared emerging from a gully at a distance below. It was then noticed, for the first time, that the children could not possibly have scaled the enclosure. Mrs. Brown welcomed her offspring with loud demonstrations of gratitude and delight. Not so Mr. Hennies. Provoked at the waste of so much time and trouble, he picked up a brickbat and made at his son, threatening to kill him, and it was all the bystanders could do to keep him from knocking out the boy's brains *because he had not drowned himself in the basin.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

COLONEL BUTLER AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DICKERSON—MY ASSIGNMENT—ROBERT LATTA, JOHN A. CRAWFORD, JOHN CALDWELL AND HENRY LYONS—THE FRESHET OF 1852—MY ELECTION AS CASHIER—THE SUSPENSION OF 1857—THE COLLEGE RIOT.

In 1846 came the war with Mexico, and my son Henry, excited by the speeches of some of our leading men who spoke of "bleaching their bones on the Rio Grande" but took care to stay at home, volunteered for the campaign. Ex-Governor P. M. Butler, though absent from the State at the time, was elected Colonel of the Palmetto Regiment, and ——— Dickerson, of Camden, Lieutenant-Colonel, with A. H. Gladden as Major. On their departure, late in December, 1846, they were addressed by Governor David Johnson. Major N. R. Eaves, a wealthy and patriotic old bachelor of Chester, although of small stature and beyond middle age, bore the flag of his company and went through the campaign

unhurt; and Colonel H. I. Caughman, of Lexington, volunteered in the ranks as a private, receiving in the suburbs of the Mexican capital a wound in the foot which lamed him for life.

The survivors returned in July, 1848, under command of Major Gladden, both Butler and Dickerson having been killed shortly before our army entered the City of Mexico. They were greeted with great demonstrations of joy and gratitude in Columbia, where a grand military parade, a torchlight procession, the universal illumination of the town and any number of addresses were pronounced in their honor. My son came home in safety, after participating in the capture of Vera Cruz, the march to the valley of Mexico and the fighting around that city before its surrender. As a singular fact, it was noticed that of the poor men from the country, who were used to roughing it while at home, more died in proportion to their number than of the city boys, unaccustomed as they were to the exposure and privations of the camp.

The remains of Colonel Butler were afterwards brought back from Mexico and received in Columbia in the presence of a large concourse of our people, who were addressed on the occasion by General (then Colonel) John S. Preston; and those of Lieutenant Colonel Dickerson were honored in like manner at Camden.

In 1848 I was forced, by the failure of a friend for whom I had endorsed largely, to make an assignment of all my property, which was worth about seven thousand dollars. In this assignment I provided for the payment of my own debts in full, and on the security liabilities in proportion to the number of other sureties; thus, if there were but one beside myself, to pay one-half; if two, one-third, &c.; so that if the others paid their shares no creditor would lose by us. If my property should prove insufficient to meet such payments I

proposed making up the deficiency out of my future earnings and asked for no discharge till the payments were made. The Commercial Bank, as one of the largest creditors, not only acquiesced in the proposed arrangement, but assisted me in carrying it out by electing my son to the office of Bookkeeper, (just then made vacant by the death of Alexander Campbell,) with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. My assets falling short, we devoted all we made for upwards of three years to the fulfilment of the agreement. This statement is made because it affords me the opportunity of recording my obligations to John A. Crawford, John Caldwell and Robert Latta for their aid in effecting my design. The two first named generously offered, of their own accord, to buy in at my sale such property as I needed, and, after paying for same, to wait with me till I could redeem it, allowing me to keep and use it in the meantime. Mr. Latta had not been thought of by any of us in connection with the affair. He had retired from active business with a large fortune, and removed from the up country to Columbia some years previously, buying and occupying the place now known as the Benedict Institute, which had belonged to Major Tom Taylor. Being a Director in the Commercial Bank, and owning one thousand shares of its stock, he visited it nearly every day, and the officers became very well acquainted with him. He was a tall, thin old man, who paid very little attention to anything but his own business, watching over it incessantly, and exacting from his numerous tenants and other debtors the uttermost farthing that they owed him, to such an extent that his reputation was that of a close-fisted miser, who cared for nothing but his own interest, and he was probably the last man that I would have thought of going to for a favor. But his conduct in my case proved how greatly his character was mistaken. On the day before my sale he came to the bank, and, taking me out, inquired if it was true that my house was to be sold on the

morrow. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he proposed, if I would let him, to buy the house and give me my own time to pay for it. I told him in reply that he took me very much by surprise—that I had no claims upon him; had not expected such an offer, and had arranged for the purchase to be made by Crawford and Caldwell, but that I would take him at his word, with many thanks, and leave them to buy in my personal effects. Accordingly, when the sale took place, he bid for my homestead as much as I thought it was worth, and offered to go further, but I allowed it to be knocked down to the agent of one of the Charleston creditors for three thousand dollars. He then bought for me the house on Lady street for about half that price. During the summer he went to New York by way of Charleston, and on arriving there wrote to me that whilst in Charleston he had bought my house from the purchaser at the sale and that I should have it back on his return. When he returned in the fall he exchanged the one place for the other, leaving me to pay the lower price for the better house, and saying I should have had my house if he had received nothing in exchange for it. In justice to his memory, and in gratitude for his generosity, I could not do less than to make these facts public.

In another respect he showed an inconsistency such as I have observed in many other persons, though perhaps not in the same degree.

In making improvements in the grounds about his house he consulted Mr. Crawford as to the size, form and location of the outhouses and other appurtenances, even for the building of a pig pen. Yet at this time he went to Charleston, and, without asking advice from any one, made changes in his investments to the extent of thirty thousand dollars, thus proving that he had confidence in his own judgment when large amounts were involved, whilst unable to decide on the merest trifles.

Mr. Crawford was one of the best friends I ever had, not only on that occasion but to the end of his life, in 1876. He had a full share of his native Irish self-confidence, with great decision of character, a strong will and very impulsive temperament, indulging and expressing his likes and dislikes quite freely. He was a close observer of men and things, without much education, and rather inclined to disparage book learning; had been well trained as a merchant and bookkeeper, was a pretty good physician and had a decided mechanical turn, never seeing a piece of machinery without suggesting some change or improvement in it. As a practical business man, his strong, clear common sense and untiring industry enabled him to manage the bank with great success, while securing and retaining the confidence of the Directors, the stockholders and the community.

Mr. Caldwell, with less education and no training, gained a large fortune and attained a place among the foremost rank in mercantile life, being for many years a successful cotton factor and President of the Exchange Bank and also of the South Carolina Railroad, which, with its extended and complicated interests and connections, he managed admirably. Some months before my assignment he asked me one day how I expected to get through my difficulties, and when I told him I should have nothing left he replied quietly: "If you need any help, call on me."

And here I must notice Captain Henry Lyons, who some years later became a Director of the bank and was a citizen of too much prominence to be passed over in silence. He had been a merchant for many years, and, after marrying when on the old bachelor's list, retired with a competency, and owned the valuable house and lot at the Southeast corner of Bull and Lady streets, where he lived in princely style, enjoying the fruits of an extensive garden, orchard, vineyard and hot-houses. A very heavy, corpulent man, with strongly marked

Jewish features, of free and easy manners and address, and very simple and confiding disposition, he had traveled in Southern Europe and in Cuba, knew everybody in and about Columbia, both whites and blacks, while, with a never failing fund of good humor, he had a good word for all he met. He served as Mayor or Intendant more than one term, and whilst in that office met with the following adventure: Josh Sowden, Chief of Police, having shown him one morning a dispatch from Augusta with a notice that a noted pick-pocket would arrive in Columbia that day, he proposed to Colonel Maybin, one of the Aldermen, that they should take a stroll up town and look out for the fellow, but failing to find him they separated, and the Captain started home. Somewhere on upper Bull street he was accosted by a well dressed stranger with some remark on the beauty of Columbia. This was taking him on his weak side and they readily engaged in conversation while walking down till near his home, when the gentleman, bidding him good morning, took his course towards Main street, leaving the Captain delighted with his companion. Some time in the course of the day he had a call for some money, and on searching his pockets missed the wallet in which he always carried small change. After a thorough search it could not be found and he supposed he had accidentally dropped it. But a few days after it was found in the Presbyterian church yard near the wall where the two had passed, but without any money, and it then appeared that the unsuspecting Mayor had been robbed by the very thief he was looking for.

At his suggestion an exhibition of fruit was got up in Columbia, over which he presided, and once a week in the summer season a fine collection was exhibited in the hall above Dr. Gibbes's printing office on Washington street, near Newnham's present paint shop. He and Mayor Guignard had each a square of four acres mostly in trees, Mr. Crawford had

two acres, and Mrs. Mayrant and myself orchards of considerable size, and we also received contributions from others in town as well as from William Summer of Pomaria, Dr. Kirsh of Chester, Mr. Fentress, of Greensboro, N. C., and from various other places. Our exhibitions were largely attended, both by visitors and by members of the association, who examined, tested and passed upon the comparative merits of the specimens on hand, reporting same for premiums to the State Fair in November, which met too late in the season for many varieties. Thus, by showing the numbers, variety and excellence of fruits produced in the State, a taste and competition for their cultivation was created, which added very much to their production. And such an institution ought to be reorganized now, since it would promote the health, comfort and profit of the whole community.

One morning Mr. Crawford, while taking a drive, found at Asylum Branch a round yellow flint rock looking like a fine plum in shape and color, but twice the size that fruit ever gets to be. This he brought to the bank, where as Secretary of the association I received all fruit intended for exhibition, and with a bit of court plaster fastened the stem from a large plum to one end of it, so that it closely resembled that fruit. We then put it on the table with other fruit and awaited the coming of Captain Lyons, who upon seeing it broke into exclamations of surprise and delight, inquiring whence it came, and what was its name, and directing me to be particularly careful in taking its dimensions both lengthwise and otherwise. Crawford told him it was a new variety called the stone plum, and forbid his handling it in any way. For a quarter of an hour he talked of nothing else, and after scanning it from all sides he could no longer resist the temptation to pick it up, when, feeling how hard and heavy it was, he collapsed with a loud and long Oh! In the weekly publication of our proceedings

we mentioned the magnificent stone plum and William Summer wrote for cuttings. The Captain was an incessant smoker, from his uprising to his down lying, and often on waking at night would light a cigar and puff away for an hour or more.

He propagated the first Chinese cling peach in this country—a distinct and very choice variety, remarkable for its size, beauty and flavor, so juicy that it ought to be eaten in a plate or saucer. The cuttings were received from China by A. J. Downing, a New York horticulturist and author of a popular book on fruits. Fearing they might be killed by the cold in that Northern region, he sent them to Captain Lyons, who succeeded in raising the trees, from which came all others bearing that name, and their number is legion. The honey peach, a small almond-shaped free-stone fruit, too sweet for ordinary taste, came at the same time and was produced in the same way.

His death was caused by excessive fat, which for some months prevented his breathing except in an upright position and finally obstructed the action of his heart.

Lewis Levy came in one day and told us, rather tediously, with what care he had trimmed and pruned a newly bought plum tree, and when Crawford inquired if he had cut it off below where it was budded he gave him a tanyard look and replied: "Do you think I'm a gau dam fool?" Some very large and long green persimmons were on our table once, when Dr. Fair seeing them picked one up and asked what it was. Being told it was a bob-tailed banana, he stuck his teeth into it and took a good bite, which drew his mouth quite out of shape.

The great freshet of July, 1852, found me at Lexington, where I had gone to attend poor Tom Caughman's funeral. Returning on Sunday afternoon, I was greatly surprised on reaching the top of the hill beyond the bridge to see so many

people on this side of the river gazing upon the scene. On nearing the bridge I found the water running across the road for a distance of twenty or thirty yards, with all the low grounds covered, and the river, an angry and tumultuous sea of muddy water, full of logs and trash. These, as they swept downwards, scraped the floor beneath the bridge, and, striking the upright boards that enclosed the structure on the South side and were loose at their lower ends, would sway them back and forth with a force that made the entire framework quiver as if about to float off into the stream. The bridge across Broad River had been swept off that morning and rested against one of the piers of the Columbia Bridge, which it partially displaced. Mounted on an active little gray mare from Hitchcock's stable, I had intended stopping near the middle of the bridge to view the scene, but soon, becoming aware of the danger, I gave her the reins, and she, apparently as much scared as myself, took me over in double-quick time. That night the water ran through the floor of the bridge, and I was the last person that crossed till the damaged pier was repaired some weeks after.

The Greenville Railroad bridge at Alston was also carried away, and it led to the drowning of Colonel Wm. Spencer Brown, Chief Engineer of the road, and a son of McCollum, one of the employees. Brown and McCollum, with a fifteen year old son of the latter, being at Alston, proposed going to Columbia in a batteau, by floating and paddling in the shallow water that covered the low grounds and the bed of the road on the East side of the river. Colonel Adam Summer, who was present, endeavored to dissuade them from the dangerous attempt, or at least from taking the lad with them, on the promise of sending him to Columbia on horseback. But as Brown was anxious to see the condition of the river at such a time, and they were all expert swimmers, Summer's advice was unheeded. They embarked in tolerably smooth water,

and proceeded safely a mile or two, when their boat was upset at a distance from the land and they were all thrown out. The boy was at first supported on his father's shoulders, while Brown continued for some time in speaking distance and conversed with them. But they soon became separated; the youth lost his hold and got beyond the reach of his father, who managed to catch a limb and scramble up into a tree, whence his cries were heard on the shore and he was saved. His son's body was found a few miles below, but that of Colonel Brown floated down near Columbia, where it was not discovered till about a month later.

In this year (1852) B. D. Boyd, who had succeeded Andrew McLauchlin as Cashier of the bank, resigned that office and I was elected in his place, with a salary of two thousand dollars, which was subsequently increased to twenty-five hundred, and, owing to the depreciation in the currency before the end of the war, to seven thousand. The bank's business was safe and prosperous up to the beginning of the war in 1861, paying semi-annual dividends of eight to ten per cent. per annum, except when prevented by the panic and suspension of 1857, at which time about one-half of the South Carolina banks stopped specie payment and were sustained in that course for one year by the injudicious action of the Legislature; the other half, including the old Commercial, continuing to meet all demands on presentation at a cost of their regular profits for that period.

Our capital was eight hundred thousand dollars, with the privilege of issuing notes to thrice that amount, but we never could keep out as much as the capital. And to show how business was conducted then, I will state that all our means consistent with safety were actively and constantly employed. In the fall and winter months we assisted in moving the crops by advancing to purchasers of cotton for their drafts, generally at thirty days' date, upon Charleston factors of good

standing, whose acceptances were met at maturity from sales of the produce. When the winter was over we loaned freely to approved planters on six months' time, in anticipation of their crops. The law limited the rate of bank interest to one per cent. for sixty days or six per cent. per annum, and we observed it strictly.

Besides, we collected for all the Kentucky banks, which did a very large business in lending to their drovers on their drafts and acceptances, made payable in December and January at our bank, for the stock which they bought at home and drove to South Carolina, where, on selling out, they swept the up country clear of money to meet their obligations in our hands. These payments gave us the command of the currency of the other banks, which we sent to Charleston, where they all redeemed, for the purchase of Northern exchange. That exchange was remitted by our agent in the city to the Fulton Bank, New York, for our credit, and we drew upon it to pay the Kentucky banks what we had collected for them, getting the exchange at par or at a discount and charging our Kentucky correspondents a premium.

In addition to this, we made a very advantageous arrangement with the Columbus Insurance Company of Mississippi. That State had no banks and its people were dependent upon the issues of those in other States for a circulating medium. The company borrowed our bills in large amounts and used them in advancing to the neighboring planters on their crops, taking drafts upon their factors in Mobile and New Orleans, which were forwarded to banks in those cities for collection, and, when accepted by the factors and endorsed by the company, were discounted and the proceeds remitted to our New York correspondent. Thus we obtained a circulation for our notes at a distant point, where they remained out for a long period before their return for redemption, meantime receiving interest upon their amount and getting Northern exchange

from the collecting banks at a considerable discount, which we used for local demand and in payment of our Kentucky collections.

COLLEGE RIOT.

In 1856, an outrageous riot of the students in the College threatened the peace and safety of the place for a short time. It originated in the arrest of one or two of their number for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the street at night. When the offenders, after a stout resistance, were put in the guard house, some of the collegians went there and in attempting their release had a fight with the police. As I understood, President C. F. McCay obtained their discharge for the time, but was unable to control them further, and next day a couple or more of them made a violent assault on John Burdell, Chief Marshal, in the guard house yard, but with the aid of Sonendrecker, another of the guard, they were very roughly handled and got decidedly worsted in the fight. Then, when they returned to the College, the boys, in a body, some armed and intoxicated, marched up to the guard house to get satisfaction, forgetting the fact that they had been the aggressors throughout.

The Mayor, Edward J. Arthur, seeing the hostile demonstration, ordered the alarm bell to be rung, and when the citizens assembled, Jesse E. Dent, the Sheriff, summoned them to protect the police and keep the peace. I saw thirty or forty of them ranged, under arms, in front of the guard house, with Sheriff Dent, who was unarmed, at their head, while a great mass of students, within fifteen or twenty feet, some showing guns, pistols and sticks, cursed, defied and dared them to fire. When two or three cocked their guns, and were about to shoot into the crowd, the Sheriff, by his coolness, prevented a bloody outbreak, ordering them to

act on the defensive and wait till they were attacked. Meanwhile Colonel R. H. Goodwyn and Dr. Allen J. Green placed themselves between the parties, and, at the risk of their lives, with uplifted hands, in loud tones, earnestly adjured them to forbear. Finally, it was said, Dr. Thornwell appeared upon the scene, and, calling upon the boys to follow him to the College, was obeyed. Some of them were indicted for the riot and assault, but I believe the cases were compromised before the Court met.

There was great dissatisfaction with the result, some insisting that the disturbance should have been quelled at all hazards, whilst others, making all due allowance for the youth and inexperience of the students and for their false impression that, as a point of honor, they were bound to sustain one another, right or wrong, thought that, in a case of such open and flagrant defiance of the law, the offenders ought to have been fined and imprisoned as were all others in like circumstances, and that their connection with an institution supported by the State, so far from entitling them to such exclusive exemption from punishment, was an additional reason for its enforcement.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONFEDERATE WAR.

Passing over all intervening circumstances, I come now to the war, which commenced with the capture of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, and ended in the same month of the year 1865.

Early in December, 1860, the Secession Convention had met in the Baptist Church, in Columbia, but just then the smallpox made its appearance in the city, and the Convention adjourned to meet in Charleston, where the Ordinance of Secession was passed on the 20th of that month.

During the war, and for some months previous to its beginning, I kept a diary, in which were noted all rumors and events of importance, but its contents are too voluminous and its general run too well known for repetition here, though they may be valuable and interesting for future reference.

In October, 1862, the Central Association for Relief of South Carolina soldiers was formed in Columbia, with Dr. M. LaBorde, President; Dr. John Fisher, Treasurer; H. C. Bronson, Secretary; and the following other members: Rev. Peter J. Shand, Rev. Wm. Martin, Rev. B. M. Palmer, Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Wm. F. DeSaussure, E. L. Kerrison, John Townsend and John A. Crawford. They met once a week, and were generally all present. The extent and value of the services rendered by these gentlemen have never been known, much less appreciated. They undertook to ascertain and supply the wants of our troops, to the extent of the means furnished by State appropriations and private contributions, sending their own agents to inquire what was most needed by the different commands wherever stationed, besides purchasing supplies and forwarding same, together with all articles of food, clothing, &c., furnished by the people at home for their friends in the army. For this purpose they organized a bureau under the active, efficient and untiring supervision of Mr. Kerrison, who gave probably more in time, labor and money to the cause than any other individual in the State. He opened a storehouse for receiving, purchasing, keeping and forwarding everything intended for the troops. Rev. Mr. Martin and Mr. Leiding superintended the packing and shipping department. Asher Palmer, W. P. Price and O. A. Pickle were agents of transportation, with the assistance occasionally of John Beard, Daniel Crawford, Rev. Mr. — Barnwell, until his lamented death, and others, taking charge of goods and going with trains to their respective destinations, where they were turned over to those properly author-

ized to receive and receipt for them. By these means the safe and rapid delivery of every package, great or small, was, as far as possible, secured and accounted for.

An immense amount of labor was also required in corresponding with the Confederate and State officials, railroads, contractors and others, and in appointing and watching over agents, besides keeping an account of shipments and purchases, as well as of all receipts and expenditures.

Mr. DeSaussure, as Chairman of a Committee, reported in January, 1865, that the amount disbursed during the past year amounted to \$1,192,588, to wit:

Supplies bought and forwarded by the Association—cost	
price	\$561,055
Packages and boxes sent to us and forwarded to the	
army—estimated value.	560,000
Salaries and expenses of the Bureau and transporta-	
tion	71,533

The Committee also reported the following resolution, which was adopted:

“The laborious, efficient and indefatigable services rendered by Mr. Kerrison and Mr. Leiding to the cause of the army and the country, most generously without compensation, except the satisfaction derived from the discharge of this important trust, does not require comment. They will have their reward in the earnest approval of a grateful country.”

Mr. Leiding refused the salary that was offered him. Mr. Martin being without other means of support received a moderate compensation, and the rest of the Board got no pay.

Hon. Joseph Daniel Pope during the war was Chief Collector of the Confederate taxes and head of the Bureau for the printing of the Confederate Treasury notes and bonds. Most of the men being in the war, the Government employed females for the preparation of the Confederate notes in Columbia, and a large number of most respectable ladies from Virginia to Texas, who had lost their fortunes by the war, made a decent support in this way. About a hundred of them, with fifty men, under his supervision, handled, counted, signed and put up in packages the entire issues of the Government, aggregating some thousand million of dollars in amount, three large printing establishments being employed in the departments of printing, engraving, &c. This, of course, involved immense care, time and labor. But, to the honor of all concerned, not a dollar was lost, stolen or embezzled, and Mr. Pope turned over to W. Y. Leitch, Assistant Treasurer, the entire and exact sum that had been entrusted to him. In the collection of the Confederate taxes, he also appointed about an equal number of assistants or sub-collectors throughout the State, who received from the citizens their respective quotas in money and in kind. This, too, was accounted for to the last cent, and Mr. Pope's record as an able, honest, industrious and most efficient officer stands without a blot.

At the death of Mr. Bronson in May, 1863, I was elected to his place in the Relief Association, and as its Secretary, and its minutes to the end of the war are in my possession. By request of the Board I visited our troops in Virginia in November, 1862, going by railroad to Richmond and Staunton, and thence to Winchester in the stage, having obtained in Richmond from Mr. Randolph, Secretary of War, a passport, with orders for transportation wherever I wanted to go. The fertile region of the Shenandoah Valley was then a scene of utter desolation for many miles, not a building, fence or even gate-post being left, except

a few stone barns, whose outside walls withstood all efforts for their destruction. General Longstreet's command marched through Winchester the morning of my arrival, returning from the Maryland campaign, after the battle of Sharpsburg, and I there met with Colonel Wm. Wallace, Colonel Joe Gist and other acquaintances from South Carolina. At the Ballard House, where I stopped in Richmond, General Bragg, just from a successful campaign in Tennessee, received great attention, and at another hotel I met General Loring, who had lost an arm in the Mexican war.

After waiting a day or two at Winchester for transportation to General Gregg's headquarters, near Berryville, I walked out one evening to the toll gate on the turnpike in that direction and was taken up in his buggy by Judge Camden of Rockbridge County, who was going to see a son in the army. We traveled to a late hour, seeking lodgings, which were refused us, at several places, although we offered to pay our way, the occupants seeming afraid to entertain strangers, lest they might be considered as adhering to one side or the other, that region being then held alternately by the Federal and Confederate forces. I spent one day and night with General Gregg, seeing General A. P. Hill, the Haskells, Colonels McCorkle, Hamilton, Simpson and Perrin, Captain Hunt of Edwards's regiment, and other officers, and also many privates of my acquaintance from South Carolina, and dining with a Lexington company on a choice leg of mutton, nice biscuits and a cup of buttermilk. Next morning the owner of the land occupied by the camp reported to General Gregg that two of his best Merino sheep were missing, and I then suspected from what quarter my dinner of mutton had come, but said nothing. General Gregg told me that whilst he and General Hill were on their way from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg, while the battle was going on, they met and passed

enough stragglers from our army to have gained us the victory if they had been in the fight. General Hill took their swords from several officers and broke them in their presence, whilst reprimanding them severely. They were seeking food and not exemption from danger. And thus for want of discipline and supplies we lost the chance of probably ending the war by a successful march on Philadelphia or Washington, as just then Louis Napoleon was urging on Great Britain the joint interference and mediation of France and England in behalf of peace and the recognition of our independence. On Sunday I met Stonewall Jackson returning from church at Berryville. Some cavalry passed through the village the night before, and that morning Ewell's Division went down the road towards Ashby's Gap, with their baggage train, in which I counted three hundred and fifty heavily loaded wagons and one hundred and five belonging to Stonewall Jackson's Brigade—many more than I had previously thought necessary.

Returning from Winchester by way of Staunton, I arrived at Culpeper Court House in a furious snow storm. There General Kershaw, General Jenkins and General Anderson furnished me such information as I desired. A few miles below, at the camp of General Hood's command, I met Captain Bachman with his artillery and that of Captain Garden from Sumter. In Winchester and Richmond I wrote to the commanders of such corps as could not be reached, directing them how and where to apply for such supplies as they needed.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

The burning of Columbia on the night of Friday, February 17th, 1865, deserves particular notice, and I therefore quote from memory and from my diary the facts connected therewith as they came to my knowledge:

Sunday, February 12.—Fearing the city might fall into the enemy's hands, we this day sent a load of books and valuables belonging to the Commercial Bank by W. W. Renwick's wagon to his residence in Union District, between Enoree, Tyger and Broad Rivers, for safe-keeping. We were roused at an early hour by the firing of cannon on Arsenal Hill as a signal for the reserved and detailed force to assemble. My son Henry, Bookkeeper of the Bank, was to have gone with the wagon, but being one of the reserves he refused to leave town, his Captain (Robertson) having notified him to be ready at a moment's warning to go to the front. Mr. Crawford, President, therefore followed the wagon in his buggy. The weather was terribly cold. I went to the Methodist Church and sat for the first and last time in the pew I had selected the day before, hearing an excellent sermon from Rev. Mr. Conner, our stationed preacher for that year. During the day Colonel J. P. Thomas's regiment of reserves paraded one or two hundred strong and were reviewed by Governor Magrath. S. W. Capers shut up the Express office and went into the ranks.

Monday, 13th.—Mr. S. O. Talley, our Teller, being notified by Captain Robertson of orders to march, left the bank, as did also my son Henry when so informed. I was alone in the bank, but heard that Mr. Crawford had got back after seeing the wagon beyond Spring Hill.

Tuesday, 14th.—Busy all day with Mr. Crawford preparing to close the bank. Heavy firing heard in afternoon about Congaree Creek, with rumors that Orangeburg was taken. About dusk the alarm bell rang, and Mr. Crawford went home, leaving me to send books to his house and carry a few things home; packed them up hastily, and inquiring in the street what the alarm bell meant, heard that Saluda Factory was burnt, and could see fire in that direction.

Wednesday, 15th.—Went to Charleston depot to get car to go to Manchester for corn from Governor Manning, but Bolin refused to furnish it and said the railroad bridge below was burnt. Ex-Governor John L. Manning had for several years generously supplied the officers of our bank with provisions at greatly reduced prices, and sometimes gratis. Hampton reported the Yankees within six miles last night. Fighting heard all day, and coming nearer, but it ceased about 5 o'clock P. M. General Beauregard arrived to-night and expects some of Hardee's army before day. Cheatham's, from Augusta, are reported coming; some say already here.

Thursday, 16th.—Wheeler's men burnt Saluda Bridge last night; they have been robbing our stores to-day, and several were broken open by them last night. A number of troops arrived last night from Wilmington. The city has been shelled from across the river nearly all day and part of yesterday. Mayor Goodwyn says Beauregard tells him he can hold the place but two or three days longer, as Hardee refuses to evacuate Charleston. The confusion and excitement of removing Government stores and treasure and private families is beyond parallel.

Friday, 17th.—Woke by a terrific explosion, shaking the whole town as by an earthquake. The storehouse of the South Carolina Railroad was blown up, accidentally or otherwise. At daylight Henry tells me that Mayor Goodwyn informed him of his intention to surrender forthwith, having white flag ready. Going to bank, delivered some packages to their owners and put others in vault; then for the last time locked it up. Heard that the Mayor was gone to surrender, and while at Henry's, over the bank, Mrs. Rawls came in saying Yankees were at her house near the river. Rapid firing continued all the morning towards Broad River Bridge, the Columbia Bridge having been burnt last night. Early this morning General Hampton had threatened to shoot any one

who offered to raise the white flag, but about 9 o'clock he directed Mayor Goodwyn to surrender, and before 10 a company of Wheeler's cavalry passed down Main street ordering all soldiers to leave it as the enemy were coming in. About that hour a carriage displaying the United States flag, with an officer or two and the Mayor, drove rapidly down to the Market, where I went and saw Colonel Stone, who had received the surrender, with Aldermen McKenzie, Bates and a few citizens. Mr. McKenzie informed me that the surrender was unconditional, and I then asked the Colonel: "Will private property be respected in the city?" He seemed indignant at the question, and replied: "Private property *will* be respected; we are not savages. If you let us alone, we will let you alone." He was a handsome young officer, who looked and spoke like a gentleman, and I believed him. These assurances he repeated to others in my presence. I thanked him, and, returning to the bank, informed Henry's wife that I thought she could remain there in safety till evening, when I would take her to my house. As the carriage passed she became frantic with excitement, and declared her purpose to wave a Confederate banner from the window, which I prevented her from trying to do. On my way home I saw some of the first troops that marched in leave their ranks and break open Mordecai's and Heise's liquor shops with axes. While I was stopping at the engine house, next above the Market, one of them came across the street, followed by a negro, and demanded admittance into J. C. Walker's store, whereupon Walker handed him the key of the front door, and he and the negro went in. Just then some of them were trying to force the front door of James G. Gibbes's store, where McKenzie's confectionery now is, and in a minute or two the side door, next the Court House, was broken open and the negroes and soldiers streamed in and helped themselves. I then went home, seeing piles of cotton bales on fire in the

middle of Main street South of Washington street. Half an hour later I was told that a soldier was in my kitchen, in the basement of the dwelling, ransacking it. Going down to the door I demanded to know what he was doing there. He came up to me and replied that he was foraging. I asked for his authority, and another who was with him presented his musket, saying that was his authority. I then told them that Colonel Stone had assured me private property would be protected, and that they were acting contrary to the orders of their officers, and one of them replied that they didn't care a d'n for the officers but would have what they wanted. They then said if I would go up stairs they would stay below. I did so, and, telling my wife and daughter what they said, I went to Main street for a guard. On the way, Dr. Boatwright told me that Colonel Nichols, at the Market, had given him a guard, and when I applied to that officer; apprising him of what was going on at my house, he called a soldier named Ruble and bid him go with me and turn the fellows out at the point of the bayonet. Returning with Ruble I was told one of them had been up stairs, searching all the rooms, and had taken my gun. I then went down where they were with the guard, and found they had been in the store room and taken meat and flour which was loaded on one of my ponies. They refused to leave the place, and as they were two to the guard's one and as well armed as he was, he was powerless. Seeing that they were drinking and becoming more violent, I went back to the street for another guard, and with great difficulty, after applying to several officers, found one at Janney's corner, who sent a young man with me named Turner. Turner declared that the other guard knew not his duty or he would have driven the ruffians out. When we returned they were gone with the ponies, meat, flour and some articles of little value from up stairs. While going down Main street to Janney's, towards 12 o'clock, General Sher-

man and his staff rode up. The soldiers were then breaking open and robbing the stores within his sight and hearing. After dinner I went back to the bank with a negro to bring some of Henry's things to my house. Large bodies of troops were marching down Main street, and a soldier with several negroes was in Henry's rooms. Left them to get a guard for the place, and, meeting Mr. Dovilliers, heard that Major Jenkins, at Nickerson's Hotel, was Provost Marshal for placing guards. The street and pavements were crowded with drunken soldiers, rioting, plundering, throwing out goods from the stores, scrambling for them and making a perfect Pandemonium. They were as closely packed as beeves in a pen, and to reach Nickerson's we had to take a cross street and go round the square. The bar room of the hotel was filled with anxious crowds praying for guards, among whom I recollect seeing old Mr. Alfred Huger and Mrs. Dr. John Fisher. After waiting till near night I got speech of Major Jenkins and stated the condition of things at the bank—females occupying the rooms overhead and vaults filled from floor to ceiling with valuable property of private citizens—begging him to send guards for their protection. He replied: "I cannot undertake to protect private property." In the course of the afternoon I had met Colonel Stone and asked for a guard, but he turned off, saying he had no time to attend to me, though he was standing idle in the Market place. Returned to bank and took Henry's wife to my house. Ordered an early supper; and told all to go to bed. Then went down stairs to see Turner, the guard, and found two white men with him, who he said were officers that had just been released from imprisonment here. Begged him to turn them out, shut the doors and go to sleep, for I feared the house would be burnt before morning, as the streets were so full of drunken, disorderly negroes and soldiers, breaking open stores and committing

other outrages that I could hardly get back to the bank. Up stairs sat half an hour with the other guard and saw the light of a fire in the direction of Charleston depot, on Bridge street. Hampton's house, on Camden road, and Arthur's, in the suburbs, were burnt before night. Just after dark Puryear's, at race track, and Dr. John Wallace's were on fire. Charlotte Railroad track, in sight from my back door, was also burning. Went to bed with clothes on, and about 10 o'clock heard fowls in the yard squalling and men catching them. The light of the fire grew brighter towards Main street, and after getting up two or three times to look at it had gone to sleep, when at 2 o'clock my old negro, Quash, woke me at the back door, saying Mrs. Zimmerman, next door, was moving out her furniture and I must get up, as the orders were to burn every house. All rose, and, by my directions, put on all the clothes they could and made bundles of what they could carry. A drunken officer with two soldiers, his sword and spurs clanking at every step, soon after came in at front gate and demanded to know what was in the house. I told him the usual furniture. He wished to see and stamped through the passage in the dark to the head of the inside steps, where, when I opened the door, he stumbled from top to bottom and I saw him no more. One of his privates said they were ordered to remove all combustibles that would blow up the house and I gave him what powder I had. The fire by this time was raging and roaring furiously, extending gradually further up Main street, the wind veering from Southwest to Northwest and blowing a perfect gale. On Washington street all the buildings on both sides had been consumed except the Female College, as far as the West side of Bull street, where Mrs. Thompson's and Mrs. Kelly's were then burning, and the squares in front of me were threatened. The wind at length became so high and the fires in front and on our right hand so near and so threatening that we all con-

cluded our dwelling must go, and, gathering what we could carry, left it in a body, intending to try and get to L. F. Hopson's, East end of Camden street. My wife was quite sick and weak, but we reached Mr. Hopson's all tired out and were readily allowed house room. By his advice I went over to Mrs. English's, where he said a Major had promised safety to its inmates. Found there Joseph Cooper, Mrs. Kennerly and some others, but could not see the Major. Returned to Hopson's, and, leaving my family, went back home, where my faithful guard still stood at the front door, as I had requested him to do.

The streets, lit up as bright as day, were occupied by men, women and children, standing or sitting by such household goods, furniture, clothing and bedding, as they had saved from their burning houses. The wind showed no sign of abating, but it gradually changed and came from the Northeast, blowing back upon the fire and saving my premises. Went to Mr. Dovilliers' and helped his wife put two or three big pictures in frames on her head, which she carried over to my house, and thence beyond the Female College, where her husband and his mother were in the street. Whilst there Pelham's house, just opposite, took fire, and with Dr. Wm. Reynolds, Jr., I carried water from Dovilliers' well to put it out. Mike Brennan, in Pelham's door, called on three or four soldiers in the street to assist in saving the building, but one of them said, "d—n the house, let it burn!" and they did nothing. It burnt, and Sam Muldrow's next door. There the fire stopped in our street. On the way to Dovilliers' I met a Yankee soldier, who accosted me with the question, "Well, old man, what do you think of the Yankees now?" I replied, "I think they have done their work pretty thoroughly this time," and he rejoined, with an oath, "Yes, if you want a job well done put a Yankee at it!" Going back to Hopson's, about daylight, I took my wife and daughter to the

front gate of R. M. Johnson's house, where we met Caleb Bouknight, who then occupied the place—at present the Benedict Institute. Leaving them with him, I came back home. Thus passed a night of horrors such as this generation has not witnessed. Our streets and vacant lots were full of homeless families, with a few articles saved from the flames, many having nothing but the clothes they wore, for when bringing bedding, provisions or raiment out of their dwellings they were plundered or destroyed by the brutal soldiers, who jeered and exulted in their fiendish work. The Methodist Church, on Washington street, was set on fire three times before its destruction was completed, Mr. Conner, the clergyman in charge, who lived in the parsonage adjoining, having twice put out the fire. When they burnt the parsonage he brought out a sick child wrapped in a blanket, and on one of the soldiers seizing the blanket he begged that it might be spared because of the child's sickness. The brute tore it off and threw it into the flames, saying, "D—n you, if you say a word I'll throw the child after it!"

The fruits of more than a half century's cares and labors were thus destroyed in a single night, and where at sunset on the 17th stood one of the fairest cities on the continent, by daylight the next morning nothing remained but heaps of smoking ruins, with here and there a solitary chimney to mark where the houses had been. Every building but one—and that a little one—on both sides of Main street for a mile in length above the State House was reduced to ashes, and a great number on other streets, especially on the East side, for three or more squares, were in the same condition.

The *Phoenix* soon after the fire contained a publication by Wm. Gilmore Simms, in which he estimated the aggregate losses as covering 84 out of 124 squares, including the old State House, 6 churches, 11 banking establishments, besides railroad depots, schools, shops and stores, with the names of

445 merchants and tradesmen burned out on Main street and 1,200 watches taken from private individuals.

Saturday, 18th.—Early this morning, my family having returned, Wm. Harth and his wife, with two children, a niece and a couple of negroes, walked in and helped for three weeks to consume the scanty supply of eatables that I had saved. They had spent a part of the night in an open lot, after the burning of M. A. Shelton's house, where they had taken refuge with two wagon loads of provisions and their carriage and horses, coming from lower Lexington to Columbia for safety. Nearly all they brought is burnt.

Great alarm prevails lest the remainder of the city shall be consumed to-night, as the soldiers threaten will be done. As some of them marched up Pickens street this morning, they cried out in front of my door, "This house shall go to-night."

At 2 o'clock I called at General Wood's headquarters in William A. Harris's house on Gervais street for a guard, and was told that one would be placed at every door within two hours, but that time expired and no guard came. Near night, Henry's wife and Miss Gardner went to the General and he promised to send us sufficient protection in an hour, but it was not done. William Harth's guard, a Mr. Burgess, and another came, however, and stayed with my faithful watch, Ruble. I lay on a sofa in the front room with a pistol in my pocket that night, and several subsequently, but all was as quiet as the grave.

Sunday, February 19th—This morning, as Mayor Goodwyn was passing my gate, I met him, and proposed that we, with a few other citizens, should apply to General Wood or Howard for the means of feeding and protecting our people till supplies could be received from abroad. He agreed, and on the way we gathered Revs. Nicholas Talley, Thomas Raysor and Mr. Conner, also Dr. C. H. Miot and Messrs.

J. J. McCarter, the bookseller, and W. M. Martin, of Charleston, the broker. Dr. Goodwyn, the Mayor, proposed that he should act as our spokesman, as his office and his acquaintance with the officers would add weight to our petition, and we made no objection. General Wood, after hearing the Mayor, refused his request, saying it was unreasonable and unprecedented, but he referred us to General Howard, who he said was officer of the day. Him we found encamped in rear of the College, near W. H. Gibbes's present residence. He also objected to the application, but proposed going with us to General Sherman, and we all proceeded to Blanton Duncan's house, on Gervais street, where the Commander-in-Chief was quartered. He received us very courteously indeed, seeming to be on particularly good terms with himself, showing by the way he pulled down his vest and looked at himself, and by every other indication of manner and tone, his supreme pride and gratification at his success. No peacock ever manifested more vanity and delight than he did, when, addressing us, he said: "Gentlemen, what can I do for you? You ought to be at church; I myself thought of going to hear Mr. Shand." Mr. Talley replied: "Ah, General, our church is burnt." He then invited us all to take seats, and Mayor Goodwyn stated our condition, with twenty thousand old men, women and children, having no provisions or means of defense against the disorderly soldiers and negroes, and requested a supply of arms and ammunition, with food enough to keep us alive till we could communicate with the country.

General Sherman replied in a long lecture or harangue on our folly in beginning the war, the subject of slavery, the mismanagement of Beauregard, the condition of Georgia, &c., &c. The fire, he admitted, was caused by his troops, saying: "It is true our men have burnt Columbia, but it was your fault." And when Dr. Goodwyn inquired, "How so,

General?" he replied that our people had made his soldiers drunk, citing an instance of a druggist who he was told brought out a pail of whisky to them. Dr. Miot here interrupted him to remark that he was a druggist, but he had heard of no such case. Mr. McCarter also stated that a soldier had demanded his watch, while pointing a pistol at his head, but the General only laughed and told him that he ought to have resisted. He concluded by consenting to leave us 500 head of beef cattle, 100 muskets and ammunition, all the salt at the Charleston Railroad depot, and wire enough to work a flat across the river. He also promised that his Surgeon General should turn over to us some medicine for the use of the sick in our midst. This, he said, was contrary to usage, but I thought his treatment of Columbia liable to the same remark. Some of us went to the depot, where we found 60 or 80 tierces of salt, which General Howard agreed to haul to the new State House for us. While on the way we saw the gas works on fire.

General Sherman, in his discourse to us, never named nor alluded to General Hampton or the burning of the cotton as causing the fire. Yet in his official report, which was probably made the same day, he charged it to Hampton, acknowledging, as it seems to me, that he knew the charge to be false at the time. I quote his own words: "In my official report of this conflagration I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was in my opinion a braggart and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina." [See Sherman's Memoirs, Vol. II, page 287.]

Surely any comment on this precious confession would be superfluous, since it discloses, in a single sentence, the character of its author and the length to which he will go in dealing with an opponent.

In his Memoirs he says further: "Many of the people thought the fire was deliberately planned and executed. This is not true. It was accidental, and, in my judgment, began with the cotton which General Hampton's men had set fire to on leaving the city."

Thus it appears that he gave three different versions of the origin of the fire, each one varying from and inconsistent with the other two, to wit: First, that it was caused by his men; second, by General Hampton; and third, by accident.

Which, if either, is to be believed?

I have no hesitation in saying the first, for the following, among other reasons:

1. Because he knew, and he said so voluntarily on the second day after it occurred, while it was fresh in his mind, in the presence of our citizens named above and a half dozen or so of his own officers of the highest rank, who knew the facts, and who by their silence acquiesced in and endorsed its correctness, since they would hardly have allowed so grave a charge against their men to pass without a contradiction if they had known it to be untrue.

2. On page 288 of his Memoirs occurs this passage: "Having utterly ruined Columbia, the right wing took up its march Northward," &c.

3. General Howard, while in Columbia in 1867, called on Governor Orr at his office, above stairs in the Branch Bank building, my bank and broker's office being on the first floor. There he met, besides Governor Orr, General Hampton, General John S. Preston, James G. Gibbes and F. G. de Fontaine. General Hampton came down from the Executive office to mine and said to me: "I have just left General Howard up stairs, and was greatly pleased to hear him say, in conversing upon the burning of this place: 'It is useless to deny that our troops burnt Columbia, for I saw them in the act.'"

I understand General Howard made a similar statement to Colonel L. D. Childs the same day.

James G. Gibbes says: "I was present in the office of Governor Orr some time in 1867, when General Howard, then visiting Columbia, was there. When General Hampton entered, Governor Orr introduced him to General Howard. The first thing General Hampton said was, 'General Howard, who burned Columbia?' General Howard laughed and said, 'Why, General, of course we did.' But afterward qualified it by saying, 'Do not understand me to say that it was done by orders.' "

Rev. Peter J. Shand reports that General Howard told him in Charleston, in November, 1865: "Though General Sherman did not order the burning of the town, yet somehow or other the men had taken up the idea that if they destroyed the capital of South Carolina it would be peculiarly gratifying to General Sherman."

General Howard is said to have denied all this on oath in some trial at Washington, probably before the Mixed Commission on British Cotton Claims. But General Sherman was there at the time, and that fact, with the difference in latitude, may account for his making one statement in Columbia and another entirely different at Washington, forgetting at one place what he remembered at another.

4. I have mingled with the people of Columbia ever since the fire, except when occasionally absent for a short time, and have conversed on the subject with all classes, old and young, rich and poor, male and female, white and colored, and among them all have never heard it attributed to any other cause, many giving instances of the troops carrying from house to house balls of rags or cotton saturated with spirits of turpentine, and calling on the inmates to come out, when they set fire to the buildings and robbed them of their contents.

5. Because these same troops burnt Orangeburg, Blackville, Lexington, Winnsboro, Camden and Cheraw, besides hun-

dreds of private residences in the country. Colonel Stone, who received the surrender of Columbia, published a statement, some years ago, describing the destruction of dwellings and desolation of the country wherever their army marched throughout the State. And there is no pretense that any of these were accidental or caused by burning cotton.

Then, as to Hampton's causing the fire, Sherman's own confession puts the innocence of the former beyond doubt.

In favor of the accidental burning, he dismisses the subject by saying in his *Memoirs*, page 287: "This whole subject has since been thoroughly and judicially investigated, in some cotton cases, by the Mixed Commission of American and British Claims, under the treaty of Washington, which Commission failed to find a verdict in favor of the English claimants, and thereby settled the fact that the destruction of property in Columbia, during that night, did not result from the acts of the General Government of the United States—that is to say, from my army."

Unfortunately for General Sherman, that verdict settled nothing but the British claims in the cotton cases then tried, and, as I hope to show, it was founded on defective and incorrect testimony. The higher claims of truth, justice and humanity were neither considered nor settled by it. These concerned the citizens of Columbia and involved interests infinitely superior, in character and extent, to the value of all the cotton. They could not be settled by a mere inference or implication on a side issue in a case between entirely different parties, tried by a tribunal created for a different and distinct purpose. I understand the issue before the Commission was whether the Government had *taken* cotton belonging to British claimants, and was decided in the negative, because the cotton was burnt and therefore could not have been taken. Who burnt the town was another question, into which the Commission had no right to inquire and did not

enter. To pass upon it a Court or Commission should have met in Columbia, where the transaction occurred and the facts were best known, instead of at Washington, five hundred miles distant, under the influence of the United States Government and of General Sherman. To give some idea of the evidence that would have been submitted in that case, and how it was procured, I will state that when Sherman's charge against Hampton became known in Columbia, a public meeting was held to provide for collecting the testimony in relation to the destruction of the city, and that Chancellor J. P. Carroll, lately deceased, as Chairman of a Committee appointed for that purpose, received more than sixty depositions and statements in writing from as many individuals. I quote from his report an outline of its contents. This report, I understand, is to be published in full by Chancellor Carroll's family:

"The array of witnesses is impressive, not merely because of their number, but for the high tone and elevated character of some, the unpretending and sterling probity of others, and the general intelligence and worth of all. The plain and unvarnished narrative subjoined is taken from the testimony referred to, solely and exclusively, except so much as refers to certain declarations of General Sherman and the forces under his command. * * * The soldiers were universal in their threats; they seemed to gloat over the distress that would accrue from their march in the State. General Sherman himself said to a lady of his acquaintance: 'Go off the line of the railroad. I will not answer for the consequences where the army passes.'

"Extracts from his address at Salem, Illinois, in July, 1865: 'I resolved in a moment to give up the game of guarding their cities and to destroy their cities.' For eighty miles along the route of his army, then the most highly improved and cultivated region of the State, the habitations of but two

white persons remain, and if a single town or village or hamlet within the line of march escaped altogether the torch of the invaders the Committee have not been informed of the exception. * * * Before the surrender of the town, the soldiers of General Sherman, officers and privates, declared that it was to be destroyed. At Lexington, on the 16th February, General Kilpatrick said in reference to Columbia: 'Sherman will lay it in ashes for them.' A Federal Lieutenant on the 17th wrote to Mrs. McCord: 'My heart bleeds to think of what is threatening; leave the town, go anywhere to be safer than here.' To W. H. Orchard the leader of a squad said: 'If you have anything you wish to save, take care of it at once, for before morning this d'nd town will be in ashes. If you watch, you will see three rockets go up soon. If you don't take my advice, you will see hell.' Within an hour afterwards three rockets were seen to ascend, and but a few minutes elapsed before fires in quick succession broke out at intervals so distant that they could not have been communicated from one to the other. At various parts of the town the soldiers of General Sherman at the appearance of the rockets declared that they were the appointed signals for a general conflagration. * * The soldiers with bayonets and axes pierced and cut the hose, disabled the engines and prevented the citizens from extinguishing the flames. * * By 3 o'clock A. M. on the night of 17th February, 1865, more than two-thirds of the town lay in ashes, comprising the most highly improved and the entire business part of it. * * That Columbia was burned by the soldiers of General Sherman, that the vast majority of the incendiaries were sober, that for hours they were seen with combustibles firing house after house, without any affectation of concealment and without the slightest check from their officers, is established by proof full to repletion, and wearisome from its very superfluity. After the destruction of the town, his offi-

cers and men openly approved of its burning and exulted in it. It was said by numbers of the soldiers that the order had been given to burn down the city. There is strong evidence that such an order was actually issued in relation to the house of General John S. Preston. The proof comes from the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent, which was destroyed by the fire. She says General Sherman offered her next morning any house she might select for the use of her Convent and directed Colonel Ewing to carry out the offer. When she told Colonel Ewing that she chose General Preston's house, he replied, 'That is where General Logan holds his headquarters, and orders have already been given to burn it to-morrow morning, but if you say you will take it I will speak to the General.' On the following morning we learned from the officer in charge, (General Perry, I think,) that orders were to fire it unless a detachment of the Sisters were in actual possession.

"As to the cotton, Generals Beauregard and Hampton ordered it not to be burned. These orders were issued by Captain Rawlins Lowndes, then acting as Hampton's Adjutant, and General M. C. Butler, who was with the rear squadron of the Confederate cavalry, deposes that Hampton directed him that the cotton was not to be burnt; that this direction was communicated to the entire division and was strictly observed. Rev. A. Toomer Porter was told by General Hampton: 'The cotton is not to be burnt; the wind is too high; it might catch something and give Sherman an excuse for burning the town.' Mayor Goodwyn deposes that Hampton said the same to him. * * The wind blew from the West, but the fires at night broke out West of Main and Sumter streets, where the cotton bales were, and instead of burning the houses was probably burnt by them."

Moreover, James G. Gibbes says in his communication of September, 1880, to the *Weekly Times*, Philadelphia: "The

fire continued throughout the night, the streets being crowded all the time with soldiers, but no officers were to be seen. I did see General Sherman riding leisurely through the streets, smoking a cigar, but he gave no orders and seemed to take little interest in what was going on. No one could witness the scene without the firm conviction that the soldiers were given to understand that they had free license to do as they pleased, and that there would be no restraint over them. I spent almost the entire night in the streets and witnessed many houses fired by the soldiers, and I never saw (nor did I ever see any one who did) a single instance in which any assistance was rendered by the soldiers to save property from the flames. * * I am satisfied that, looking from the upper part of my house, I saw not less than eight hundred to a thousand men engaged in probing the ground with their bayonets or iron ramrods, searching for buried treasures. The storm of fire raged with unabated fury until daylight or a little later, when my attention was drawn to a number of cavalry, in squads of three or four, galloping through the streets, sounding their bugles and calling on the soldiers to fall into ranks. This was the first sign of any attempt at discipline or the issuing of any orders to the rank and file. I understood immediately that the worst was over, and so it was. * * The track of fire was just in the rear of my own dwelling and approaching it so rapidly that all who were with me had abandoned it, and I had prepared to leave also, when I noticed the orders for falling into ranks. In less than thirty minutes after the orders were given every straggler was in ranks and the destruction virtually over. Nowhere was the discipline of Sherman's army more conspicuous than in the quick, prompt and immediate recognition of their orders to stop from any further destruction of the city. It seemed like magic. All was quiet and orderly as if the men were on dress parade, when but a moment before it seemed as if to ruin and destroy was the only thing thought of."

Now, if all this testimony had been submitted to the Mixed Commission, or to any other fair tribunal *sitting in Columbia*, and if General Howard had testified to what he told General Hampton, Colonel Childs, James G. Gibbes and Rev. Mr. Shand and others, I risk nothing in saying what their verdict would and ought to have been. But why multiply words in so plain a case? General Sherman was in command; he knew the feelings of his men towards the people of Columbia; he admitted that he had the power to control them when he said to Mayor Goodwyn: "Go home and rest assured that your city will be as safe in my hands as if you had controlled it;" and he turned his troops loose in the place without any restraint whatever, until they had destroyed enough of it to satisfy his vanity and malice; then he ordered the work to stop, and it did stop. Whether they were drunk or sober is immaterial. He did exactly what one would have done who wanted the town destroyed, and *he alone* is responsible for the consequences, and doubly responsible, because he voluntarily promised protection and purposely failed to take any step towards even trying to fulfill his promise.

If a transaction witnessed by forty or fifty thousand people can be successfully falsified, of what value is human testimony, or how can we rely upon any fact stated in history?

Sunday, 19th.—After the interview with General Sherman, I summoned James G. and Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Jr., Clark Waring, D. P. McDonald, Dr. Wm. Reynolds and others, about a dozen in number, to meet at my house to-night and arrange for receiving the guns and cattle to-morrow, General Howard having notified Mayor Goodwyn that they would be turned over to us at 6 o'clock A. M. They met and Dr. Goodwyn was present. James G. Gibbes, Mr. Duvilliers and others agreed to get the guns, which were at the Asylum, while another party was to guard the cattle then in the College Campus.

Monday, 20th.—The citizens were notified to meet at 9 o'clock in Mrs. Lyons's yard and arrange for the protection of the place; but very few appeared. The guns turned over to us by General Sherman were found to be plugged with sand, either designedly or from disuse, and gunsmiths were employed to remove the sand before they could be used. By 12 o'clock about a hundred had assembled and Captain Stanley was appointed to command the guard. Whilst a committee, with Mayor Goodwyn, were arranging for detail of guards, Rev. Mr. Toomer Porter announced an order from General Howard for us to take charge of the city above Camden street at 2 o'clock, as his forces in that quarter were marching out, and Captain Stanley ordered ten or a dozen for that purpose. Sherman's army were departing all day, and he directed us to put to death all stragglers found in our streets.

Tuesday, 21st.—I met City Council at J. M. Blakely's house, where the Aldermen made their first report to the Mayor since the arrival of Sherman's army. Decided to send Mr. Blakely to Pacolet for provisions belonging to Supply Association managed by M. C. Mordecai. At 12 o'clock a public meeting was held in State House yard, where we agreed to enroll all needing food and to call on those having any to spare to give it for others. T. J. Robertson offered money and provisions. David Jacobs, A. L. Solomons and Mr. Edgerton each \$5,000 in currency, and the latter \$50 in gold. I consented to serve on the Committee of enrollment with A. G. Baskin, and we took seats in Plain street, at Rhett's mill, where we registered many names. Mr. Brooks offered to build a flat for crossing Broad River. At night, with Clark Waring, young Cohen, Rev. T. Raysor and D. P. McDonald, patrolled around our square till after 12 o'clock, but found all very quiet. On Wednesday, and for a week or more afterwards, pursued same course.

This week Waring and Brooks made a flat, but in trying to cross the river the wire broke. My son Henry had left us on the morning of the 17th to join Hampton's retreating troops, and we got quite uneasy at hearing nothing from or of him till March 12th, when C. J. Bollin told me he and J. B. Glass had spent a night with Mark Brown, at Winnsboro, on their return from Charlotte, and had gone to Cokesbury for provisions.

March 15th.—The continued rains and the bungling of those in charge of the ferries have prevented our receipts of food and communication with the country, except occasionally. Augusta sent us eighteen wagon loads, but they were left over the river and mostly stolen. The first arrival of provisions was brought in two wagons by Wm. J. Anderson and Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, from Sumter, the loads made up by themselves, Captain Wm. Harris and others. I had written there and up the country, informing my friends of our condition, and this cargo was in response to my appeal. About the same time Morris Strauss, at Cokesbury, sent us a wagon load or two, which were unfortunately stopped at Newberry. James G. Gibbes has acted as Mayor in place of Dr. Goodwyn, who became completely worn out from fatigue and anxiety when Sherman left us. Gibbes, by common consent, was the only man here with energy and capacity for the occasion. He seemed to never tire or relax his efforts, going everywhere, listening to all complaints, attending all calls, talking, eating and drinking as he went, and his services to the city were beyond all computation or compensation, yet he never charged or received a single cent, and seemed glad for once in his life to have on hand as much as he could do. I have served daily in distributing tickets for food; have met a Committee with Dr. Gibbes, Dr. John Fisher, Messrs. Edgerton, J. A. Crawford and D. P. McDonald for the trial of disorderly negroes, who need checking these lawless times,

and have attended meetings of a Committee of City Council with Mr. Kerrison and Colonel Heyward, deputed by the Governor to collect and distribute supplies. The five hundred *beeves* left us by General Sherman proved to be the starving cattle that his foragers had collected on their march, and were miserably poor, yet they served to keep our people alive for some weeks, a ration of a pound of this wretched beef and a quart of meal per day being issued to the number of 7,000 applicants whom we had enrolled. The supply of medicine for our 20,000 population, received by Dr. Gibbes from the Federal Surgeon General, was in a box that would have held one or two hundred cigars, with a pint bottle of castor oil.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY TRIP UP THE RIVER—END OF THE WAR—VISIT TO SALT WORKS—
ELECTION TO THE LEGISLATURE—COPARTNERSHIP WITH GEORGE W.
WILLIAMS—BANK ROBBERY—CONNECTION WITH SOUTHERN, BALDWIN
AND SHIVER—RECONSTRUCTION—FAILURE IN HEALTH AND BUSINESS—
SEVEN SPRINGS MASS—RHYMES.

On the 15th I consented, by request of Council, to go up Broad River by boat, to hire, purchase or have built other boats for bringing down provisions, since, from scarcity of horses and wagons, they cannot reach us by land.

Sunday, 19th.—Took passage in Captain Hughes's boat at Geiger's Mill, with Colonel Wm. Shiver, Dr. Honour, Dr. Muckenfuss, Mr. Burdell of Bank of State, Mr. Brown of Union and others—some going in another boat. The river was high and rain fell nearly all the time. We slept of nights in a wet camp on the river bank.

Wednesday, 22d.—A batteau took me from the boat across the river to Henderson's Island, which is two and a half miles long by three-quarters wide at the broadest point. Walked across the island to Mrs. Henderson's, on the West side, and thence was directed and helped by way of Reuben Lyles's and Wm. E. Hardy's to W. W. Renwick's, who went with me to George B. Tucker's, on Enoree, in search for boats, but the latter was not at home. From there we proceeded to Wm. Glenn's, an old boatman, who gave me the desired information as to the cost and building of such boats as we needed. At Robert Beaty's and ex-Governor Gist's I had a kind and welcome reception, with conveyance to Union, where Dr. Herndon took me in charge, and I enjoyed the hospitality of his house till I met with R. V. Gist, manager of the Iron Works, on Broad River, and he agreed to build two boats and send them to Columbia as soon as possible. After staying a couple of days at Gist's, (where I found Mr. John C. Cochran, Cashier of the Southwestern Railroad Bank, with Mr. Henry Gourdin and Mr. Hendricks in charge of the bank's effects,) I returned to Pacolet and by railroad to Santuc, whence I went on foot to Gordon's Mills, on Tyger River, where, with several returning soldiers, each was charged fifty cents for crossing in a batteau and the same for riding in a wagon three miles to Wm. E. Hardy's. Mr. Hardy sent a boy and horse with me to Mr. Renwick's, and he conveyed me back to Mrs. Henderson's, on the island. From there Dr. Hancock brought me to the head of the canal, about 8 o'clock at night, on Sunday, April 9th, and I walked to town on the railroad track in the dark, amidst a shower of rain, arriving at home after 9, thoroughly fatigued. Robert Beaty gave me half a dozen fine hams and made a present of the same number to Messrs. R. O'Neale and John A. Crawford. The abundance of provisions in that fertile region, which the Yankees failed to reach, was in striking

contrast with our utterly destitute condition in and around Columbia, and the kindness and liberality of the people, except at Gordon's Mills, was unbounded. The light from the burning of our city had been seen eighty miles distant and our calamity excited their sincerest commiseration and sympathy. Whilst away exciting and conflicting rumors from the army were afloat. On Friday, the 7th, I first heard of the fall of Richmond, but did not believe it. After that the news had been confirmed, though we could get no particulars.

On looking back to that gloomy period I miss many elderly citizens who had previously been hale and vigorous, but who gradually declined and died, I have no doubt, from trouble and despair at the loss of their property and the apparently hopeless condition of the country. Consequently, I think, we have fewer old men in Columbia than in former times. Some who had always borne the character of honest men, under the strong temptations of want and evil examples, and in the absence of all legal restraint, proved otherwise and took all they could lay their hands on. A few Government stores that remained were robbed at night, while bonds, mules and wagons were appropriated to their own use by the officials to whom they had been entrusted. The spirit of patriotism that seemed to pervade all classes at the beginning of the war had measurably died out, and in its place was the selfish greed of speculation and extortion, especially on the necessities of life. Able-bodied young men, who ought to have been in the army, sought and obtained exemption for the purpose of making money. Some gained immense fortunes in a short time, which, by the collapse of the Confederacy, were as suddenly dissipated. It was indeed a "time that tried men's souls." I can recall no single instance of one who thus "rose upon his country's ruin" that retained his ill-gotten gains. A few days before the surrender of Columbia a poor woman from the country

spent a day in our streets trying to get a peck of salt, but none could be found for sale, yet after the fire hundreds of sacks lay open to the view in cellars and back stores, where they had been concealed waiting for higher prices. A merchant reported to have made three hundred thousand dollars in two or three years and who hoped that salt would go to a hundred dollars a bushel lost his all in one night. Another, in a country village, who had all that heart could wish, told me afterwards the Yankees left him and his family without even a cup from which to take a drink of water. The downfall of our cause was owing in a great measure to the prevalence of this desire for wealth.

This summer, for the first time since 1822, have had nothing to do but keep charge of the books and assets of the bank, at a nominal salary of \$400. In June went to the salt works in Southwest Virginia to collect a debt of \$100,000 due General John S. Preston as part purchase money for the works, but effected nothing beyond seeing that rich and beautiful region. These works, when in full operation, could turn out thirteen thousand bushels of salt per day. They consisted of two wells or springs, from which the water flowed in tubes or pipes, and were not more than ten feet apart, but located in different Counties, whose dividing line ran between them in a beautiful valley about half a mile wide, shut in by two ranges of high mountains. Near by was a long row of boilers covered by a shed. The water was so strongly impregnated with saline matter that, when boiled down, a bushel of it made a gallon of pure fine salt as white as the driven snow. It was so valuable that the whole neighboring region had been tried by boring, but without success, no other place being found where it would pay to erect works. Found the whole country, from Chester, S. C., to Richmond, and thence to and beyond Lynchburg, full of Yankee soldiers, and our poor fellows returning home, worn out, sick and destitute.

After thinking over many projects for employment, I became a candidate for the Legislature, in October, with the intention of trying to get the office of Comptroller General if it should be vacant, of which there was some doubt. Although my candidacy was announced but three days before the election, the good people of Richland gave me a seat in the House of Representatives. There I felt more out of place than in any other position I have ever occupied, and became satisfied that making laws was not in my line. Moreover the Legislature decided that the Comptroller's office was not vacant, but belonged rightfully to Mr. Hood. I then applied to General Preston and to John Caldwell for capital to start a banking and brokerage business on joint account in Columbia, but they both declined, thinking unfavorably of the project, to their great regret, as frequently expressed afterwards. On making a like proposition to Mr. George W. Williams of Charleston, accompanied by letters from some mutual friends, he consented to give me a credit of ten thousand dollars at the outset, and in January, 1866, when I first made his acquaintance, we entered into a copartnership for two years, he furnishing the capital and I managing the business—the profits to be equally divided between us. It proved far more successful than either of us had expected, and we divided nineteen thousand dollars in May, 1868. A contract for its continuance with my son Henry as a partner was then made for the ensuing two years. A few days before the expiration of that term, when we had cleared upwards of thirty thousand dollars, our bank was broken open and robbed of its contents, including a large amount belonging to special depositors. Thus nearly all that I had made up to that time was lost. But I had long seen the folly of trying to accumulate more of this world's goods than one needs, and felt confident that with life and health I could recover the loss, so it gave me very little trouble. In fact I neither eat nor slept

any the less on its account. It did annoy me, however, as it defeated a trip to Europe, which I had intended making during the summer, and from which I anticipated a great deal of pleasure. Hitherto I never could spare time and money for the purpose. The very day before the robbery occurred at night, I had written to Mr. Williams on the subject, and that was as near as I ever came to crossing the Atlantic. But I consoled myself with the reflection that I had passed many pleasant summers on this side and could do so again.

Some curious facts connected with the robbery will now be mentioned, although they will take considerable time and space. It occurred on the night of Saturday, April 16, 1870. When informed of it on Sunday morning, I went to the bank and found the vault door and the *burglar-proof* iron safe torn to pieces, our customers' trunks and boxes broken open, the money, bonds and other valuables missing and the floor covered with the wrappers and paper that had covered the packages. The rogues left also a box with a complete set of burglars' tools and implements which they had used and a sledge-hammer stolen from Brennan & Carroll's blacksmith shop, thus furnishing me with the means of going into their business if so disposed. As the news spread it excited great commotion, and quite a crowd assembled to gaze on the scene. Our police was altogether inefficient and unprepared to act in such a case, but they set to work and did their best. We offered a reward of \$6,000 for information sufficient to convict the robbers and a percentage upon the amount that might be recovered. Besides, some of our friends volunteered to go on the different railroads and watch at certain points. Two or three days later a carpet-bag was found between Logan & Graham's cotton gin and the South Carolina Railroad, containing various articles of clothing and some tools that matched like articles found on the floor of the

bank. Further inquiry showed that three or four strangers had been camping some time the week before in the woods beyond the railroad, between the town and the river. A party went there on Tuesday or Wednesday morning, and where the camp had been one of them picked up a roll of paper about the size of a pipe stem, which had been torn in pieces and wrapped tightly together. On unfolding the pieces and putting them together, they read as follows: "ALBANY, N. Y., April , 1870. *J. A. Asdell, Columbia, S. C.:* Have sold my farm; will be in Augusta Thursday.

(Signed) J. TIERNEY."

Following this clue, we discovered that on the Thursday preceding the robbery the name of J. A. Asdell, New Orleans, appeared on the register of the Columbia Hotel among the arrivals that evening, and that he left the house next morning, but attracted no notice. At the telegraph office a stranger called about dusk on Saturday, and, inquiring if they had anything for J. A. Asdell, received the dispatch copied above. Hence we inferred that he was the burglar. He was a thick-set man of dark complexion, dressed like a mechanic, and we could trace him no further. Pinkerton's detectives in New York were employed and they reported Jack Tierney of Albany as a fast man who had been concerned in negotiating some bonds stolen from a New York bank. He left Albany on Monday after the robbery, arrived in New York that evening, then went to Brooklyn or Jersey City, where he had relatives, and thenceforth disappeared. I had reason to suspect certain persons in Columbia, belonging to the Radical party, who were then engaged in plundering our State, of either committing or employing others to commit the robbery, but in the absence of proof it would have been useless to prosecute them.

Soon after the robbery occurred, Mr. Sample, a banker in Nashville, Tennessee, called on me in Columbia, heard an account of the affair and received a copy of our circular offering a reward and containing a list of some of the lost money and securities. In February, 1872, I received a dispatch from him stating that he was offered a large amount in bills of the Exchange Bank of Columbia which had been taken from our vault, and that if I would come to Nashville we might catch the thief. I immediately took the train for that city, and on arriving was informed of the following facts by Sample: That in October, 1871, a young man who called his name —— Smith had sold him several thousand dollars in bills of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, for which he paid by a check on New York to Smith's order; that he meantime had lost sight of and forgotten my circular showing a large amount in bills of that bank as stolen when we were robbed; that later in the same day Smith called again just before the departure of the train for Louisville, seeming much hurried and excited, and offered to sell him several thousand dollars more in bills of the same bank; that Smith's manner led him to suspect something wrong, and he proposed taking the bills at the same rate, on the condition that if he made a large profit on them Smith should be allowed a share of the gain on his leaving his address in New York, where he professed his home was; that Smith left his name and address on a slip of paper which lay upon his desk several months; that he requested his correspondent in New York to be particular in noticing who presented the check for payment, and telegraphed to Blythe, a noted detective in Louisville, to watch Smith's movements whilst there, who did so and reported nothing suspicious; that his check in Smith's favor was not presented for payment till six months after its issue, and then was in the hands of a little old German Jew. Sample then showed me a dispatch that he had received from

Smith in New York a few days before, inquiring what he would give for \$13,000 in bills of the Exchange Bank of Columbia. This he said caused him to remember the robbery of my bank, and he replied making a fair offer for the bills. Smith had accepted the offer and forwarded the bills by Express, requesting the return of a check for the amount, and they were then in the Express office adjoining the Maxwell House, where I had stopped. Before leaving home I ascertained that Mr. C. H. Baldwin, Receiver for the Exchange Bank, had redeemed all of its issues but three or four thousand dollars in 1870 and deposited the redeemed bills in our vault for safe keeping. And as the package then in the Express office contained more than all the unredeemed bills of the bank, its contents, or a portion of them, must have been taken when we were robbed. When Sample received the package we counted the bills and found the amount as stated by Smith. After consulting Judge Whitworth, an old Nashville Bank President, Sample set out immediately for New York to identify Smith and have him arrested and taken to Columbia on a requisition from the Governor of South Carolina, for which I by telegraph directed my son in Columbia to apply with the necessary affidavit. The requisition was obtained and entrusted to R. C. Shiver, who was about departing for New York, and was instructed to communicate with Sample on his arrival. To throw Smith off his guard till Sample could reach New York, we got a daily Nashville paper to strike off a few copies of its issue with a card announcing the death of Sample's mother-in-law in a neighboring town and that he had gone there to attend her funeral. This card was mailed to Smith in the name of Sample's clerk, with the promise that a check for the bills should be remitted on Sample's return. Pinkerton's Detective Agency was employed meantime to watch the office at Smith's hotel and arrest the person who might claim the

letter addressed to him. One of the detectives saw the letter delivered to a boy, who claimed it, and followed him to a low groggery on a side street, where he handed it to a man evidently waiting for it. This man rose from his seat, passed his hand across his face and walked out, accompanied by a couple of companions. Instead of arresting him at once, the detective, according to his own account, dogged the party to another drinking house, into which they entered and passed through the back door, where they disappeared and could not be found. This occurred previous to the arrival of Sample and Shiver in New York. The requisition on the Governor of New York had to be presented to him at Albany for approval and certification. Then when it came back to New York, Sample, Shiver and Pinkerton's men searched for Smith and captured him at the hotel. He protested his innocence, claimed an *alibi*, and appealed to Shiver for an investigation. Fearing a suit for damages if they had arrested the wrong man, Shiver allowed an inquiry to be made before a New York Justice or Police Court, and was left at liberty to convey Smith to South Carolina if he chose to take the responsibility. In view of the testimony, he doubted whether the person arrested was Smith, and suspected that the detectives had, for a consideration, allowed the real offender to escape to Canada, whilst they persuaded Sample to arrest the wrong man. And thus ended all our efforts to arrest the robbers.

The war was followed by the years of so-called reconstruction under Radical misrule, when rogues and rascals held high carnival in the State and city governments, and vied with each other in showing the depths of infamy and corruption to which human nature can descend when unrestrained by law, conscience or public opinion. They congregated in Columbia—the seat of government—where jobbery and robbery were openly practiced and boasted of. The State debt was doubled,

the annual expenses of the Legislature were trebled and sometimes quadrupled. New bonds authorized to be exchanged for old, were issued without such exchange and their proceeds pocketed by the officers who issued them. Coupons redeemed by the Treasurer, instead of being canceled, were put upon the market and sold for his private emolument. Judge Melton, as Attorney General, afterwards sued him and got a verdict of \$75,000 in favor of the State. An appropriation bill in the Legislature, after enumerating all the extravagant items that could be invented, was passed with an additional false aggregate of, I believe, \$150,000 to its real amount. This was discovered by Governor Scott, and was so barefaced and inexcusable that he refused to give it his official signature and approval. Joe Crews actually complained to me of the Governor's veto on this occasion as an outrageous desertion of his party. In the city government it was no better, as the following instances will show:

I was a member of the Council for a part of the war time, and, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had become familiar with its financial condition. On declining to serve, after a re-election, I publicly expressed the opinion that by proper management, with increased but not immoderate taxation for three or four years, and the sale of the city's \$150,000 in stock of the Greenville and the Charlotte Railroads, the entire bonded debt of \$320,000 might be paid off and the citizens freed from future taxation, except for current expenses. The overthrow of the Confederacy and the destruction of the place by Sherman, of course, prevented any attempt at proving the correctness of my opinion. But the Radical party then took charge of the municipality, and in the face of the facts that the city had been desolated, as already described, and that its people were just crawling out of the ashes, as if determined to defeat our exertions for returning prosperity, they engaged in the wildest schemes of

useless extravagance and waste. After selling and devouring the proceeds of our railroad stock, and when unable to meet the interest on their bonds as it fell due, they blindly and recklessly adopted the following measures: They sold the water works to a private individual, contracting to pay him for extending the pipes and supplying the place with water at an annual sum far exceeding what it had previously cost, under the pretense that the supply was insufficient, although it had sufficed during the war, when we had twice the population that has been within our bounds at any time since. They bargained for and commenced the building of a new market house, on Assembly street, in front of Gus Cooper's store, for his benefit, but in the course of its erection, Providence seemed to interfere and a storm blew down the frame work, when it was abandoned after a considerable outlay. Then they started a scheme for erecting an Opera House and City Hall, as if it was the duty of the Council to provide a place for theatrical and other performances. In their published proceedings they declared that the cost would not exceed \$75,000 and that they had the means of paying for it without any increase of taxation. This declaration was followed by an application to the Legislature for leave to issue \$250,000 in bonds in order to meet the expense. Meantime they entered into a contract to pay Isaac A. Allen \$142,000 for doing the work, he being, by the merest trickery and subterfuge, the lowest bidder at that price. The principal taxpayers opposed the petition for power to issue new bonds, and applied to the Courts to set aside the contract with Allen, as fraudulent in character and excessive in amount. Judge Melton, after hearing the case, declared the contract null and void, and one of the previous bidders at about \$140,000 took the job for \$90,000. The Council in the meantime had borrowed \$75,000 from Dr. Neagle to carry on the work, and had given him as security for the loan, a lot of

bonds which the Legislature some years previously had authorized to be issued in aid of the railroad to Augusta, but which, not being required or used for that purpose, had been left in the City Clerk's office. Neagle became dissatisfied with this security and demanded something else in its place. Now, although these facts were admitted, and could not be denied, the Legislature took up the matter as a party question, and, backed by the recommendation of the Committee of Ways and Means, with Whipper as Chairman, passed an Act authorizing the new issue, but guarded it by a provision that the entire indebtedness of the corporation should never in any event exceed \$600,000. Some of us did all we could to defeat the bill, or to reduce the maximum amount to \$500,000. Tim Hurley, a member of the Committee and one of the most candid and impudent of the party, who said on all occasions that they would steal, told me privately that it would not cost much to defeat the bill, but my friends and I refused to take the hint and allowed it to pass. In spite of the express limitation of the city debt to \$600,000, the scamps made it one or two hundred thousand more before we could stop them, and on that increased basis it was finally compromised after infinite disputation and litigation.

Our copartnership with Mr. Williams expired in May, 1870, soon after the robbery, and he signified his desire to quit the concern, giving me time to make other arrangements. Accordingly we brought it to a close on the 1st of August, without having had the slightest disagreement or complaint on either side during its continuance. He complied strictly and promptly with his part of the contract in furnishing funds when called for, and never interfered with my management by advice or otherwise. I then made a connection with Messrs. J. P. Southern, C. H. Baldwin and R. C. Shiver for the ensuing two years, they putting in \$75,000 in cash, and I and my son, with assistants, attending to the business. At

the end of that time we divided between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars of profits. Thus, in the first six years after the war I made \$75,000 for my partners and myself, without dealing harshly or illiberally with any customer. Then Mr. Southern and Mr. Shiver, with some others, bought the charter of the old Union Savings Bank and urged me to merge my business with theirs and take the place of President with my son as Cashier, offering me \$5,000 for the good will of my concern, and \$30,000—a profit of \$5,000—on the cost of my banking house, with its fixtures, and the adjoining store. But we disagreed as to the salaries that I demanded for myself and my son, and they rented another place and opened the Savings Bank, while we continued on alone. This was in August, 1872.

My business had grown up gradually under my management and control, and I had every reason to believe that it would continue to increase, whilst I feared disagreement with some of their directors and doubted the success of their scheme. Next year came the panic of 1873, the suspension of nearly all banks throughout the country, and great shrinkage of values in real estate and other property, with the insolvency of many parties hitherto regarded as abundantly good. I managed to meet all demands, while the National Banks in Columbia suspended payment for sums exceeding \$100, and the Citizens' Savings Bank went into bankruptcy. The universal depression continued a number of years, with no prospect of improvement or relief. Besides, in 1876, while I was absent, my son was taken dangerously ill and died early in August, four days after my return. This was a very severe blow to me, for he was the active out-door man in our bank. But, in addition, just then occurred the violent political agitation and elections throughout the State, for relief from Radical rule, absorbing the time and attention of our people and nearly stopping all business. And finally, in November,

I was struck down with a chronic disease of the kidneys that had troubled me many years, which prevented my proper and necessary attention to the office and endangered my life for eighteen months. During this time I had dropsy, a complete derangement of the digestive organs, was threatened with hernia and confined to my bed room eight or ten months, with occasional attacks of nervousness, when I expected to survive but a few hours. Under these circumstances, which I could not possibly have foreseen or avoided, I made an assignment in June, 1877, and, owing to the depreciation in the prices of property and failure of debtors to meet their engagements, it resulted in heavy losses to my depositors, among whom were my only child, a daughter, and my daughter-in-law, who were not preferred nor cautioned to withdraw their money, but shared the fate of all the rest.

From this dangerous condition, when the end was evidently approaching, and I had lain nearly unconscious several days, relief came almost miraculously. Dr. Talley, whose faithful and skillful attention had, with the blessing of Heaven, prolonged my life, told me one day of a remedy that had been produced in this way: A man near Abingdon, in Virginia, had drawn from a spring in his neighborhood a barrel of water and placed it over a slow fire until it was reduced to a pint. He then went to six other springs and drew from each a like quantity, which was treated in the same manner. These seven pints of water he mixed together, and by evaporation produced a mass, in color and consistency resembling putty, which he declared would cure the dropsy. It was called The Seven Spring Mass, and, to the surprise of every one, on trial it proved to be a specific for the disease, as was certified to by such men as Bishop Pierce of Georgia. The Doctor, with my consent, ordered some of the singular medicine. The dropsy in my lower limbs had then been growing and increasing, though very

slowly, for about a year, while my arms showed nothing but skin and bone, and all my senses were seriously affected. Yet a small dose of the mass, in a single night, carried off all the accumulated water, leaving the skin that had been so long distended, all loose and shrivelled. A repetition of the dose a week or two afterwards relieved me entirely from the dropsy; the other symptoms of disease abated, and in the course of a month I crawled out to the front door. Some time in April my strength bore me to Main street, though still very weak. I feared the first person I met would take me by the throat with the demand: "Pay what thou owest." But all seemed glad to see me; expressed their sympathy for my misfortunes, and one good lady, whose kindness I shall never forget, crossed the street to meet me, turned back in her way, and walked upwards of two squares to chat with me. From that time my health gradually improved and has since been as good as that of any one at my time of life.

The effects of this medicine were so happy and wonderful in my case that I record them here for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. I had always before regarded the dropsy as incurable, having never known a patient to recover from it.

My Rhymes.

Shakspeare says :

“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

Among the parts that I have played was, in my youthful days, that of a rhymers for very young ladies, who generally pronounced my productions *be-e-autiful*; and now, to fill up some space for the printers, such as I have not forgotten will be copied, and my long and tedious task brought to an end. I never kept duplicates of them, but have now and then rewritten one from memory for the amusement of a friend, and only one or two have ever been published. Those of my readers who have no taste for such trifles can pass them by without notice, as they are merely thrown in for good measure, and because without them my recollections would be incomplete.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

’Tis the maiden’s birthday ; the sky is bright,
The roses are blooming around ;
There’s beauty in all that meets the sight,
And music in every sound.

The cooing dove on the lonely hill,
The martin high up in the air,
And the fluttering mocking bird, loud and shrill,
Hail the birth of the young and the fair.

The butterfly, decked in vermillion and gold,
 Calls to visit the beautiful miss ;
 And the saucy mosquito, mischievous and bold,
 Makes her blush with the warmth of his kiss.

At midnight the whippoorwill's ceaseless cry
 Fills the woods with a serenade,
 While the firefly waves his torch on high
 As a *silent huzza* for the maid.

* * * * *

Sweet maid of sixteen, may no sorrow or blight
 Ever furrow your cheek or your brow,
 But may time in his flight find your eye still as bright,
 And your slumbers as peaceful as now.



WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

In days of yore the gallant knight
 Went forth to many a field of fight,
 Encountered peril, pain and toil—
 His sole reward, sweet woman's smile ;
 But days of knighthood now are o'er,
 Their gleaming spears are seen no more,
 Unheard their trumpets' martial strains,
 Yet woman's influence still remains.

At her command grave, steady men,
 Unused to wield the poet's pen,
 Laying ambition, strife and pride,
 And cares and business all aside,
 And summoning from mem'ry's throng
 Thoughts that to other days belong,
 Essay to fill a vacant page
 With fancies bright or counsels sage,
 To cull a chaplet fair and sweet,
 And lay it humbly at her feet.

* * * * *

TWILIGHT MUSINGS :

A FRAGMENT.

Maiden of the raven hair, kind heart and merry eyes,
Alone I often think of you as fade the evening skies ;
Robed in crimson drapery, when the sun retires to rest,
Your breath is on the balmy breeze, your blush is in the West.

'Mid gathering shades yon silver cloud reflects the absent sun,
E'en so in mem'ry bring me back, when I from earth am gone.—
The brightest sky is farthest off, the darkest overhead,
So shone the joys of long ago, so present sorrows spread.

MY DREAM.

I had a dream,* a glorious dream, of Eden's blissful bowers,
When all was peace and happiness within this world of ours,
And there I saw an earthly maid, most beautiful and bright,
Who seemed to be at home amid that world of pure delight.

A sound like that of lofty pines when swept by winter's blast,
And a troop of white-robed angels came sailing slowly past ;
On glittering wings, with golden harps, they hovered o'er the place,
While the light reflected from their forms lit up the maiden's face.
Celestial flowers in rosy wreaths around her brow they hung,
And the air was full of melody as thus the angels sung :
" We come to you, sweet earthly maid, our nature to impart,
That you may be an angel in appearance and in heart ;
Your eye shall have a brighter glance, your voice a sweeter tone,
Your cheek a richer, deeper blush than any but your own ;
We'll guard and guide your daily walk, till daily walks shall cease—
Your ways shall all be pleasantness, your paths shall all be peace ;
And we'll take you up to dwell with us, if cares and troubles come,
For you're fit for brighter regions, this dark earth is not your home."

They waved arewell and soared on high—my glorious dream was past ;
 Like all my dreams of happiness, too bright, too sweet to last.
 But still a rosy glow was shed on all surrounding things—
 The poplar leaves still quivered with the waving of their wings ;
 Faint echoes of their music from a distant cloud I heard,
 And a trembling flash disclosed the track by which they disappeared.
 I turned to gaze around me, too full of thought for speech,
 When lo ! that maiden's album lay just within my reach,
 Enriched with friendship's precious fruits, adorned with fancy's flowers,
 As full of pure and peaceful thoughts as Eden's blissful bowers ;
 And I this tribute added, to her beauty and her worth,
 She is fit for better regions, her true home is not on earth.

IMPROMPTU.

In reply to a bantering anonymous letter received by a friend.

Dear miss, your epistle has just come to hand,
 And I would, most willingly, grant your demand
 And fly to your arms without any delay,
 But for one or two obstacles still in the way.
 In the first place, your name is a secret to me—
 It's not in your letter so far as I see.
 Then, your description has nothing peculiar to you,
 For other young ladies have eyes that are blue,
 With hair that is auburn, and they too are tall,
 And I have looked wistful and sighed to them all ;
 I cannot but sigh when I witness the grace,
 The beauty and sweetness of form and of face,
 Like stars in the darkness of midnight that shine
 To light my lone pathway, but cannot be mine.
 But then you may ask, " Can't I tell by your ' leer ? ' "
 No, all ladies sometimes *look cross* my sweet dear.
 So you see I'm afraid I may make a mistake,
 And some other tall, blue-eyed girl chance to take.
 Besides, let me tell you, and this is no joke,
 My horse is quite lame and my sociable broke.

* * * * *

Moreover, dear Miss, I would have you to know
 I'm not without some other strings to my bow ;
 Every mail brings me offers from North, East and West,
 The girls of the village allow me no rest.
 The widows look willing, and some of the wives
 Are praying their husbands would shorten their lives.

So, dearest, allow me to just recommend
That you should come over along with a friend,
And we will be married on Saturday next,
For I am so pestered, fatigued and perplexed
By the banters I daily, nay, hourly, receive,
That I'm losing my senses and strength I believe.
Now be sure to come shortly or I will be lost,
And your hopes, like your eyes, most confoundedly *crost*.
They were afterwards married.

THE STREAMLET.

In the depth of the forest a streamlet I've seen,
Spreading fragrance and verdure around;
The solitude smiled and the desert was green
Where its waters had moistened the ground.

Bright beams and soft breezes would linger and play
O'er the ripples that dimpled its face;
It cooled the soft breezes and brightened the ray
That rested within its embrace.

In its covert the wild birds sang happy and free,
As though earth had no shadow of care;
They had music and merriment, gossip and glee,
And bridals and honeymoons there.

As a shelter the willow his arms overspread—
The jessamine clambered above,
While, blushing and trembling, each flower hung its head
Like a maid at the first kiss of love.

That streamlet resembles the maid I address,
To whose smile such a magic belongs;
Whom the beams and the breezes delight to caress,
And the birds to salute with their songs.

Her face, like the streamlet that flows in the wood,
Is radiant with light from above;
It speaks of a heart where no shadows intrude,
Filled with gayety, kindness and love.

Her form is as graceful, her footstep as light,
As the willow that dips in the tide;
And her lips and her cheeks are as fresh and as bright
As the flowers that spring by its side.

The glance of her eye is like starlight at eve
 Reflected from billows at rest,
 And neither the stars nor the billows that heave
 Are more peaceful or pure than her breast.

May friends cluster round her like leaves ever green ;
 May love join life's stream as it flows,
 Growing broader and deeper, more clear and serene,
 And joyous and bright to the close.

TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

1. Hail, gentle Queen ! thy reign extends
 O'er happy subjects, fair and free ;
 Thy court is thronged with loyal friends,
 Who own allegiance, all, to thee.
2. No flatterer's falsehood cheats thine ear,
 No envious rival hates thy sway,
 But friendship kind and love sincere
 Unite to crown thee Queen of May.
3. No trembling vassal fears thy frown,
 Thy wants no ravaged realms supply ;
 Thine are the pleasures of a crown,
 Without its crimes or misery.
4. For thee we've roamed the woods and fields,
 And sought the brightest, sweetest flowers ;
 The richest prize the garden yields
 Is found among these gifts of ours.
5. Crown other queens with sordid gold,
 The fruit of toilsome pain and care ;
 Their hearts, like it, are hard and cold,
 Nor can their crowns with thine compare.
6. For as these fragrant flowers entwined
 Shield and adorn thy regal brow,
 So in one band our hearts we bind
 To shelter and protect thee now.
7. These flowers will fade, but mem'ry still
 Shall long retain this pleasing scene,
 And oft, when May decks grove and hill,
 We'll think of thee, our gentle Queen.

THE END.

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